

COMFORT

Mid-Summer, Short-Story

The Key to Happiness and Success
in a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

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CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page
THE CAPTAIN OF ORR'S ISLAND. A Romance of the Maine Coast. Short Story. Virginia Hale	2
"I WANT COMPANY EV'RY DAY" Poem. Rene Bronner	2
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	3
MADDY'S TEMPTATION, Or, A Heroic Sacrifice. (continued) Mrs. Mary J. Holmes	3 & 6
MIXED GODS. Short Story. Shirley Cookman	4
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work. Comfort Sisters' Corner, etc. 5, 7, 8, 11, 18, 21, 22 & 23	22 & 23
THE PLACE WAITING FOR HER. Short Story. Constance Beatrice Willard	6
THE MOORS IN SPAIN. Short Story. Violet Knapp	8
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS. Conducted by Uncle Charlie	9, 10, 15 & 20
THE KID, Or, The Teming of a Young Terror. Short Story. E. S. Bond	10
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN. Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	11
AN UNWILLING BRIDE, Or, The Heart's Rebellion. (Continued) Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth	12 & 17
THE PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB. Conducted by Katherine Booth	13
FROM GRANT AND ARROW MUCK-LESHAMINGO. An Indian Paleface Romance of the Five Tribes Country. (continued) Olela Littleheart	14
THE INVISIBLE PASSENGER. A Ghost Story. Without a Ghost. Short Story. Ada E. Ferris	15
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS. Geneva Gladding	16
THE BUBBLE'S MIST. Shirley Cookman	18
VETERINARY INFORMATION	19
TWO WHEEL CHAIRS IN JULY	20
TALKS WITH GIRLS	21
HOME LAWYER	22
INFORMATION BUREAU	23
FAMILY DOCTOR	24
MANNERS AND LOOKS	25

Crumbs of Comfort

Tenderness is the infancy of love.
Bad taste is a species of bad morals.
The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.
Tears may soothe the wounds they cannot heal.
The happiness and misery of men depend not less on temper than on fortune.
Drinking water neither makes a man drunk, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Oh, there are voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

God is better served in resisting temptation to evil than in many long prayers.
True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babblers.
He that seeks perfection on earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven.

He who has no mind to trade with the Devil should be wise enough to stay out of his shop.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
—E. B. Browning.

True statesmanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be.

Whetstones are not able themselves to cut, but they make steel sharp and capable of cutting.

A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom, or even knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking about ourselves ought to be a hint to us that others might not be so well pleased with the subject.

The Captain of Orr's Island

A Romance of the Maine Coast

By Virginia Hale

(See title page illustration.)

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IT has been more than three years since we realized that an old man, with long gray beard, locks as white as snow, and blue goggles, also an old, cheap trunk was put off the Adcoisco, our morning boat, at our little romantic island—made famous by the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe—one of the prettiest in Casco Bay.

He seemed bent and old as he inquired at the wharf the way to a hotel. After a shore dinner, as only the Bay people know how to cook, he inquired if there were any houses for rent. Many of the cottagers take their meals there, so some heard him ask this question, and were shocked at anyone of this fisherman's or old salt's appearance thinking of anything so preposterous. He would make a strange neighbor. So they answered almost in one voice, that there were none. He went out and we supposed we had seen the last of him, so we turned our thoughts to the "Bridge party" to be held that evening at the Middletons. They so seldom invited the Island people as they entertained New Yorkers there most of the time, we knew we should meet as most of the cottagers only boasted of girls, while the Middletons had a large house party, including many men. While we were sitting out on the porch after supper, waiting for the time to start, Dick Lawrence, one of the jolliest boys in the world, came up and told us he had been helping the old man of the goggles for an hour. They had found an old hut, "belonging to the sea," so Dick said, with no windows or doors left in it, and they had found driftwood to close the openings.

The old man was to make this his home. Next morning off he went on the boat. When he returned at night he had a wagon load of old furniture, including a stove, chairs and bed, table and many large boxes. Also an old boat with an engine in it.

Every old boat has an engine nowadays, and one can hear the sputter for miles. We now knew we had another soul on the Island. Where from and who he was, we did not know.

We had often been in the old shack in our wanderings, but now we went in other directions. We rather feared him. We saw very little of him, he seemed to fear meeting us as much as we did him. One evening he visited the store for some tobacco, also to find a washerwoman. Mrs. Moody consented to do his laundry work, but called each time, paid his bill, and she was no wiser than the rest of us.

The weeks passed and the old man smoked and fished, away from everybody. He seemed the happiest when a storm threatened. We would see him start out headed for Harpswell, in his old boat with an old rubber protector, and when the waters were roughest, home he would come seeming to be a different man. He, of course, was the talk of all the porch parties, and was the cause of lots of gossip. Once every month he would go up to Portland for the day, returning with many boxes, we supposed food, as he never bought anything at the Island store.

He had his own lobster pots and he fished, so in that way he furnished a good part of his own provisions. All the boys, and a few of the girls, had visited him, but when the latter went he had nothing to say. He seemed to have a fear of women and girls. The boys rather enjoyed him, he smoked a pipe with them, and they talked of everything but himself, and they never learned one item about him. One day I wandered down to the hut with Dick, the old man was

out, so I peered in the window (now of glass). It was cozy enough for anyone. It showed splendid taste, painted walls, a cheap rug, muslin curtains, and with his furniture, looked home-like and inviting. After that I longed to talk with him, but we all felt repulsed everytime we even bowed. Many Sundays I have been out with Dick and we have watched the old man. A church bell in some little country church in the far distance could be heard, if the wind was right. We have seen the old man lift his hat and bow his head as if in prayer, or should he be sitting in front of his shack, reading, his book would fall unheeded, and he would be silent for half an hour. Oh! who was he and what was he doing there?

He had been made an old outcast by some impulsive act? Each time made more food for gossip. Could the poor man have heard all of our remarks, he would have left our inhospitable Island. My heart had always warmed toward him, and when it came time to leave in the fall, I made up my mind to visit him and learn what I could.

So one beautiful afternoon I went. My heart beat like a trip-hammer as I knocked. "Come in," said a harsh old voice. "Well, well, a young lady,—what can I do for you, Miss?" was my greeting.

"I have been dying all summer to know mister, who you are, and why you have chosen our Island for your home. Also have you a family, any boys or girls, and being a woman, you know, I have been curious all this time." I expected from the dark look through those glasses to be lifted bodily and set out of doors. But instead, he laughed. At last he said:

"Well, you are curious, but also frank, which I admire in you. I have known all summer everyone felt that way, even the boys, but they would not own up. Now, my dear Miss, I wish I had some 'Fairy Prince' story, but I am only a lonely old man, love the water, and like to be alone. I love this old world we live in. I have no money, so am not a miser. Now that is all I have to tell you."

"But," I said, "you have known better days."

He smiled. "Why child,—there are no better days than those spent on our lovely Island."

I knew my visit was at an end. I was politely dismissed. Our Island, in a few days would be deserted, each going to their winter homes, to forget their summer and their old friend. But often of a winter's evening, a young man named Dick, and I, while toasting marshmallows before our grate talk of him and wonder how he is living. Poor old man.

Spring has come and with it the longing for the salt air, the life of freedom and the jolly life of the Island. Dressmakers and machines are working over time preparing for the summer. Dick and his family have gone, and my heart also, for I shall tell you a great secret. On my left hand shines a solitaire, which, when we were making our plans for last summer, was not there. I suppose we shall be let alone now, as we shall only be interested in two people. Instead of the launch being crowded, we shall be left by ourselves. Do we care? Ah! no. We would, though, should they think we needed several chaperons, and insisted on accompanying us everywhere we went. Our trunks have gone and now for a summer of happiness.

What has changed everything? The Island, the bay, the moonlight, everything is so wondrously beautiful, I think I know. I have always heard love changed everything. Even the little

"I Want Company Ev'ry Day"

BY RENE BRONNER.

My uncle John, who lives away,
Came down to visit us one day,
And ev'ry time I'd crack a joke,
He'd laugh until I tho't he'd choke.
Then ma and pa they'd laugh the same—
But seemed to me he was to blame,
And they was glad he went away—
But I want company ev'ry day.

When grandma comes it's awful nice,
She helps me to the custard twice;
And pa he smiles and says "that's right,
Our Johnny's such an appetite."
And so ma he never jokes
About her good-for-nothing folks,
But when she's gone, he's mighty gay—
So I want company ev'ry day.

One time my aunt—a real old maid,
A lot of days to our house staid,
Oh, then I waded in the ditch,
And they kept still because she's rich.
She said, "that boy is full of 'git',
And you must humor him a bit."
But now the Dickens is to pay—
Oh, I want company ev'ry day.

My sister Grace has got a beau,
Who comes on Sunday night, you know;
And on his lap I sit and rock
Until my "Popper" winds the clock.
And someone says, it's sleepy time,
As in my hand he drops a dime,
And then I go to bed and pray
"Oh, Lord, send company ev'ry day."

feris at my feet speak the message to me. I try sometimes to wake myself and see if it is not a beautiful dream. I met our old friend this morning. During the winter we dubbed him "Captain", and as such I shall always remember him. In his eyes there was a look which told me Dick had taken him into his confidence. I think this year I shall try and be nice to him. His old beard, though, looks like a last year's bird's nest, and I wish he would appear a little neater.

We have just returned from a few days of theater-going, and a little lark up at Portland,—to find three interesting strangers in our midst, staying at the hotel. A Mrs. Shepherd, a dark, beautiful woman of about thirty-two, splendid eyes, hair and complexion,—and also a stunning figure, which is set off by exquisite mourning. "Are others are Mr. and Mrs. Blossom. Mrs. Blossom is also beautiful, but sad. They are also in mourning. They are not here for a social time, but very often they join a whist party or a sailing party and we found them charming in every way. They rented a motor-boat. Mrs. Shepherd was always the skipper. She was a wanderer any way, forever running off and spending the day, either in the boat, or off on the other side of the Island,—with her books and luncheon. One day we heard peal after peal of laughter, and looking out we saw Mrs. Shepherd and the old Captain, each in their boats, having a race. She won, and from that race they were firm friends. He was very often her companion on her long trips, and also often was he the captain of her boat, and all commenced to make fun of them. We knew her to be such a lady, and he was so gruff and uncouth. Her friends looked on with apprehension. Mrs. Blossom proposed stopping at some other island, but Mrs. Shepherd laughed, and said she was having such a splendid time, it made one forget. One fine afternoon while playing whist, Mrs. Shepherd announced, much to our surprise, that she was invited by the Captain, for a sail by moonlight.

We all joked her and told her the "Captain" was growing romantic in his old age. Mrs. Blossom begged her not to accept, but she said she had done that already, looking as cute as a sixteen-year-old girl. We watched them off. We learned afterwards, as they pushed out into the open, that the moonlight and sea were too overpowering for the "Captain," and he told her how she had come into his lonely life at the Island. How he had grown each day to love her more and more, that his life, what was left of it was hers to do with as she chose. Poor Mrs. Shepherd was frightened at what she had done with this poor old man's heart.

Then she gently told him her story. "Years ago to my city came a family, and in it was a son. He was much younger than I, but fate threw us together. Our friends also tried to persuade us to be more than friends. But we were nothing to each other. I married a dear, sweet man, whom I thought I loved with all my heart. I found out later that I loved my young friend better than all else in the world.

"I was true, nevertheless. In every way I could, I tried to put the young man out of my life. He cared nothing for me. He loved a girl, sweet, young and full of life, and the future looked bright for them. The young man was called to California on business, which detained him six months. His girl, faithless creature, ran away and married a minister's son. I do not know what became of them. While all this was happening, my darling husband died. The young man from California, returning home and learning of the duplicity of his sweetheart, left after a week of mental anguish, and we have never seen him since. I closed my door, and then I, with his sister and her husband, have spent my time, also my fortune, which is not small, in searching for my friend. Not for myself, but to return him to his loved ones who mourn him as one dead. But, he is not dead. My woman's intuition would tell me, were it true. So, 'Captain' now you know why I cannot accept your kind offer."

The "Captain" brought her home without another word. For a week he and his boat were not at the Island. Poor man, how sorry Dick and I felt for him. Mrs. Shepherd said he would come back, and until he did, she would not leave that Island. One night, as Dick and I were anchored out making night hideous, trying to sing, we saw old "Cap." coming home.

I called Mrs. Shepherd and told her. Next morning she went very early down to the shack, only to find it locked. She knew he was there so she raised the window and climbed in, finding him ill. He said he had been taken ill in Portland and been sent to the hospital. Well, for many days, Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Blossom, Dick and I nursed him. He or Mrs. Shepherd never alluded to the last time they were together. One day the "Captain" said, "Now, I am going to take my first meal up tonight. You, my faithful nurses, are invited to come and share it with me." He told Dick to bring some lobster and things from the hotel. We were all in a happy frame of mind. When we returned, we found the "Captain" dressed, his table set, coffee and many things cooking on the stove. He gave us a jolly time. We had almost finished when he said, "I have tested all your friendship, and appreciate all you have done for me. You remember my moonlight sail with Mrs. Shepherd and what her story and answer was to me?"

We all nodded our heads, a raid to speak, seeing Mrs. Shepherd's face. "Well, it made me very ill to know some other fellow had won the heart and woman I loved and longed for. But I will marry her yet if she still loves me." With that he pulled off his hair, beard and glasses. There never was a handsomer man—no, not even Dick.

It was her lover. His sister, Mrs. Blossom, fainted, but Mrs. Shepherd was folded in a pair of strong arms that were to protect her the rest of her life. Dick and I spend our happiest days in a shack joining the one where the "Captain" and his wife spend their summers.

The cottagers no longer fear or wish to avoid him, but each one rejoices at being able to partake of his hospitality.

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August, 1910.

MIXED GODS

By Shirley Cookman Hayes

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THE night before, at a meeting of the Sing Ying society of the Suey Hong Tong, held in a dark hole of a Chinatown alley, Hop Kee had caught a whisper of a warning from Yien Yick, his friend and cousin. This morning, unburied, his brown young face inscrutable, his eyes downcast, Sam Hop Kee was setting out to act upon it. A sky of brilliant blue was above him, a sky cleared of the very smallest of cotton-wool clouds by the night's shower which had scoured grass and trees of the small park he was passing to the brilliance of an almost unnatural green.

"Hee! Goo! mawing! We've yieghted to see yo!" A suppressed Chinese giggle accompanied this piece of truly American darning. Hop Kee's head flew up with a startled jerk. He stopped, to find himself face to face with three gaily trousered, hatless, ebony-braided Chinese damsels from the Mission House. With a flash of brown almond eyes, he absent-mindedly lifted the soft hat from his shaven head. The next instant three pairs of teasing orbs opposite had been demurely lowered, but not before he had caught their owners' constrained thrill of astonishment. The rose clear health suddenly faded from the cheeks of one, and she became ivory-pale. The sight gave Hop Kee an unhappy spasm which turned into a shiver and went on wiggling down to the very tip of his new cue. He pulled himself together with a string of silent maledictions by a score of Chinese gods, for, to the certain knowledge of the apricot-cheeked maiden on the right, Lo Chan, her of the opal-and-gold ear-studs, Sam Hop Kee had irretrievably separated himself from his cue three weeks before, at the time of their formal nuptials at the Mission House. His engagement shock of thick black hair, parted on the side, Lo Chan had then admired from the very depths of her Americanized heart. Hop Kee had not forgotten the sweet, shy glances that told him she approved. For, as a semi-Christianized Chinaman he intended to marry Lo Chan in the course of a few months, if all went well. And now her shocked astonishment at his shaven head and her incredulous stare at a cue that would consent to grow again—from a slip—in three short weeks. Why, it took nearly a lifetime! His clothes, too! For Hop Kee, in lieu of his gilt-buttoned tunic and pale-blue silk trousers tightly strapped at the ankle above snowy white socks and felt-shod feet, the garb of successful merchant men, was abroad on this dazzling Saturday morning in the common dark trousers and cotton tunic of the Western Addition cook, on his way to market with a basket!

Mutual embarrassment lasted but a second in real time, when, with their music-rolls, the girls had already passed him on their important way down the hill to piano-lessons, but Sam Hop Kee continued to feel very hot and uncomfortable. Not only had he lost face before Lo Chan and her friends, but he knew that in their swift comprehension there now lurked no doubt but that he had some important reason for secrecy. He had promised Lo Chan, too, in Chinese, to keep out of tong fights, if he possibly could. In truth Hop Kee had no particular desire to be hacked to death or shot by any of the Hee Yups societies. Within the last week Chinatown proper had begun to swarm with gun-fighters, and murders for retaliation by either the Hee Yups or the Suey Hong were of almost daily occurrence. Hop Kee thought with some anxiety of the girls' lack of body-guard, even through the quiet streets of the white residents. He grieved at the very thought of danger to Lo Chan, and stopped involuntarily, with a glance over his shoulder down the hill. The door of an old-fashioned wooden house bearing a brass name-plate was standing open at the corner below, and a last black-banded trouser-leg was just disappearing within. All was safe, at least for the moment.

Hop Kee hastened his pace and then suddenly checked himself. He must not seem to hurry. As he reached a street where trolly-cars changed and banged their way up and down the hills across town, his aspect was exactly like that of other Saturday morning cooks beginning to fill markets and shops along the business street. Inwardly, his heart was full of pity for Lo Chan. There was a price on the head of Hip Wan, of the Hee Yups, and Hip Wan was Lo Chan's father. Within the last two days, the Suey Hong had received information of his having instigated the killing of On Foon, an inoffensive old broom-maker, but rich in the secrets of the Hee Yups. Not that Hip Wan himself had blazed at the old man as he was passing a dark corner. Now that Hip Wan was full of years and fat with prosperity he could pay professional gun-fighters to kill for him, but as a younger man the tales of his murders had been used by Hop Kee's own father to frighten the little Hop Kee, too desirous to adventure through labyrinths of that dark Chinatown where Hip Wan's name, when spoken, was whispered in terror.

Except among the families of his victims, exact count of Hip Wan's murders had almost been lost during the twenty-odd years of Hop Kee's life. Some of the cases had been impossible to prove by the American courts, but when Hip Wan's own wife had been accidentally killed by a shot intended for Hip Wan and fired through his window by a highbinder on the balcony, the Chinese-American Mission came and took the frightened baby Lo Chan away, to grow up in safety and happiness in the Mission House.

Hop Kee thought with satisfaction of the strong brick walls of that home, and silently thanked an entirely different assortment of Chinese gods, as he went on past the markets and turned into a cross street not far from the residence quarter and crowded with shops of Japanese dealers in American merchandise.

Here he slackened his pace to an aimless saunter, stopping every few minutes to look into windows. After a block or two he came to a pause before a Japanese restaurant where live crabs were crawling over rocks in the window. Next door two or three covered Chinese peddler wagons stood waiting at the sidewalk, and back from the street stood a straight-fronted, dirty white-washed shanty. It had no windows, and a sign in Chinese swayed back and forth above the door. Hop Kee suddenly decided to buy some Chinese cabbage. Unconcernedly watching the crabs, he kept an eye on the door and waited until there promised to be a blockade of the hulking, blue-bloused peddler-drivers, squeezing past through the doorway with their baskets of rice and wilted vegetables. It was easy enough to slip past them to the left and behind a slope of unclean wares stretched upward into the darkness of the interior. The yellow face of the proprietor, seated at his desk at the right, the face of Hip Wan, yellow and cruel, whose scrutiny he hoped to avoid, was for the moment bent over a scroll of Chinese accounts. Sam Hop Kee caught a mere flash of the red button on his black skull cap as he slipped round the corner of the vegetable-stand and was almost immediately swallowed up in the gloom. He felt his way cautiously to the rear of the store towards a group of large rice-barrels, where he effaced himself behind one close to the wall. It was very, very dark there, and very, very smelly, but nevertheless Hop Kee saw reason to rejoice. For behind the barrel two irregular knotholes in the side of the shack twinkled with white light from outside. Hop Kee knelt on the filthy floor, holding on tight to his flat yellow nose, and applied his eye to one of them. Back of the store was an alley. Across the alley, directly opposite was a two-storied red brick house bearing all the evidences of Chinese occupancy. The uncurtained windows were thick with foggy dust; old-fashioned wooden shutters creaked in the morning wind, and just in front of the paint-despolied entrance was a pile of vegetable stalks and refuse.

While he knelt there came a hush of the slugs-

song chatter of the peddlars in the upper part of the store. A silken rustle began to accompany the sound of shuffling, padded footfalls that were slowly approaching his hiding place. Hop Kee pressed himself closer to the side until he became a part of the thick shadow of the walls, while his heart pounded. It was Hip Wan himself, accompanied by a very old Chinaman, wrinkled, yellow, snag-toothed and demonically evil of countenance. Gray hair escaped untidily from his thin cue. Hop Kee recognized Chin Tung, for years, in spite of his discretion, well known as a dealer in Chinese slave girls. The silk of their tunics almost brushed Hop Kee's barrel as they went past, out through the back door and across the alley to enter Hip Wan's residence.

It was a long half-hour before they emerged, pausing on the doorstep near the pile of refuse. Chin Tung glanced up toward an iron-barred second-story window with inside shutters tightly closed. He was speaking:

"But since you have considered it necessary to confine your beautiful daughter in a locked room, it has occurred to me that she may, perhaps, look upon marriage with unwilling eyes?" Chin Tung's cracked old voice had a deprecating quaver.

"Honorable ancestor, let us not forget the sacred customs of our forefathers," answered Hip Wan, with dignity. "A few days of silent meditation are most necessary to destroy the notions of the foreign devils of the Mission House. As her parent and closest relative I have considered it well that she be established in your distinguished house. Only, I pray you, wait until the moon-goddess is propitious, that blessings, like dew, may be drawn down upon your heaven-born posterity." There was a pause while old Chin Tung blinked apologetically. "If the police-devils should come to search, I will say that my house was entered by thieves in the night, while my unworthy eyids were closed in undeserved slumber, and they will have to go away empty-handed." Hip Wan permitted himself to grin unpleasantly.

Sam Hop Kee, listening, gave a gasp of dismay and then chuckled like a true Native Son.



It showed immense confidence in Hip Wan's own executive ability that he could dispose of his daughter before he had caught her. But Hop Kee's mirth was of short duration. His face turned to ashes of ivory in the dark behind his rice-barrel. Chin Tung, after a few furtive glances up and down the deserted alley, had withdrawn from his sleeve a heavy chamolais sack, and, without a word, passed it to the other. Hip Wan bowed over it with impassive dignity, and in his turn produced a key.

Hop Kee waited for no more, but glided rapidly from his hiding place and pushed past the coolies to the yellow sunlight outside. One idea had frantically possessed of him as throwing caution aside, he half ran up the street—to follow, and if necessary, protect the girls on their way home alone. He knew that they were fairly safe from attack as long as they kept out of Chinatown, but he shuddered at thought of the risks they ran. A certain nameless horror of months suddenly dropped away, leaving his mind clear and alert with the need for action.

Three blocks from the street where he had last seen the girls, a cable-car shot round the corner. There on the front tummy sat all three. They caught sight of him and giggled, but Hop Kee cast aside dignity and ran after the car. At the next crossing an evil-looking Chinaman stood waiting. He observed the three girls with impassive eyes before swinging himself up with deliberation to a seat on the same side but nearer the door. When, the next moment, Sam Hop Kee, caught up, breathless, he was forced to seat himself on the opposite dummy, back to back with Lo Chan and her friends. His sidelong glance at the strange Chinaman had revealed to him all the earmarks of the professional highbinder.

The car climbed the hills smoothly and rumbled on down the slope towards Chinatown. Not far from the Mission House the girls descended and Hop Kee followed discreetly, ready to wait at the top of the hill until they were safe in doors. The door closed upon the three, but reopened almost immediately. Lo Chan and her two companions came out without their music-rolls, and, with a certain aspect of joyous mystery, started down the steep sidewalk plunging into Chinatown. Hop Kee for an instant was paralyzed with fear. What did it mean? The next moment he was tearing after them down the hill, his empty basket hopping on his arm.

"No, must not!" he called down to them, guardedly. In English. But with only a quick glance upward over blue and heliotrope shoulders they trotted on, seemingly consumed with silent mirth. Hop Kee gave one desperate glance back toward the Home. Beyond its red brick walls, on the summit of the hill, stood outlined the black silhouette of the Chinese highbinder.

Sam Hop Kee fell back a few paces. At all costs he must pretend to have no interest in the Chinese girls, but he would follow and watch. He felt for his revolver, strapped to his arm inside his sleeve, as the girls crossed the street and entered the very heart of the Oriental quarter. Here other brightly-dressed Chinese maidens were also hurrying along the narrow streets where small gardens bloomed in balconies the swinging gilt-lettered shop-signs. Below was a group of girls and women before a wide doorway. Sam Hop Kee remembered and half-minded himself. It was the Chinese feast of Chut Jare, or the Seven Heavenly Sisters, and this was the seventh day of the seventh month of the Chinese calendar. It was Lo Chan's very first opportunity to sacrifice for a happy marriage to her own almost-forgotten Chinese gods.

They passed through parti-colored groups that stared at them with subdued chattering, for their smooth black heads stood out in relief

against the jade ornaments and artificial flowers of the others' tresses. Lo Chan and her friends were no longer giggling as they approached the temple-door. Hop Kee changed to the opposite side of the street and slipped into a deep doorway just across from the house where the gods sat, impassive behind bowls of sweet-smelling narcissus, while clouds of incense rose in their honor and hung in thick white smoke over their heads.

The three girls entered. Hop Kee searched the crowd to the rear, but the evil yellow face of the furtive-eyed highbinder had disappeared. His mind whirled as he racked it for plans and expedients. Conspiracies just came to their knowledge had been weaving for a month past, his friend and cousin, Yien Yick the barber had assured him.

Gradually the gaily-dressed crowd surged into the temple, and the street became for the moment comparatively deserted. Half hidden in the doorway, Hop Kee's eyes watched the temple-door, taking note involuntarily of the shops and cellar-entrances at the sides. On the right, steps to a basement dropped off from the street. Above it, propped up on the sidewalk, were the open iron leaves of a cellar door, of the kind that the wholesale merchants used to receive goods for basement storage.

The moments dragged as he waited in torture. At last! Two of the girls had appeared on the threshold of the temple but—was Lo Chan lagging a bit behind the others? Hop Kee was blind with fear. Her two friends were already opposite the basement-entrance when Hop Kee saw Lo Chan, breathless, come running out. She was in the act of passing the open sidewalk hole when a yellow hand shot out from it and caught at her blouse. Lo Chan stumbled and fell backward with a stifled shriek as she was jerked back and down. The second after, both trap-leaves shut down noiselessly, and Hop Kee saw the other two girls turn round, startled, as though for the first time aware of Lo Chan's absence, and with terrified exclamation, their feet pounding hollowly over the closed trap-doors, rush back into the temple of Chut Jare.



The worst had happened; but it never occurred to Hop Kee's Oriental mind to attempt to pursue Lo Chan and her captor through the labyrinth of underground passages beneath the temple. He would only lose his life without helping Lo Chan, for it would be a simple matter to knock him on the head in the darkness and fling his body into a cell. Besides, he knew Hip Wan's plan to lock Lo Chan into a room of his old brick house in the alley back of his vegetable store in the white quarter, some distance from Chinatown. Time must elapse before the highbinder could reach there with her. It wrong Hop Kee's heart to think of her frantic terror. Sobbing, she would be bundled along underground to ruthlessly, until the door of the barred room in the second story would bang upon her beating, desperate hands.

Chin Tung, from what Hop Kee had gathered, was evidently not yet decided as to the particular night he meant to take her. He knew that the old man would be obliged to exercise the greatest caution. By that time the alarm would be given from the Mission House and Chinese spies as well as American police put on her track. For these reasons Chin Tung would exercise due deliberation in selecting the exact moment in which gods and circumstances would seem to favor the undertaking.

Hop Kee, rage and grief tearing at him, but outwardly an indifferent spectator of the excitement, moved quietly on to the corner and turned into Moon-Alley. From a low door in an old wooden building he passed into the back room of Yien Yick's barber-shop. Before starting to change his clothes he slipped noiselessly towards the door of the other room left ajar as though by accident. Yien Yick was busied over a customer in the chair. Hop Kee gazed and began to tremble with excitement. That yellow face turned heavenward, smeared and capped with white lather, the face where sleepy satisfaction blinked from the wrinkled small eyes, was the face of Chin Tung himself.

Fate had played into his hands. Hop Kee hesitated, but only for a moment. An idea had come to him. He gave three peculiar scratching taps on the woodwork close to the floor. He heard Yien Yick laugh. "My contemptible house is full of rats," he said in Chinese to his customer.

"Ah,—much unpleasant," squeaked Chin Tung in English, and as though his mouth were

full of lather. It was his favorite pose to pretend not to be able to speak Yien Yick's Chinese.

Hop Kee scratched again, louder. Yien Yick, put down the razor. "If your honorable presence will permit it, I now go to drive away those most impertinent beasts, that your distinguished comfort be not disturbed!"

Chin Tung grunted. The next moment Yien Yick stood gravely facing Hop Kee, doctored of his false shaven head-piece and cue, and whose rumpled black hair stood out in many directions above the yellow pallor of his face, where his dark eyes shot forth sparks of excitement.

"Ah, cousin," whispered Yien Yick.

Hop Kee flung an arm around his neck and pulled down his head.

"Get the key!—from that old devil!" he breathed, in a furious whisper. "Can it be done without murder?"

Yien Yick's tense expression relaxed. "He is nearly asleep now," he said, "but—to make sure—He crossed to a small cabinet in the corner, from which he extracted an atomizer containing chloroform. "Have no fear," Yien Yick's mouth shaped the words as he re-entered the outer room, restraining Hop Kee with a gesture of warning. The door closed upon him, this time tightly.

It seemed a week that Hop Kee waited on the edge of Yien Yick's cot, rumpling his hair and thinking wildly of Lo Chan and the suffering he would have spared her. At length, after an interminable period, Chinese compliments began to float through the partition, followed by sleepy grunts from Chin Tung in what was supposed to be English. Hop Kee knew that Chin Tung generally had a standing account with Yien Yick but—if he began to search his pockets for money. The seconds passed, and Hop Kee heard Chin Tung stumble sleepily over the threshold and shuffle off, grunting.

Yien Yick opened the door to the inner room, "Hurry cousin! lest the ancestor return to search!" He produced a key from one of his sleeves. Hop Kee's pale face lighted with gratitude as he ran forward, inarticulate thanks struggling in his throat.

Yien Yick laid a hand on his shoulder. "Not a word. But go—and swiftly!"

A few moments after, Sam Hop Kee, again outwardly unruffled, and the Oriental of somber elegance in everything, but his cropped hair, was pacing serenely through the streets toward his own curio-store. Underneath the purple silk tunic his heart beat strongly. That very night he must try to regain possession of Lo Chan.

Old Chun Tung would scarcely dare to acknowledge the loss of the key before making a careful search of his own premises. The probabilities were that several days might elapse before braving the wrath of Hip Wan's dignified rage. By that time Lo Chan would have sobbed and fretted herself into an illness.

A night of chilly wind came down, with a thick fog-blanket drifting from the bay. Hop Kee made his preparations very quietly. An hour before midnight, from a shed in an old vegetable garden on the outskirts of the city, he and Yien Yick were pushing upon a venerable hack which rolled out, creaking, under a fog-obscured moon. A pair of no less ancient white horses waited with drooped heads, resignedly, mournfully champing over the unwelcome bits of a double harness that was being snapped into place.

Yien Yick mounted the box and gathered up the reins, but Hop Kee went back into the shed for a moment. When he returned, Yick glanced at him and began to twist upon the seat in convulsions of silent mirth. The bent head, the half-apologetic stoop, the unkempt old gray cue under its black skull cap with its red tassel—it was disreputable old Chin Tung to the life.

"But—but, suppose she should have fear of you—not knowing?" he asked, more soberly, when he was able to speak.

Hop Kee paused with one hand on the carriage-door and raised the other to the red button of his cap. It began to rise from his head, and with it the false shaven head-piece and cue.

"Enough, enough!" chuckled Yien Yick. He slapped the reins down upon the backs of the old horses, and the bang of the carriage-door echoed hollowly from the shed.

When the old hack had trundled uncertainly round its first corner a black figure glided out from behind the shed and started off on a dog-trot in the wake of the carriage. A second black shape followed, and still a third! An even distance apart, they kept up the quick trot, never losing sight for one instant of the carriage when it entered the city, but frequently dodging across streets and slipping through alleys and vacant lots, or occasionally flattening themselves against telegraph-poles to avoid notice.

When the hack turned at last into the alley behind Hip Wan's vegetable store the three dark forms had disappeared.

Yien Yick drove up and stopped before the old brick house. Faint night-light glowed through the shutters of some of the windows. That of Hip Wan's own room was brighter than the others. Hip Wan, after a very unsatisfactory interview with his recently recovered daughter, had been calming himself by reading extracts from the classics, especially those relating to filial reverence. It was late. The sounds of energetic kicking of small feet upon the wall upstairs had for the time being ceased. Hip Wan fell to dozing comfortably, waking up now and then with a jerk and dropping off again.

Hop Kee had not waited to knock upon the outer door. The best of reasons—there was not any. His heart thumped as he mounted the stairs to the door of the upper room. He turned the key, the door swung in—upon a chamber apparently empty. The dim light from a taper at first failed to reveal what seemed to be a pile of old rags in the corner. With horror gripping him, Hop Kee approached. Lo Chan had cried herself to sleep, and lay, a helpless bundle, her bright tunic torn and soiled, her wrists tied together behind her back.

When Hop Kee cut the thong she awoke with a frightened cry.

"Beloved," he breathed. "Come." Sobbing sleepily she clung to him. He flung his left arm round her and they slipped down the staircase and into the open door of the waiting carriage, but not before Hop Kee had seen a black figure shift its position from behind a box to the back-door of the vegetable-store opposite. Hop Kee gave no sign, except to become a shade more ivory-pale in the foggy moonlight, as he closed the door softly upon Lo Chan and himself.

As they moved off, one of the old horses coughed, hollowly. Hip Wan in his room on the ground-floor, woke with a start, all of his faculties alert. He opened his door and came out into the passage, where he sidled along the wall cautiously until close to the doorway going on to the alley. Sounds came from the same direction, and Hip Wan, in order to get a better view, and all the time conscious of the light behind him, shot across to the left side of the doorway. The next moment from across the alley there came a flash from the shadows about the vegetable store; a loud report, and Hip Wan silently plunged forward on his face into the street.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and h., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Directions for Swan Tidy

A complete directions for crocheting this tidy would occupy too much space, we simply illustrate the pattern, feeling sure that all who are familiar with this form of fancy work can readily work it out. The effect and result will be practically the same even if the work is not an exact reproduction of Miss Poole's.

Begin by making a chain of one hundred and eighty stitches, as this tidy is ninety spaces in width. These spaces, which form the background, are formed by 2 tr. c., separated by ch. 2. The blocks are made by putting 1 tr. c. in each st., 4 to 1 block, 7 to 2 and 10 to 3 blocks. The edge may be finished to suit one's fancy.

Other Patterns

All sorts of patterns similar to this, for either crocheting or cross-stitching may easily be designed at home. By keeping one's eyes open suitable animals, birds and flowers will be found in papers or magazines. Cut these out and then by means of a strong light cast the shadow on a piece of paper which has been previously ruled into small squares. Draw the outline of the object as the shadow falls and fill in the necessary squares.

Diamond Lace

Chain eighty stitches, turn.
1st row.—Shell of 3 trs. in 5th st. from hook, ch. 2, 1 tr. in 3rd st., ch. 2, sl. 2, 1 tr. in next, repeat 7 times, making in all 8 sps., ch. 2, 4 tr. in next 4 sts., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 tr., repeat 8 times, making 8 sps., ch. 2, shell of 3 trs. in 5th st., turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, tr. on tr. 7 times, ch. 2, 4 tr. under next ch. 2, ch. 5, 4 tr. under next ch. 2 (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 7 times, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 6 times, ch. 2, 4 tr. under next ch. 2, ch. 8, a dtr., under ch. 5, ch. 8, 4 tr. under ch. 2 (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 6 times, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell (ch. 1, 2 tr. on tr.) 5 times, ch. 2, 4 trs. under ch. 2, ch. 7, a double in last st. of ch. 8, 1 in top of dtr., and 1 in 1st st. of chain following, ch. 7, 4 trs. under ch. 2 (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 5 times, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 4 times, * ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 2, ch. 7, 2 doubles in 6th and 7th sts. of ch. 7, a double in each double, 1 in 1st and 2nd of ch. 7 following, ch. 7, 4 trs. under 2 ch. (ch. 2 a tr. in next tr.) 4 times, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell (ch. 2, tr. on tr.) 3 times, repeat 5th row from * to * (ch. 2, tr. in tr.) 3 times, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, tr. on tr., repeat from 5th row from * to *, ch. 2, tr. on tr., ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3.

8th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, like 5th row from * to *, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, turn.

9th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, omit ch. 2, then work like 5th row from * to *, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3, begin scallop, ch. 10, fasten at end of 3rd shell of insertion, skip st. to next shell, turn.

10th row.—Ch. 1, shell of 3 trs. in 3rd st. of ch. 10, shell in 6th st. of ch. 10, also in last st.,

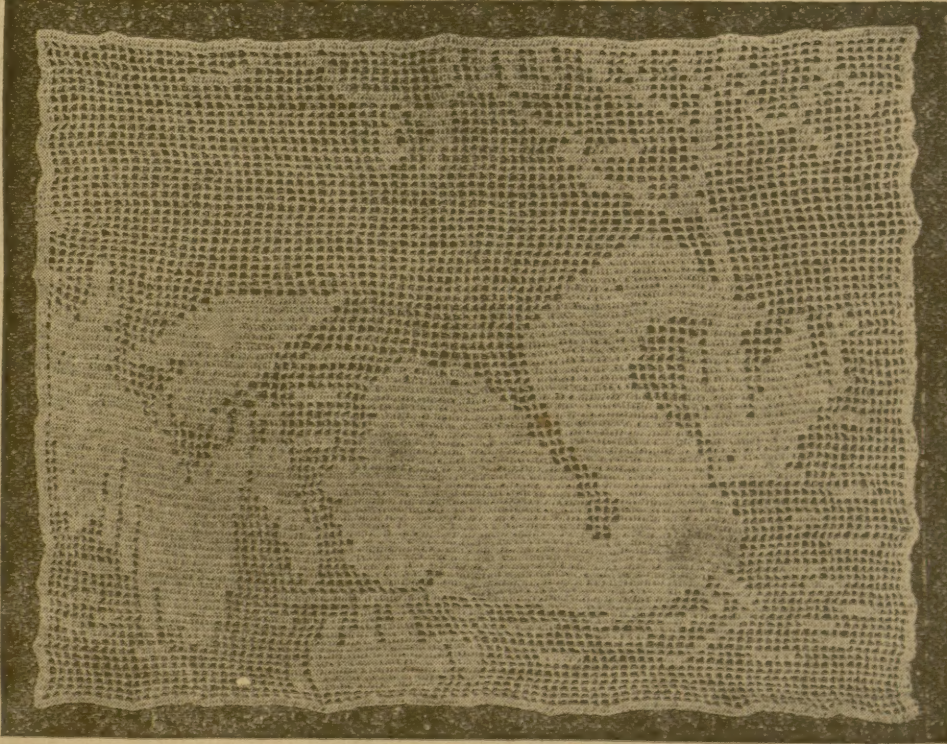
next tr., ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 7, ch. 7, a double in each double of diamond, missing the 1st and 2nd ch. 7, 4 trs. under ch. 7, ch. 2, skip 2, a tr. in next tr., ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 1, slip st. to last shell of scallop, turn.



CRETONNE APPLIQUE.

This design illustrates how an elaborate decorative effect can be obtained with a minimum amount of work. Handsome floral sprays cut from cretonne can be easily transferred to all sorts of articles, specially pretty covers for summer sofa pillows being quickly decorated in this way by either couching or buttonholing all edges down securely.

12th row.—Ch. 10, fasten in 3rd shell of insertion, 14 trs. under ch. 10, fasten under ch. 2 of 1st shell of scallop, ch. 10, fasten between



SWAN TIDY. Mamie L. Poole.

8th and 9th tr. of last point, 14 trs. under ch. 10, fasten between first and second shell of scallop, continue around scallop, making 7 points in all like 11th row, now increasing the number of sps. each side and decreasing the doubles as directed, turn.

13th row.—Like 11th row, increasing the number of sps. each side, and decreasing the number of doubles as directed to scallop, catch last point of scallop with s. c. between 5th and 6th tr., sl. st. on 4 trs., ch. 1, turn.

14th row.—Like 12th row from *.
15th row.—Like 12th row to scallop, ch. 5, fasten in top of point, ch. 5, fasten on next point, * ch. 5 fasten on same point, ch. 5, fasten on next point, repeat from * around, making 13 sps., turn.

16th row.—Shell of 2 tr. under each 5 ch. around scallop, shell in shell, 7 sps., 4 tr. under 7 ch., dtr. in 2nd of 3 d. s., ch. 5, and finish now as begun.

17th row.—Like preceding row with 7 sps., ch. 2, 4 trs. under 5 ch., ch. 5, 4 trs. under 5 ch., ch. 2, finish as begun to scallop, shell of 3 trs. in every shell of scallop, fasten at 2nd from last shell of insertion, turn.

18th row.—Ch. 1, 6 trs. under ch. 2 of shell, * ch. 3, 6 trs. under ch. 2 of shell, repeat from * around scallop, ch. 3, shell in shell, 8 sps., ch. 2, 4 trs. under 5 ch., ch. 2 and finish as begun.

Repeat from second row.

This is a very showy and handsome lace.

E. R. CAPPALL.

Homemade Portiere

A handsome, serviceable portiere or couch cover may be made in imitation of the much admired Bagdad, at very little expense. Select medium weight, natural colored burlap about forty inches in width. Cut the required length and then divide lengthwise into five equal parts by heavy basting threads. Fold on each of these baste threads and overcast coarsely with yarn of any color. After the five strips are thus divided, darn each with cross-stitch patterns, using a combination of colors; cream, terra cotta, old blues, brick red, orange, Nile and darker greens may all be used. Black for the dividing lines set off harmonizing tones to good advantage. As this curtain needs no lining, be very careful to make the wrong side as neatly as possible. Both ends may be hemmed or left slightly raveled out and overcast as in the genuine article.

Album Quilt Design

This patchwork design is composed of eight colored squares, two white squares and one large strip the length of three squares after being sewed together, eight half squares and four smaller half squares all of white muslin. The length of the long white strip is eight inches, the width three inches. The colored squares are three by three inches and the half squares are in the same proportion. The corner squares are two and one-quarter inches square, cut in halves and joined as shown in illustration.

ALBUM QUILT DESIGN.

Work the name in center of white bar.
MRS. L. DEARBORN.

Jabot Tab of Irish Crochet

Chain 10, join, 25 d. c. in ring, sl. st. to first d. c., * ch. 5, 1 s. c. in fifth d. c., * repeat from * to * 4 times.

3rd round.—This forms first row of rose petals., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 10 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 sl. st., repeat under each chain 5, ch. 7, turn.

4th round. Work backward in opposite directions, and catch ch. 7 in sl. st. with 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., repeat 3 times, join, turn.

5th round.—1 s. c., 14 d. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 7, repeat 4 times, ch. 9, turn.

6th round.—Working in opposite direction, make 1 s. c. in s. c. of 4th round, ch. 9, 1 s. c., repeat 3 times.

7th round.—1 s. c., 18 d. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 9, repeat 4 times, ch. 11, turn.

8th round.—Same as 6th, making chains of 11 sts.

9th round.—1 s. c., 22 1 s. c. under ch. 11, repeat 4 times. This completes rose. Break cotton, join to 5th st. of last petal, ch. 8, 1 s. c. in fifth st., chain to form picot, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 10th st. petal, ch. 8, picot, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 15th d. c., ch. 8, 1 picot, ch. 3. Repeat all around.

Next row work the same excepting after each three complete chains, make ch. 8, 1 s. c. under same ch. as last s. c.

In the next row make ch. 3, 9 d. c., ch. 3 under each chain 8, otherwise the same.

In next round on each of the 5 shells of 9 d. c. make ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 5 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 5 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, otherwise the

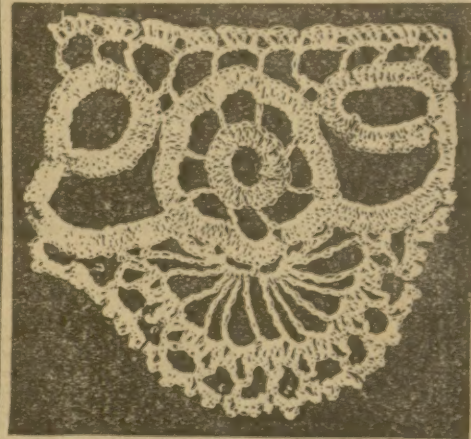
Irish Crochet Scroll Design

The motifs as is usual in making this lace, are made entirely separate, and then joined together. Begin with center wheel, ch. 10, join, ch. 3, 28 d. c. in ring. Join, ch. 8, skip 3, 1 tr. in next st., ch. 5, 1 tr. in 4th st., repeat all around. Join in 5th st., ch. 8, ch. 3, 10 tr. under each ch. 5, join, ch. 35.

To make scroll, slip st. into 18th st. from hook, work 20 tr. in ring thus formed, fill remainder of ch. by working over it with trs., 1 sl. st., ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in circle, repeat 5 times.

Start from st. directly opposite first scroll, allowing 3 sps. in the center wheel, between, as shown, make ch. 35 and continue as before, after joining to center wheel, sl. st. to third ch. 3, ch. 6, join to 5 tr. of scroll, * ch. 2, 1 quadruple crochet made by throwing thread over hook 4 times. Repeat * 4 times under third ch. 3, 6 times under next ch. 3, join to 5th st. of scroll, ch. 2, sl. st. to 7th st. of scroll, 3 tr. under ch. 2, ch. 4, 3 tr. under ch. 2, ch. 4, repeat around scallop. This completes one motif, make as many as are required, join sides of the scroll with needle. Make lower edge by ch. 5, 1 s. c. under each ch. 4, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in each 4th st. of scroll.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat twice under each ch. 5.



IRISH CROCHET SCROLL DESIGN.

Upper edge, ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat as necessary, keep lace flat, not pulled.

2nd row.—3 d. c. under each chain.

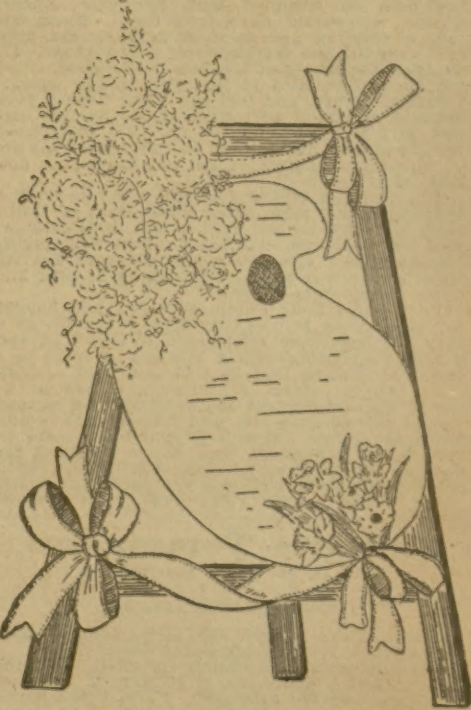
This lace is an original pattern and should be worked tightly, trebles in center wheel and scroll can be increased in number so the work will be firm and solid, if necessary.

For edging centerpieces or dollies this is specially pretty.

ANNIE L. FRAZER.

Easel and Palette Flower Holder

Instead of the usual vase or basket, one may easily fashion a holder as here shown. The easel is made of strips of wood tacked together and stained dark green. The palette is cut out of cardboard or thin wood and is covered with dark green or wood brown linen or other art



UNIQUE AND ORNAMENTAL.

fabric. Holes are cut in the palette through which the stems of the flowers are to be passed and a small bag or wire support capable of supporting a short wide-mouthed bottle or a tumbler is attached to the back of the palette; water is placed in these vessels and when stems of the flowers are immersed in it, they will keep fresh a long time. The palette must of course be firmly fastened to the easel.

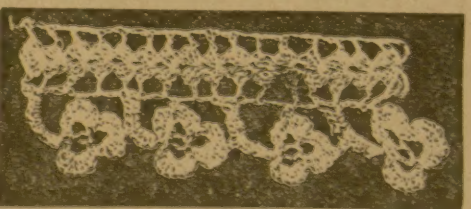
Clover Edge Lace

Ch. 15, turn.

1st row.—Shell 6 d. c. in 10 st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 1 st., ch. 5.

2nd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5.

3rd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 10, sl. st. in 5th st., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in ring, 1 s. c., 4 d. c. in the two rings formed, sl. st. to first row, 3 d. c., 1



CLOVER EDGE LACE.

s. c. in same ring, repeat same in next 2 rings, 8 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 d. c. on d. c. in 3rd row.

4th row.—Ch. 2, shell on shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, repeat from beginning. In making next clover, sl. st., 4 d. c. in second leaf to 4 s. c. on stem.

MRS. M. BURK.

JABOT TAB OF IRISH CROCHET.

to upper shells, as shown, until tab is desired length.

The edge.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, all round, then ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under each, ch. 9, add ch. 5 at point.

Last round.—9 s. c. under ch. 5, 5 s. c. under next ch. 5, ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 5th st. of 9 s. c., 5 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 sl. st. to form picot, 5 s. c., 4 s. c. under 2nd ch. 5, this forms one point and makes a heavy edge and attractive finish. Mount over plaited net or sheer linen hemstitched.

Request

Can any reader send in a sample and directions for making honeycomb and tree lace? Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON.

DIAMOND LACE.

ch. 1, shell in shell, ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 7, ch. 7, sl. 2 doubles, a double in each double to within 2 of end, ch. 7, 4 tr. under ch. 7, ch. 2, shell in shell, tr. under ch. 3.

11th row.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, a tr. in



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Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Every mother will heartily endorse and lend her support to the world-wide campaign which has been inaugurated against the exhibition of the moving pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, declaring that Independence day was dishonored and America was disgraced by a brutal prize fight, that the moral sense of the nation was outraged and that this evil is nothing compared to the harm which will be done by allowing thousands of children to view the reproduction of the fight by moving pictures. This campaign will be taken up by the branches of Christian Endeavor Society in England, Europe and Australia, to suppress the pictures. Telegrams will be sent to the governors of all the states making a similar request, and an organized effort will be made through the local branches throughout this country in petitioning the different town authorities as well as the governors. Here is the grandest opportunity for the women of America to exert a purifying and elevating influence in aid of one of the most important movements ever inaugurated in the interest of morality and decency, and the duty seems to especially rest on the mother to do their utmost to prevent this scandalous and demoralizing exhibition being paraded before their children.—Ed.

A number of people sent money for Comfort subscriptions to be credited to Mrs. Mallory's wheel-chair account without furnishing a list of subscribers. Although we prefer that the sender should name the persons to whom the paper is to be sent, in such cases we send COMFORT to those on our charity list who desire to be subscribers, but are unable to pay for it. Some of these subscriptions are still unassigned and we should be pleased to have the sisters send names of worthy neighbors who would like COMFORT but are unable to pay for it. We gratefully acknowledge a donation of ten dollars from Mrs. S. L. Newhall, Axtell, Box 86, Kans., for our charity work.—Ed.

The following letter is from our COMFORT sister and friend, Mrs. Anna Mallory, and who on June 21st received her wheel chair from Mr. Gannett. Her letter will tell you how exceedingly grateful she is to all who have worked in her behalf and made it possible for her to have the comfort of this chair. That Mrs. Mallory may realize all the benefit that she and we have anticipated in its use, is our sincere wish.—Ed.

DEAR MR. GANNETT AND COMFORT SISTERS: I received my wheel chair yesterday, June 21, so will write immediately and acknowledge its reception. I cannot express in words my deep gratitude and thanks to you, kind Mr. Gannett and the dear COMFORT sisters, all I feel. I can only praise God for giving me such kind, good friends and thank you all for your help and the cheering letters so many of the good sisters have written me, and I would like to have replied to all, but found it impossible to do so. I shall ever love and remember you, each and every one. My chair is oh, so nice! I am now comfortably seated in it writing this letter of thanks to one and all that have aided me in any way towards obtaining it.

God bless the good old COMFORT! May its many contributors prosper in all good work they are doing in the prayer and wish of its true friend.

ANNA MALLORY, Hardin, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for years, yet have never seen a letter from here in the Sisters' Corner, and I thought I should like to tell you something about our little village.

Willoughby is located on Chagrin river from which it obtains an abundant water supply. It has seventeen hundred inhabitants. The main street is paved, the sidewalks of stone and cement. It has electric lights and good street car service; also it has a high school and library, and a Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Christian and Roman Catholic church. The two or three industrial plants are enough to supply its labor. On most streets are well-kept lawns and beautiful flowers, and I think it the prettiest town anywhere in the country.

While thinking of you mothers, I have composed and dedicated the following verses "to the mother who mourns her boy":

Transplanted

I planted a beautiful lily
Close by my window with care;
It spread its bright leaves in springtime
And sweet buds of promise grew there.
I hoped it would bloom in the summer,
But a little wind one day,
Came chilling the buds ere they blossomed
And my lily faded away.

But just across, over the border,
'Twas transplanted, my lily fair,
And grows by the living water,
And there's never a chill wind there.
A beautiful, beautiful lily,
It blooms in that garden complete,
Kissed by the dews of Heaven
And breezes tender and sweet.

MARTHA E. BALES, Willoughby, Lake Co., Ohio.

The beautiful poem entitled "Transplanted," was written for the COMFORT Sisters' Corner by Mrs. Martha E. Bales, whose home is in Willoughby, Ohio. Mrs. Bales' poems are very well known, having been published from time to time since 1892. Her first work was on the subject of temperance, and was published in the Contestant.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having just finished reading some of your nice letters, I cannot any longer resist the temptation to write.

I agree with Mrs. Brothers about a woman's rights. I think if mothers would only stay at home and teach their children the right way to live, there would be no need of women voting. If mothers who have daughters would make companions of them and gain their confidence, have them bring their company home and see and know who their friends are, there would be fewer unfortunate marriages and purer and nobler women. A girl who can go to mother with all her little troubles will never go far astray. I was the only girl in our family of eight children. My parents never allowed me to meet my company on the streets. Father told me to bring my friends home and entertain them there. My friends used to gather at our home and my parents would join in with us in having a good time. Mother and I have always been chums and even now, I send in a note with my husband to mother and get one in reply almost every day, as if I cannot see her, I hear from her. God has been good to me; He has spared father and mother. I am a farmer's wife, have been living on the farm about three years. We had a dear little home of our own before we came here, but one night it was taken from us by cruel flames and we lost everything we had, but I have learned to love our home here too. I have two dear little boys, aged five and three years, and they save mamma a good many steps. Would be pleased to have a letter shower. I have been married six years. With best wishes to COMFORT, Mrs. L. P. GLANVILLE, Hubbell, Box 205, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May a new sister, but an old subscriber, take a chair for a little while? I have taken the paper for nearly fifteen years, or since the story of Jack Harkaway. I remember that well, and never enjoyed our paper as much as I do now. I think it can be bettered in any way. There are four, all like it as well as I. The one at high school always says, "keep COMFORT for me." So much good is being done. Now, dear sisters, I have a suggestion to make. Why not when we renew our subscription send it to some shut-in that wants to earn the good time? As there are so many of us, we could do a lot of good that way. How I would like to see that dear Uncle Charlie and have a heart-to-heart talk with him. Oh, the good he is doing. His light is surely shining in this world; may God bless and raise him from his bed of sickness.

One half mile from me, is a poor woman with that dreaded disease, rheumatism, and for fourteen years she has laid on her bed, and for six long years has not raised her hand. She has everything she wants, as they are not poor. If she could only soothe her brow or fan herself, how thankful she would be. But still she sings and tries to be happy through it all. She has a wheel chair, but has not been in it for a good many years.

Well, sisters, I am forty years old, five feet nine inches tall and always try to make myself taller, as it helps to keep me straight. I am not burdened with flesh as some are. Keep to the exercises, as it does wonders. Those who wish to unburden themselves of flesh, try them at all spare times, until tired or weak, then rest and try them again. It is the safest way. To all who wish to make their own floor linoleum I will tell you how I have seen it done. Take ducking, a good quality, or carpet that is past but is still good, and clean. Make a stiff starch with a little glue in it and wash the brush, so all over it and let it dry. It is best to have it tight on a frame or floor and when dry paint three coats any color desired. One can have it plain, but it is not hard to flower it, as one can paint on squares by marking both ways, or take stiff cardboard and cut a flower or any design one wishes so it is open and just a few dabs of the brush is all that is required, and varnish.

I would like to receive velvet pieces to finish a robe and will send perennial roots or little cedars or cedar seed, or flower seed in the fall to those who send. Please let me know which you want. I also would like a letter party on August 5th. Sisters please remember me on that day. With best wishes to our much loved editor and all of COMFORT's band, Mrs. SARAH TURNER, Caro, Michigan.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been a reader and admirer of COMFORT for a number of years, but this is my first letter. I love to read the letters from the sisters, especially the shut-ins. I am an invalid and have not walked for three years, the result of chronic rheumatism. The disease has left me, but my joints are stiff. I can do no work, except knitting and crocheting. I have two children, a boy and girl, both young. I would like to secure a middle-aged woman as housekeeper and manager to live as one of the family. I would do a good part for anyone desiring such a home. I live on a farm and am a widow.

Good references must be given and will give same in return. Anyone desiring such a home please write to me at once, address—

MRS. M. MITCHELL, Kinderpost, Texas Co., Mo.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

After reading the many good letters, I thought I, too, would write to you, hoping our dear editor would grant me space. I am a very young housekeeper, and in the March number I found much that was helpful. I would be very grateful if some of the sisters would send me patterns for infants' clothes, or quilt pieces. Also I should be glad to hear from the sisters.

MRS. LILLIAN JACKSON, Terrell, R. R. 4, Box 78, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for fifteen years and it is just like getting a letter from home to read the Sisters' Corner. We lived in Kansas until last year. When we came to Oklahoma and bought one hundred and sixty acres of land. We have warm days, but cool nights and very little snow in winter. The schools and churches are good, and there is only one thing I dislike, and that is the brush and sand.

I am twenty-seven years old; have been married seven years. We have no children of our own, but have an adopted boy, two and one half years old, and will say to Mrs. Pearl Lackey, Georgetown, Texas, if she will put her application in the State Home Society she can get a child from there. I took my little boy when he was only one month old and can say with all my heart that when I get him ready for bed and he puts his little arms around my neck and says, "good night mamma," I am repaid for all the care he has given me through the day. Oh, how much comfort it is to have him with me! I don't think a home is complete without a baby.

I, too, like Mrs. F. H. Voorhees does, that a woman should demand her equal in purity and in manly be made to feel the disgrace the same as the woman he has wronged. A man can lead a poor girl to destruction and she is never recognized again, and then some of our most respected girls will marry him. Woman, sister! let us wake up and when we see a poor girl that is on the wrong path, put our arms around her and show her the right way. God doesn't condemn woman more than man. Why should we? With love to the sisters,

Mrs. J. T. SAXMAN, Fletcher, R. R. 2, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I've been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and always look to see what there is said about babies, yet never find what I want for.

Now I will tell what I do for my babies and then maybe I'll hear from somebody that knows better. I have three babies, oldest three years, and the youngest eight months old, and although I know considerable about babies, I don't know it all and learn something new every day. I give baby her bath every morning and have everything ready and handy so I don't have to get up and look for it before she is dressed. I wash her face first, seldom using soap, then I wash and wipe her head, keeping her partly covered while I am doing so, then I put her in the tub (a big pan I have for that purpose), and bathe her body, and have a warm place of flannel to put her on when I take her out of the water. I wipe her gently and powder, when she is ready to be dressed. I always put her skirt and dress on over her feet instead of over the head, as this way does not fret her. After they are a year old I give them a sponge bath every evening, for then I have more time and I think they sleep better. My children both wear rompers, and I won't have anything else for every day. I don't believe in handling babies too much, and not by an outsider at all, and I wouldn't wake up my baby to show it to a person for anything. I don't like cranky babies; I don't believe in doing anything to make them so, and my babies are not as a rule cranky. Except for a slight cold I'm thankful to say that so far they have not been sick and they are out of doors most of the time when they aren't sleeping. They have a two or three hours' nap every afternoon and go to bed by eight o'clock at night, sleeping until seven in the morning.

To all my work alone; my babies come first, then my work, and what doesn't get done today will get done tomorrow.

Now—

the question reduces itself to just this:

Are you willing to trust to chance in buying soda crackers, or are you going to assure yourself of getting the finest soda crackers ever made—

Uneda Biscuit

5¢ (Never Sold in Bulk)

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

For scurf on a baby's head, use sweet olive oil, rubbing it on in the evening and washing it off in the morning, repeat until it disappears and never rub or try to comb it off clean.

If the nose is dry, wind a bit of cotton around a toothpick, dip in olive oil and swab out the nose. Wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers, Mrs. J. B. RUCKER, Palmyra, Wis.

Mrs. Rucker. Your practical letter on the care of babies will be very helpful, especially to the young mothers. It is all good.

Thanks for the attractive envelope which enclosed your letter. It greatly interested me, and although to many it is familiar, for the benefit of those who did not have an opportunity of seeing it and reading the appropriate verses I want to describe it, for the sentiments are full of beauty. Across the top was the heading "Old Settlers' Day, June 16, 1910, Palmyra, Wis.—Silver Jubilee." To the left was the picture of an old lady and gentleman, past the prime of life, but their smiling faces told of hearts that were young and vigorous. She is seated, while he stands, looking over her shoulder, and both are intently perusing a copy of the Palmyra Enterprise, and beside them sits the faithful collie. Another on this page represents a large gathering of people come to meet old-time friends of the years gone by. The verses above referred to are as follows:

"As the eye grows dim and the hair turns gray,
Each year adds new interest to Old Settlers' Day
News of dear friends on the printed page
Is eagerly read by ripe old age;
And here they come from every land
To look into your eyes and grasp your hand."

"Come from all parties
And parts to our feast;
Though not at the 'Astor',
We'll give you, at least,
A bite at an apple,
A seat on the grass,
And the best of old—water
At nothing a glass."

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am seventeen years old and want a place in your corner. You may be interested to know that I am a twin with gray blue eyes, dark hair and light complexion, and that we so closely resemble each other, few can tell us apart. We live in the country where we raise anything one could wish in the vegetable and small fruit crops. Our staple products are cotton, corn and sugar-cane.

The following are some tested remedies: For toothache, saturate a bit of cotton in boiled vinegar and apply to cavity.

For burns, rub on butter immediately. For rheumatism, also excellent for sprains, rub with chloroform liniment made as follows: One ounce of sweet oil, one half ounce of oil of sassafras and four ounces of aqua ammonia, shake until thoroughly mixed and add one ounce of laudanum, two ounces tincture of arnica and one half ounce chloroform. Shake again and it is ready for use. Keep well stopped with a rubber stopper if you have one, and shake well before using.

If a wart is rubbed three times daily with a slice of raw potato, it will disappear within a month. For a cold, cough or croup, drink strong tea made from sweet anise root.

Hang camphor bags up to drive off mosquitoes. If any sister wishing for a pretty vine or honey-suckle, roses, English ivy with either red or yellow blooms, will send me the postage I will forward them either of these.

Our anise was eaten by the cattle last winter, and if any sister having a little to spare will send it to me so we may get another start, it will make me very grateful.

Sassafras root is a good blood purifier and flesh reducer, if made into a tea.

Will some of the sisters that have begonias, tulips, Japan snow ball, hydrangea, exchange with me for some of my flowers?

I would enjoy letters from you all, Miss L. E. V. RAINES, Vivian, R. R. 1, Box 32, La.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," so I softly "lift the latch and walk in." Hitherto, I have been only an interested reader, but the more I read, the more I wish to join the charming sisters' circle. COMFORT has always been comfort to me in more ways than one. As a child, the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's amusing replies were a source of keen enjoyment, and even now, since I have grown to womanhood, I read them and they banish the "blues" instantly. The sisters' letters are so cheery, comforting and uplifting and have helped to pass many a lonely, weary hour.

We (my husband and I) live in North Dakota. Our first experience was the blizzard which came on the 15th, 16th and 17th of April, this year. How the wind did blow! and the snow drifted to the roof of some of the outbuildings.

Have only one near neighbor, but they are kind and friendly. As I have no children and my husband is busy on the farm, I am often very lonely. At such times I get COMFORT and read Uncle Charlie's answers and that banishes melancholy thoughts. Am very fond of reading and would devote all my spare moments to that alone, but I know it would be selfish.

I have won all the children around me by a smile—not a grin nor a watery kind of imitation smile, but a real, cheery smile, which seems to enter their own soul and causes them to pass it on. Childhood is so precious and is so often neglected. Parents should smile more and be companions instead of stern, grim monitors whom children fear. If one is cheerful, kind and true, one can win and keep friends anywhere. My life has been full of struggles, sorrow and sadness, and still I hope, trust and wait. Through chastening, we are made better.

Do the sisters know that by putting sugar over pie-plant or rhubarb, instead of water, and setting on back part of range to slowly simmer, it will be thicker and richer in every way?

May COMFORT speed on its way and do others the good it has me. Though so far away, I feel near and dear. With God's blessing to all, I am,

Mrs. E. H. FRATHER, Grandin, N. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I stop for a little chat? I have often wished to, and then would say to myself, "What help can I give, they all know more than I, for I am just a beginner," then another thought would present itself: "What if all the sisters should say this, would not our pages be bare, and how we should miss these helpful letters."

Have any of you ever heard of that beautiful little poem, "Let Something Good Be Said." It is such a help when anyone is being discussed, for it seems that the evil words come to our lips so much more readily than the good. Dear sisters, unless you have had the experience, you do not know how hard it is for others to go on saying evil of an absent one, after something good has been said of that one. It will invariably change the drift of the conversation, and then, oh, what a glad, triumphant feeling you have away down in your heart.

And another thing which no doubt others have discovered, is that there is no one, no matter how fallen or depraved, but that you can find some redeeming feature to bring forward. Let us shake hands dear sisters, and promise ourselves and our Maker to doubly guard our tongues in this respect; for remember that no matter how low a fellow being has fallen, one day he or she was a tender, innocent child, perhaps the pride of a loving mother just as your little one is now. Let us put ourselves in the place of that mother, dear sisters, before we speak the evil condemning words.

Now for a few words about myself: I have dark hair and brown eyes, about five and a half feet tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and am eighteen years old. I have been married fourteen months and we have one of the sweetest little girls to bless our home. She is four months old and her name is Thelma. I have one of the best husbands in the world and we are very happy.

To stop hiccup: Put a finger in each ear, get someone to hold your nose and hold a glass of water to your mouth for you and you drink as much as possible of it, without stopping. It will cure them immediately.

Will the sisters near my age write me? I will answer all letters. Wishing COMFORT and its family much success I am, Mrs. BESSIE IRONMONGER (nee HOGGE), Crab Neck, Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a great lover of COMFORT and it is indeed a comfort to me as I have been confined to my bed with tumor since July 25, 1909, and a very great sufferer most of the time. My children have all gone on home, except one, a dear daughter who is married and lives in Texas; she too is very sick, so my husband and I are alone. He is also crippled with rheumatism, but the people are very kind and visit us often. Our minister, Brother Moon, has held two cottage meetings at our house and the people come in often and sing, which I enjoy very much.

I have just been reading the letters in the Sisters' Corner and enjoy them as I do the whole paper. The thought came to me that perhaps some of the sisters would write me a few lines, though I cannot promise to answer all separately, as some days I cannot write at all.

To every shut-in. Put your trust in the Saviour and learn to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Whatever is best for us, He will give.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

The Moors in Spain

By Violet Knapp

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THE voyage had not been the pleasantest experience of my life not only on account of the *mal de mer*, but because I was in disgrace and my aunt with a New England conscience was taking me across the water, no doubt acting on the principle "Out of sight, out of mind." But I have also heard that "Distance lends enchantment," and "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

We were nearing Gibraltar on that soft March day, and the spice-laden breezes from Spain and Portugal fairly intoxicated me and I longed to get on terra firma once more. The sea gurgled and glittered under the last rays of the afternoon sun. To the left frowned the grim British sentinel, and beyond to the east lay the purplish and golden mountains of Malaga. They seemed to be smiling at me and beckoning a sweet reassurance.

My aunt and I stood on deck and close to the rail and Norinne was near with the hand luggage.

"Priscilla, how are we ever going to get down into that horrid little tug with all our baggage? Norinne is not very strong and I—"

"You forget the courier we cabled for. He'll attend to all that."

"Oh, yes, the courier! That needless expense you insisted on. Gibraltar is English and I'm sure with your knowledge of French and Norinne's too, we could have gotten along very well indeed. Very, very well indeed," she repeated firmly.

"Gibraltar is English and Paris is French but you forget that Madrid is neither. You will say that I am right about the courier after a few days."

"Well, don't say, 'I told you so.'"

At this point one of the ship's crew accompanied by a tall, athletic man with a lean, brown face (amazingly good looking too), drew near and said respectfully, "Miss Moor and party."

The tall man raised his hat and spoke to us in English, but with a queer accent. My aunt was civil, distantly civil, but when we were comfortably settled in our hotel, that is quite comfortably (I could give these *caballero* innkeepers some points, such as sapolio, ice and fly-paper), my dear aunt said in a patronizing tone, "I really begin to see the wisdom of having a man to look out for us Priscilla. These foreign ways are quite upsetting to me, quite indeed."

"I am wise sometimes, Aunt Lucretia." Her real intimate, pet, bosom-of-the-family name is "Creesh," but she doesn't dote on it.

"Yes, sometimes, but not always by any means. If you could only be more wise in your falling in love," with a sigh.

"But I've already fallen, so it is too late for wisdom in that direction," I laughed.

"More's the pity. Where did your good sense go to when you allowed yourself to form this dreadful attachment for Mr. —er—Lynton?"

Aunt Lucretia's ideas of falling in love are on the same principle as those of a long meditated house-cleaning, or a formal call on the new rector's wife.

"I didn't allow myself. I just tumbled in love head over heels."

"Priscilla Moor! What shocking language!" "Oh, never mind that. But seriously, if you only would consent to see George and get acquainted, even a little bit, you would love him too, I just know you would."

"Me? Do you know what you are saying, child? No Lynton shall ever speak to me. My father would turn in his grave."

"He's not in his grave, Aunt Lu, he is in heaven now, and probably sees the folly and wickedness of holding old feuds forever. Why should I suffer for them?"

"We are told 'unto the third and fourth generation.'"

"You are perverting Scripture; and any way it adds 'of them that hate Me.'"

"I will have nothing more to say on the subject. I, for one am thoroughly sick of it. Why, I would rather see you marry our courier, Tonia, than that grandson of my father's bitterest enemy."

An idea flashed across my mind and I hugged it to my heart with wild joy. I felt like dancing a Virginia reel or something, but I guess a Spanish fandango would have been more in keeping with my exuberant spirits.

Tonia did all he could to make the journey to Madrid pleasant for us. He even persuaded, financially speaking, some men who were smoking in our carriage to leave us in peace. So they sought another car, and Aunt Lucretia said: "Tonia, you are a most extraordinary person. I didn't know a courier, and a Spaniard at that—could be so considerate and so—so altogether nice."

Tonia answered with a gleam of mischief, "We are not all knaves."

We came to learn more and more on our "needless expense" for everything. My aunt wouldn't stir out of the *fonda* without him, and she even made him amuse us some evenings by telling old Spanish legends and customs. Poor man! One day I caught him studying a book on those subjects, and I did not wonder that he had to refresh his memory. My aunt is as full of interrogation points as a small boy.

A drive on the Prado in Madrid is a thing to

The stream of smart victorias drawn by perfectly groomed horses continued passing and re-passing us. Everywhere were the piquant Spanish faces. Some *Senoras* and *duennas* having in charge the flower of Spain, *Senoritas* her-mo-sas; now one dark and languid another more highly colored and vivacious, all exquisitely gowned. One day we caught sight of the Queen, Victoria of England. I found myself saluting enthusiastically with the rest of the people.

"I would like to live in Spain," I said, and Tonia glanced at me frankly smiling. He has marvelous brown eyes.

We decided to visit the Royal Armory that day and as we alighted in front, I said: "Let me wander around by myself, Aunt Creesh. I don't feel like talking."

"Very well, I will send Tonia to tell you when I am ready to go."

I was glad to get off quite by myself and I am afraid I didn't take much notice of that wondrous display of ancient armor, which people travel far to see. I passed with unseeing eyes the swords of Fernan Cortes and of Don John of Austria (although I had just read Crawford's "In The Palace of The King.") At length I stopped behind a group of knightly figures on horseback and quickly wiped away a tear. Some way I felt forlorn and wretched. Then I heard quick footsteps approaching, and took a step forward and ran straight into the outstretched



arms of el *Senor* Don Antonio Sanchez. He held me so close I could not budge, as though he could never let me go, so I hid my face on his coat collar and sobbed a little. He didn't seem to mind and after a minute said, "I've tried for so long to get you alone an instant,—but your *tia* is ever present."

His laugh was contagious and I looked up, smiling through my tears. The next thing I knew his lips were on mine and I was lost to the world.

After five or ten minutes he said: "Do you love me *amada*?"

"Yes, I do."

"Gloria mia!"

"You will have to teach me Spanish."

"Yes, if we are to live in Madrid," and we laughed happily.

"I like it here in Castile."

"I do, with you like this. Without you,—will you marry me soon *Chiquita*?"

"Si, *Senor*."

He laughed again and held me close.

"In spite of your *tia*, Miss Moor?"

"In spite of the whole world."

"Querida!"

"What is that?"

"Beloved."

"You dear! I don't know love terms in Castilian. I only know phrases out of guide-books. 'Pass me the bread,' or 'Where is the railroad station?'" Then I kissed him and said, "My aunt, *mi tia* (is that right?), well, she said she would rather I would marry you than Mr. Lynton."

"That's encouraging."

"So I thought, and I have an idea, a good one, too."

"I've no doubt of that, sweetheart. Will you tell it to me?"

"Not yet, *amada*."

"You must say 'Amado' to a man."

He would have kept me there talking and making love much longer if I had not protested.

"My aunt will be coming to search for me."

"The saints forbid, *Querida*! Soon she will have no right to interfere, will she?"

"Not a bit in the world." But after a moment more we had to come down to earth and go find Aunt Creesh. I know my face wore a tell-tale flush and I am quite sure his did also.

Tonia directed the coachman to drive to the Buen Retiro where the ladies would have coffee. Here seated at a little round table in a secluded corner of the garden, I seemingly electrified Aunt Lu by saying abruptly, "I saw George Lynton today, Auntie."

Her cup fell to the ground with a crash and Tonia sprang to pick up the fragments, and in doing so he managed to touch the ruffle of my dress with his lips. Oh, how romantic I felt!

"I am going to be married this week."

"Priscilla Moor! Not if I am alive to prevent."

"We shall not murder you beforehand. But I am of age," she was speechless. "You do not say anything, Aunt Lu," and I leaned over and took her cold hands in mine. "I am going to let you choose the bridegroom. How is that?"

"Stop Priscilla. 'Tis no time for jesting."

"I am in dead earnest. You said in Gibraltar that you would rather I would marry Tonia than Mr. Lynton. I will marry whichever you say."

"But Tonia is a Spanish courier. He has not presumed to ask you to marry him, has he?"

"He most certainly has today in the armory."

"I never thought to live to see this day!"

"Quick Auntie. It must be decided before we leave the Retiro. Which shall it be? I am terribly in earnest."

"You a Moor of Boston cannot unite yourself with a low-born Spaniard."

"Then it is George. He has good blood, as good as mine," I said, rising.

"No, no, never! Take Tonia. I really like the man. He seems far superior to his station. But O Priscilla! What a crazy idea!"

"Tonia, Tonia, come here!"

"My niece says you have presumed to—"

"Kiss me Tonia, I will marry you on Thursday. Tonia was not slow to obey and I was so happy I just jumped up and down."

"Priscilla!"

"There, there, Aunt Lucretia. You kiss him too. Not a soul can see." I could have screamed with laughter when she complied, and then we started for our hotel.

After a quiet little ceremony performed by the English rector on Thursday, I said, disengaging myself from my husband's arms, "I expected you

would faint; Aunt Lu, when you heard the minister say 'I, George Lynton, do take thee, Priscilla Moor.'"

"Well, I did not faint or scream. I've known Tonia was George Lynton masquerading, ever since the morning we left Gibraltar. It was my turn to do the ejaculating. "How did you know it?"

"I saw the mail he received."

"And you never told?"

"No. I thought if you two cared like that I would better let things take their course."

"Aunt Creesh, you're just the best actor ever. You have Bernhardt frazzled."

"What language Priscilla! Remember you are now a Lynton of Boston, as well as a Moor. But I was no better actor than you two were up to the day at the Armory. But then your faces were unmistakable."

"So that he who runs may read, eh?" laughed George. "But think how long it was since we had had a chance to say a word alone together."

I broke in, "Any way, now that it is all over you are glad, aren't you, Auntie?"

"I wouldn't go quite as far as to say that, Mrs. Lynton."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

With love and best wishes to all, will say good night.

Mrs. GRACE TAYLOR, Rosedale Cottage, West Fort Meade, Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if you will allow a "Native daughter of the Golden West" to enter your charmed circle and chat for a minute with some of the sisters she has admired for so long a time?

Well, Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I am thinking of moving soon to Santa Rosa and I want to tell you something about the place. Santa Rosa, the capital of Sonoma county, is the center of one of the richest districts in California. The soil produces abundantly all the crops grown in the tropical regions. It is a splendid municipality, has a population of nearly twelve thousand, and is a business city of importance. Fifty miles north of San Francisco is Santa Rosa in a highly fertile valley. Two steam railroads and one electric railroad enter Santa Rosa from San Francisco. Santa Rosa is the first city in the United States to furnish water free to inhabitants. An ample supply has been developed for fifteen thousand people. This water flows in an underground river bed and is pure and cool. Electric pumps have been installed to force the water into an immense reservoir from which it flows through the city's excellent system of distributing pipes to the homes of the poorest as well to the richest resident. Santa Rosa is supposed to have been named from the roses of the neighborhood which its gardens produce. Well sisters, hoping to hear from you all, with promise to answer, I remain yours sincerely,

MISS MAY BELL ADAMS, 1552 Noe St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT CORNER:

As I have been reading all your lovely letters in COMFORT, I thought I would write one too, and see if I could help someone to while away the time as I have been doing. I am glad our dear Mrs. Wilkinson does not criticize our writing as Uncle Charlie does, or I am sure I would have stayed away—as I am sure to make many mistakes, though I enjoy reading the letters and answers in the columns very much and I think it helps all to be more thoughtful about their grammar.

I have never seen a letter from a member of the W. R. C.'s in your paper so I thought I would ask the sisters how many of you teach your little ones patriotism at home. I think it a very good idea in this age. I have a little boy of four and he loves the flag and wears it on every occasion. My father was a Twenty-third Iowa soldier, serving three years in the war for the Union, of which I am proud. I belong to the Camby No. 3, W. R. C., and we do lots of good among the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors. I also am a member of the M. E. church, and try each day to live nearer the cross. My heart goes out in earnest prayer for the poor afflicted ones we read about, as I know what that means, for I have a dear little nephew of twelve years who is afflicted and has been for nearly four years. No time has been wasted in trying to find a cure for him, and I ask all the praying people of our land who read this to offer a petition in his behalf and for his faithful parents also. My father's health is very poor and he makes a trip soon to the Hot Springs in Arkansas, and is going to take my nephew with him and see if the baths there will be of any benefit to him.

Now I will talk of our little city of which we are very proud. First of all I want to say there are no saloons here, and we hope there never will be. We have the second largest Sunday school in the world; good churches and schools, and in fact we have about everything any other city has.

I want to shake hands with E. Colvin on her good talk, and if I could talk like that I wouldn't blush as I will when I read this.

With good will to all and sympathy for the suffering, I am your sisters,

MRS. E. F. HOFFMAN, Brazie, R. R. 7, Box 58, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for three years and have never seen a letter from St. Joe. Surely I am not the only one here that takes COMFORT.

I am somewhat of a shut-in from sick headache and backache, whenever I go to church or town, I am sure to come back with one of my headaches, so I stay as closely to home as I can. When I read in COMFORT how much worse off some of the poor shut-ins are, I am ashamed to complain. Can some sister suggest a remedy for my headaches? If so, I would be very thankful.

Mrs. Bertha Madden. I enjoyed reading your letter, especially the part about women's line, and I agree with you when a woman has a husband and children to care for, she certainly has her hands full and no time to go to the poles. Let the men vote by all means. I have three children, all boys, and one of the best of husbands, who happens to be a "Sam."

Would like to hear from the sisters and with best wishes to all,

MRS. S. A. SWAFFORD, 2706 Doniphan Ave., St. Joe, Mo.

Mrs. Swafford. It is very recently that an acquaintance of mine was suffering from the same symptoms you describe, and who consulted a physician and was told that all her suffering was due to eye strain. The same as you, she became practically a shut-in to escape the terrible head and backaches. The proper glasses were made for her, and in a short time the whole nervous system was strengthened and the dreaded symptoms had disappeared.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I was able to spell out the words, I thought I would like to contribute to the Sisters' Corner.

My home lies on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, in the western central part of Colorado. Our altitude is six thousand and fifty-five feet, and we also lie in the greatest coal belt of the West.

All kinds of grain, vegetables and alfalfa do finely here, also small fruit.

Due to water rights may be secured free, and there is government land to be taken up. We are eighteen miles above the North Fork river, but where great crops of peaches, apples, cherries, plums, and every kind of small fruits are raised.

About thirty miles across McClure Pass are the great marble quarries of Colorado. These are said by experts to surpass the marble quarries of Italy.

Above us at an altitude of ten thousand feet, lie the anthracite coal beds of Ruby.

The C. & S. road has a cutoff surveyed through here, which when connected will give a main line through to Denver.

I am glad to see some of the sisters give their better halves some credit, and who don't, will find it would be greatly appreciated if they did. If someone does something for our pleasure, we generally let our appreciation be known. But too often it is only our husbands we take it as a matter of course.

Domestic help is very hard to get out here. It is either do your work yourself or let it go undone. There are good openings for female labor here at any time; wages are good. I've often wished for some of the surplus girls of the East. But what would be the use! Just as you were congratulating yourself on securing competent help, some lone man would wander by and then good by to all your hopes.

I believe we have the most pleasant days here I have ever known. The mountains and wild flowers are lovely. Wishing one and all success,

MRS. E. D. REMON, Somerset, Colo.

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DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy your letters very much, and especially those from mothers for I am a young mother myself. My oldest girl will be three in June and my youngest is eight months old. I believe in mothers making companions and confidants of their girls, and if more did so, fewer girls would go astray. My one hope and daily prayer is that the good Lord may spare my life long enough to see my two girls good Christians, God-fearing women. Sometimes I think what a great responsibility God places upon us in giving these precious lives into our keeping, and how careful we ought to be of our words and actions.

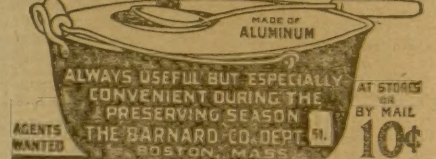
I wonder how many of the sisters have tried rubbing a sick or weak child with warm olive oil and brandy? There is nothing better to give strength and to fatten a child than this. My babies are both as healthy and strong as anyone could wish, and I have used nothing but the oil and brandy from the time they were born. I also give each a teaspoonful of warm Olive oil when constipated. I buy my oil in the half gallon cans and find it much more economical than buying the bottled. When the babies have a severe cold I simply warm some oil and a little mustard instead of brandy and give them a good rub and have never found it to fail to relieve a cold.

I would be very pleased to have the sisters remember me with a letter party. I will answer all who inclose a stamp for reply. I have made some very dear pen friends through the Sisters' Corner.

MRS. KATHARINE M. GARCIA, 613 West Marquette Ave., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

THE KETTLE SPOON HOLDER



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be remembered,—by a New Englander, especially if the way is fine and the Castilian aristocracy is out for an airing.

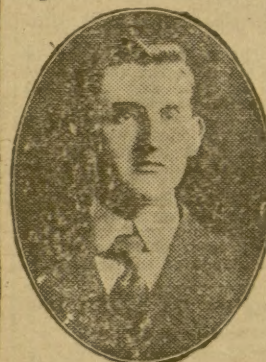
"It is quite bewildering, this brilliancy, Priscilla. But I am just homesick for the sight of a good straightforward American face."

"I'll cable for George Lynton any time, Auntie. He'd come."



To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.



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THE KID

Or, The Taming of a Young Terror

By R. S. Bond

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THE KID stood and sniffed the air contemplatively, turning his head from side to side while his nostrils twitched. There was certainly a peculiar odor. Not a doubt about it; and it was none too choice at that. He waded through the grass and leaned over the top rail of the fence, allowing his eyes to rove around the field beyond. Each puff of wind brought a further supply of tainted air.

Wonderingly the Kid swung a bare pair of legs over the rail and dropped softly to the ground. Sniffing he toddled through the clover and over the brow of the hill. Heedless of the distant school bell he followed the instinct of his nose through the hayfield and into the pasture, until at last his search was rewarded.

"Gee!" he muttered. On the ground at his feet lay the half-eaten carcass of a heifer. He touched the red hide gingerly with his toes. A dozen flies, resenting his interference, buzzed angrily around.

"Gee!" he repeated, "Bears!" He circled around to the windward side and threw himself on the moss. He looked once or twice at the distant schoolhouse dimly discernible through the trees, and once or twice his gaze wandered anxiously toward the darker woods behind.

But the Kid was game. He had already learned through familiarity to treat bears with contempt. Until he saw, or at least heard one, he was not going to allow his fears to drive him away from the discovery.

"Gee!" he said for the third time. He crept toward the animal and sniffed again. A smile came over his face.

"I'll have to get a rope," said the Kid. "Chubby Waters," the teacher called him, but the rest all called him the "Kid." The nickname had originated through his elder brothers now at the mature ages of nine and eleven respectively, who called him nothing else, and was taken up by the other scholars from Ben Jackstone, age twenty, to the smallest member of the school. Ben and his cronies often prefixed one or more strenuous adjectives to the name but that did not worry him at all.

"The adjectives were almost warrantable," the teacher declared once when brought to task by a trustee who, hearing language that jarred on his sensitive ears, had come in to investigate, leaving his horse standing in the road.

Her thoughts went back to the last time she had spent her board week at Chubby's home, at which time he had entertained a joyous breakfast table with a detailed account of "how Jack Henderson had made love to teacher in the parlor last night."

"Profanity is never warrantable," replied the trustee, "and especially do I disapprove of it before children."

"I will try to stop the boys," returned Miss Somers, "but I am afraid they will break out occasionally. He is a great tormentor you know."

"He's only a child Miss Somers and we must expect a little mischief now and then," was the answer, as the genial Mr. Blake swelled out his chest. "As for me, I make it a point never to get angry with a child. Reason with them and they are easily managed. Good day."

He stopped in the doorway to pat the head of the small person who had been the subject of their discourse and smiled at the idea of this atom of humanity being such a bugbear to a full-grown woman.

"She must be lacking in ability," he soliloquized. "I believe I will bring the matter up at the next meeting. We must have some person in charge who can manage the children."

Stepping sedately into the wagon he picked up the whip. He could see the teacher watching him from the window and the Kid's eyes were also upon him. Here was where he would show the mettle of his steed.

A smart cut and the horse snort forward like a bullet. But the wagon did not. Contrariwise it stood firm as Gibraltar in the middle of the road. From force of habit the trustee held to the reins, was pulled headlong over the dashboard and dragged a good twenty feet through the dust before his spirited quadruped came to a stop.

Ruefully he got to his feet. The dangling traces and breeching straps told their own story. Half way down the path a small figure in trousers and shirt was smiling tranquilly at a mirth-enveloped teacher.

The trustee's natural inclinations were to chastise that small grinning piece of humanity, but remembering his advice to the teacher he said not a word as he hitched his horse to the wagon. With set lips and erect head he got in and started the animal. For a few revolutions of the wheels everything went well, then—THUD—the axle dropped heavily to the ground, the trustee's hat rolled across the road into a friendly ditch, and the rear wheels, after giving a frantic whirl or two settled down—one of them resting peacefully on the hat.

"That — Kid," he roared as he leaped to his feet and darted up the path. But the Kid was not in sight.

Instead, he confronted the horrified face of the teacher, around the corners of whose mouth lurked a self-satisfied and half malicious smile.

"He's only a child and we must expect a little mischief now and then," she mocked, then turned away her face to hide a broadening smile.

"An imp of Satan, rather," vowed the humiliated one. "I don't blame the boys for swearing at him if he acts like that."

He placed the wheels on the carriage, picked up his hat, then leaning the horse he started down the road. He did not pause until out of sight of the schoolhouse and then carefully examined the harness and also looked under the seat for a possible hornet's nest before venturing to get in the rig. Deep in his heart he vowed vengeance on the cause of his humiliation.

It was fully three days before anything came to cloud the teacher's brow with trouble-lines after the fall of the trustee, that is, as far as the Kid was concerned, and as the kid was generally connected either directly or indirectly with any escapade of a trouble-producing nature that transpired, it meant that for three blessed days she had comparative rest and quiet. It may have been that he was satisfied after his last feat, or (and the thought was an oft-recurring one) it may be that he was basking something in his far too fertile brain that would come upon her at any moment. She did not worry over it however, for she had been so used to surprises that she had adopted the habit of taking her troubles philosophically and not troubling trouble until trouble troubled her.

It was during singing class on the fourth day that the blow came. Singing class was held immediately after noon hour. The Kid was not yet there, but she gave not a thought to that. On the other hand she would have been a little dubious and watchful if he had been on time.

The whole school were singing the Spring song, as they always did during the month of May:

"We smell the sweet arbutus
Which to our minds doth bring
The thought that we are entering
The glorious days of Spring."

ran the chorus, and fifty childish voices shouted it at the tops of their voices.

"Oh scent the honeysuckle
We to—"

began the singers, then stopped in various parts of the second line. Surely the odor coming through the open windows was not honeysuckle or arbutus. A dozen noses sniffed suspiciously, and half a hundred eyes glued themselves on the opening door. Ahead came a pole, one end of which pressed firmly against the abdomen of the Kid who followed. But the other end was the center of attraction. Resting securely upon it, and festooned with arbutus and moss, was the heifer's skull, decapitated from the body that three days before had been discovered in the distant pasture.

A bright smile illuminated the Kid's face. Straight through the tittering forms of his mates he advanced—straight to the teacher's desk.

"Oh scent the honeysuckle
We to dear teacher bring,
A token of the coming
Of our beloved Spring."

his small voice piped, as he came to attention in front of her desk.

She looked down at him in despair as two of the larger boys wrested his gruesome burden away and carried it out.

"You may go home," she said, and the Kid, with one inquisitive look at her face, passed out the door and into the woods.

Miss Somers buried her face in her hands. She realized only too well that she could not hold her position unless she proved her ability to manage the scholars. This would have been an easy matter were it not for the boy who had just been sent home. She had tried everything with him. Threatening, pleading, scolding, strapping, standing in the corner with the dunce cap on, and even that horror of horrors, sitting between two girls, but all were fruitless. The Kid persisted in his trickery. If he kept quiet for a couple of days it was always but the calm before the storm.

His parents could, or would, do nothing, and simply laughed at his capers.

"I was just the same myself," affirmed Mr. Waters one day, after listening to the story of his son's latest piece of deviltry. "Let him alone. He will be all the better for his fun," and Miss Somers crept away crestfallen, realizing that no help could be obtained from that source.

The interview with the mother was equally barren of success. "Surely you can manage a child of seven," she said amazed. "You will get used to his innocent little tricks in time."

It was no wonder that the little teacher buried her face in her hands.

When school was dismissed she still remained in her chair. Five minutes later a small hand touched her upon the arm.

She looked up quickly. "You?" she gasped. "What do you want?" The Kid smiled.

"I waited outside but you didn't come," he explained, "so I came in."

"What for?" He looked at her in wonder.

"Why, you are going to board at our house this week ain't you?" he replied.

In her worry she had forgotten that fact, but as she looked at her list she saw that he was right.

"And so I am going to walk home with you," continued he.

The teacher smiled. "All right," she said. "If you have no snakes in your pockets," and she shuddered at the thought of their last walk.

"Honest I ain't, teacher. I'm going to be good now. I seen you cry today and I ain't going to tease you no more."

But the Kid had made that same promise dozens of times before.

"Where were you this afternoon Chubby?" she asked.

He pointed back along the road. "I buried the heifer's head," he replied simply, and held up his mud-stained hands.

The teacher awoke with a start. In the land of dreams she had been having a wrestling match with a demon, while dancing around in glee were hundreds of little imps with the faces of the Kid, carrying poles from which dangled skulls innumerable. The demon's face was that of the trustee.

The cold perspiration was on her brow as she sat up in the large spare bed. Somewhere below she heard the shouts of men, and nearer at hand the wail of a child. A rooster in the barn crowed loudly and the room was strangely light. A peculiar pungent odor was noticeable, too. Rubbing her eyes she looked around in wonder and alarm. "What were those cries below?"

"Fire! Miss Somers, George!" screamed a woman's voice outside the window.

The teacher was on the floor in an instant. Drawing back the curtains she looked out upon a scene never to be forgotten. One side of the huge barn was a mass of flames which were rapidly enveloping the whole structure. Only half awake she threw open her window and gazed at the burning building. At irregular intervals a cloud of dense black smoke in the presence of the unburned portion, then a gust of wind would roll the smoke away and the roof stand out in bold relief in the moonlight.

During one of these intervals when the smoke had drawn back, the small door near the eaves used for the entrance of hay to the upper mow, slowly opened. A billow of smoke came through for a moment then cleared away, and framed in the opening was the "Kid."

The teacher threw a long robe over her shoulders and was in the yard in a minute. She had no definite idea of what she was going to do when she got there. Her only thought was that one of her scholars was in danger and that no person seemed to have the presence of mind to attempt a rescue. The Kid's father was not at home. His mother was rushing frantically up and down the path in front of the barn, alternately wringing her hands, and praying that her son be saved.

As she reached the yard the men were just dashing out of the heat after a foolish attempt to reach him by means of a ten-foot ladder, although the doorway in which the now thoroughly terrorized child stood was at least twenty feet above ground.

"Get a net for him to jump into," she ordered as she joined them, and when the heavy quilts and horse blankets that were to act as a net were brought, she herself held a corner.

"Jump George!" she shouted. The Kid leaned over as if to leap, then drew back with a cry of fear.

"It's too far," he whimpered. "It's too far." "Jump!" she cried again. "Jump or you'll be burned!" She was almost frantic as she begged the trembling, choking bit of humanity to leap those twenty feet to safety. "Jump Chubby! I dare you!" she added as a happy afterthought.

But for once in his life the Kid paid no heed to a dare. Trembling with fear he sank to his knees on the sill and burst into tears.

The teacher handed her end of the net to another and rushed into the house. She saturated her cloak with water, and, with a wet blanket over her arm, she crossed the yard. Before they could stop her she had thrown open the door and plunged into the dense cloud of smoke that burst out to meet her. She dimly heard the cries of fear from the farmers as she scaled the ladder leading to the first mow. By some peculiar freak of the wind or fire the smoke here was less dense. She rubbed her smarting eyes with the blanket and drew in large mouthfuls of the

air, which, even although it was smoky, was far better than that which she had just passed through.

"George!" she called. "George!" His head appeared above. "Come down!" she ordered.

Eagerly he descended and stood with her on the mow. They huddled together and gasped for breath as the smoke again drifted over them, and gazed at each other with filling eyes as it passed away.

But it passed only for an instant. The teacher saw a blacker and denser cloud coming, and, clasping the Kid in one arm she placed her feet on the ladder. Rapidly she descended and was almost at the foot when the smoke enveloped them. Choking and gasping for breath she staggered across the floor. Once she fell, but rose again, and just as she felt her brain reeling, reached the door. She staggered through, the Kid still in her arms. Mechanically she looked back at the barn, and with a shiver saw one half of the roof sag downwards, and heard it as it crashed on the floor beneath. Dimly she saw the millions of sparks that rose toward the sky, then, like a woman, when all danger is over, fainted.

The teacher awoke in her own white bed. It was daylight, and outside the door the Kid's mother was telling the story to her husband.

"Five minutes later and she could never have got out," she said. "I never saw such bravery. The whole barn broke into flame as soon as the roof fell. The barn is lost of course, but George is saved, and what is more, I do not believe he will ever disobey me again. He was bound to sleep in the barn last night, but I put him to bed and refused to let him even go in the yard. He says he crawled out the window and went to the barn. He was looking for a sleeping place when the match he had fell into the hay and started the fire," said the mother.

"It serves us right for treating his persistent disobedience as a joke," Mr. Waters' voice replied. "It has taught us a lesson that we needed. I am sure Chubby will be a better boy, and I am equally sure that we will be wiser guardians. Then again, it has shown us the heroic stuff our teacher is made of. No fear of her not fitting the school next term, now."

Miss Somers smiled to herself, but said nothing.

Chubby was cured. The next morning as he walked across the meadows with the teacher, he promised once again to be good and this time he meant it and the promise was kept.

"It just proves," said she, when conversing with the trustee whom she had once feared, "that a Chubby needed was a good lesson. He received no discipline at home and the result has been a costly lesson to his parents who are more to be blamed than he. His dreadful tricks don't do quite so funny now to him or to them. But Chubby's parents are not the only ones who can't see that they are ruining their children by encouraging them in disobedience of the teacher."

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happen if you take your show out on the road. You don't need to give any money direct, Jacob, send your money round the corner, it will be just as acceptable as coming direct. Seriously speaking, my dear boy, if you want to help the shut-ins, go around in Omena, the town where you live and get up subscriptions for our wheel-chair club. There are at least a hundred people in your town, waiting patiently for you to come around, and collect their subscriptions for COMFORT, the same to be applied for wheel-chair purposes. Before you start on the road with a show, and convert yourself and companions into a bunch of cripples, take my advice and do some work right at home. If you can't make a successful beginning in this work at home amongst friends, you can never do it away from home amongst strangers.

LINDSEY, WIS.

UNCLE CHARLIE:
Although I am not on the list of your nephews, being too old for that (sixty-seven), I have a humble request to make. Some years ago (about three or four) I read in COMFORT a kind of parody on "Just before the Battle, Mother," you had it "Just behind the Battle, Mother."

Would you be kind enough to send it to me? There was only one verse printed, but if you composed more, send them all. Be sure that I will appreciate your kindness very much. Yours, very truly,
LOUIS LEDUC, old subscriber to COMFORT.

Brother Louis, I have not any back numbers of COMFORT handy, so I can't look up the issue which contained that parody on "Just before the battle mother," but I'm not going to disappoint you, and whereas the original parody only contained one verse, I have now written you one

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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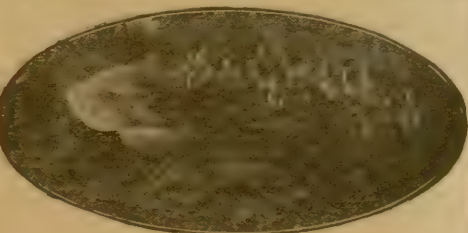
BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Caponizing

CAPONS never began to be half as much used in this country as in Europe. Now, however, they are going ahead so fast they must not be ignored. I tried it on my farm but gave it up, for the operation suggested the dissecting-room far too closely to be endured by me.

We were visited about five years ago by an English poultry expert, who insisted that no farm, properly so-called, was complete without capons. His arguments were so convincing that caponizing instruments were bought, and my first lesson was taken on a dead cockerel. That seemed only a little worse than drawing a bird for table use. My English friend assured me that I should think nothing of dissecting a live bird when used to it. The next day he picked out six cockerels, each about four months old, and had them brought over to the feed house. The day before, a small table had been sent over and



FEEDING TIME.

prepared for the usual proceeding; one must be able to move the birds wherever the light is at its best.

The fowl surgeon took one or two pieces of cord which had been expressly prepared with a slip-knot at one end, and a weight at the other. Slipping the loop twice over the bird's feet he placed on its left side on the table, with the weight hanging over the end; then pulling the wings up and outward, the loop of number two piece of string was slipped over them, weighted, and the loops allowed to hang down. The next move was to wet the side of the bird exposed with cold water to prevent bleeding and make the feathers lie flat when pushed back. All this was comfortably interesting, but when he reached for the knife, there was a feeling of very distinct uncomformableness. The business-like voice of my instructor explained that the skin must be pulled down with the left hand, and the knife inserted between the first and second ribs. He made the incision quickly about a quarter of an inch. The poor bird squirmed, necessitating a momentary pause. This always occurs, the bird working its ribs up and down; however, it soon resumes tranquility when the cut is lengthened an inch.

About this time I became strongly impressed with the fact that I had ribs of my own, every one of which seemed highly sensitive. My head felt odd, too. A peculiar tightness across my forehead seemed to be dragging my temples to forehead each other. Mr. Expert put down the knife. My condition began to improve, but went all to pieces again when an instrument called the spreader was inserted. Detail upon detail was explained, with cautions to avoid cutting the backbone, or an artery. My internal feelings became horribly appalling; stars of various sizes danced all sorts of jigs in front of my eyes. My flesh got all goosey, and if our dear old cow had not at this moment created a blessed interruption by breaking out of the pasture, I should have disgraced myself forever by dropping over right in front of Mr. Expert. Very urgent business was promptly arranged that prevented my returning to the feed house, and it afterward happened that things so turned out that it was absolutely impossible for me to make an opportunity for another lesson.

This experiment warrants my counselling any woman who has not qualified as a trained surgical nurse, not to try caponizing. If you are near a big city where there is a large market and special demand for them, a little tactful questioning of the people who buy these specialties will enable you to find some man who understands the work and can be hired to visit your place for a small fee, and save you attempting what must be uncongenial, to say the least of it to any woman.

The six cockerels which were operated on enabled me to test the value of caponizing from personal observation, and I am convinced that where there is a market for the best, there is money in capons.

Late hatched capons operated on late in October will make splendid table birds the following April, and during the interim can take the place of brooders for incubator chicks, for one of the advantages of caponizing cockerels is the gentle, placid nature they develop. Put a capon on a nest at night, and tuck as many as eighteen chicks under him, just out of the incubator, and he will wake up next morning with every quality of an ideal mother, scratching for and feeding his babies in the most approved way, and further, he will never dream of deserting his family; they have to be taken away from him.

In this way he more than pays for his food while growing, which he does rapidly, reaching ten or twelve pounds in weight, and as the frame retains the normal size, the addition is all meat of delicious flavor, as tender as a squab broiler, bringing from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound.

My six capons raised two hundred and eleven chicks from January to April and then sold for a dollar and eighty cents as roasters.

The advisability of adding this branch of business to the farm must entirely depend on the possibility of getting the work done and the certainty of a market demand.

Correspondence

M. S. F.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cock. He is very thin, a hearty eater, and acts as though he is trying to swallow or choke; is very lazy. His claw is always full and hard.

A.—From the fact that the bird eats well, yet is thin, I think it must be a case of worms. Confine him in a small coop, feed lightly at night, and in the morning administer the following dose: six drops of oil of male-fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil; two hours later give a light mash with half a teaspoonful of Castor oil mixed in. Remove the droppings frequently during the day, feed lightly for two days then repeat until the bird has had three doses. Keep cooped for a few days longer, and feed lightly. Then he should be in condition to return to the flock.

H. T.—Will you please inform me through COMFORT what is the matter with my hens. They have black spots in their combs, and we lose quite a few. They are sick for a few days, and then die, quite often sitting in the nest, as though they wanted to lay. Sometimes pass an egg-skin. We feed wheat, greens,

shells, grit and some meat. They have free range and dry location.

A.—Frankly, the case puzzles me. I wish you had given me age and breed of birds, and the quantity of wheat you feed. The empty egg-skin points to an extremely run-down condition, yet you say that they are on free range. Do you know anything about the ancestry of the birds? Inbreeding might account for such a condition. Feed a little heavier. Try a mash in the morning, of stock feed and bran in equal parts. Should esteem it a favor if you write me more fully, as it is always helpful to fathom odd cases.

C. N. V.—Can you tell me what makes little chicks get droopy, let their wings hang down, refuse to eat, and die in a short time?

A.—Vermine, usually. If they are with a hen, powder her thoroughly every third night for two weeks. Examine the chicks' heads for the big gray louse which does the most damage to little chicks. Rub a very small quantity of lard on their heads just above the comb.

R. A. E.—Which are the best to keep for eggs, the Leghorns, or Minorcas? (2) Will keeping eggs on salt keep them from hatching? I have been told to do this. Can you tell me all about it?

A.—The birds are about equal as egg-producers. (2) I don't know whether keeping eggs on salt would affect their hatching qualities. Of course brine would, but a you mean simply laying them on dry salt, I doubt it.

H. E. G.—I saw your advice in COMFORT about raising chickens. Will you give me advice as to where you secure the golden millet, barley, and green bone and bone meal? Please answer soon. My chickens are all stuck up behind. What all them and what should I do for them?

A.—Golden millet, barley and bone meal can all be bought at any poultry supply store, but green bone means fresh bone from the butcher, ground in a mill. There are several makes of hand-mills on the market, especially designed for poultry keepers. A chill, or indigestion feeding will bring about the condition you describe in young chicks. When first hatched, they should have nothing for thirty-six hours; after that time, dry chick feed, which you can buy by the pound or sack, or can mix yourself. It consists of cracked corn, Kaffir corn, cracked oats, and meal. If you cannot get all these ingredients, mix cracked corn, oats, and wheat bran.

B. V. R.—Your hen has limberneck. Mix two teaspoonfuls of turpentine with the same quantity of sweet oil. Half an hour after that dose mix half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger in half a cupful of hot milk. Add a little sugar, and administer one teaspoonful every hour. It may take a day or two to effect a cure, but if the bird has not improved within a week, the case is hopeless.

W. M. F.—Will you kindly tell me what ails my chickens and turkeys? I have had the same trouble with the turkeys for three years, and chicken trouble two years, which is as follows: Turkeys, when about two weeks old, they seem to have a yellow growth in the mouth. Some will be in specks all over the inside, others start under the tongue till turkey can't shut its mouth.

The only symptoms I can discover are an unnatural closing of the eye and difficulty in swallowing dry food, as though it stuck in the mouth. They will seem as lively as crickets and maybe have one eye closed. They have good appetites. I feed some dry grains, hard boiled eggs, cottage cheese and bread crumbs. They have warm, dry quarters and clean water. I had the trouble with early turkeys in Missouri last year, but laid it to cold rains, but we are in the irrigated regions of Colorado now and have the same trouble.

If they are up, doctored they die, but the disease is quickly cured if taken in time. I just catch them up and sprinkle a pinch of dry sulphur in their mouths. One dose is all I ever gave, and never lost one after giving it, but would lose them before I discovered cause of sickness. When I see one or two in the flock sickly, it is safe to say the whole bunch is infected. Now I can cure the trouble, but a preventive would be better.

Chickens.—Chicken seems well and hearty. Will eat good, when all at once its head will twist round. The chicken will act as though afraid of falling, will throw out its wings and spread its claws to catch itself, if picked up. Sometimes the spell will only last a minute; others will get that way and stay so a day and die. They always die first or last. They have no bowel trouble nor lice. Have good feed, water, and houses. It generally attacks chickens from one to three weeks old. The chickens are from hens I raised last year, but turkeys are new stock.

I hope you will be able to tell me what will eradicate the trouble, for my benefit as well as others who read your department with much interest.

A.—Your turkeys have canker. Scatching amongst mouldy litter or eating spoiled grain will produce it, and it sometimes follows cold; it is supposed to be slightly contagious. The sulphur is as good a remedy as I could recommend. Prevention is difficult unless you can locate the cause, in which case it simply means removing it. As your hens are old stock, they may have contaminated the new turkeys. The trouble with the chicks I am not quite sure about, unless it is a form of nerve weakness transmitted to inbred parent stock, or unless there is some decaying animal matter about the place. In that case they may have eaten maggots, and it is usually from such a feast that limberneck springs. Read the answer to B. V. R. The dose for little chicks must be gradually reduced if turpentine is given at all, but I prefer feeding a mash—stale bread-crumbs moistened with scalded milk, to which a little sweet oil and ginger have been added. If there is a scrap-heap in the vicinity of the coops, examine it, and if there is any decaying meat, remove it.

M. H.—Please tell me what kind of food geese should have in order to make them feather fast.

A.—Give them free range on grass, and feed a little mash at night, ground oats and meat meal; one teaspoonful of the latter to a quart of the former.



THREE-YEARS OLD HEN.

E. R.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my hens, and what to do for them? Their heads get sore and swell, turn purple, and a slimy water comes out of their eyes. There is a little substance that looks like corn-meal in their mouths. I don't think it is roup. It is only my setting hens and the ones that have a broad following them.

A.—I fear it is roup. Be careful lest the young stock catch it. Get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium, dissolve a thimbleful in a pint of water, then scrub out the birds' throats, and put half a cupful into every two quarts of drinking water for the whole flock, to check the disease from spreading.

P. T.—I will trouble you for a little advice in regard to my small turkeys. They are smart and seem to feel all right, but when they breathe they have to

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open their mouths, then they shake their heads and make a noise that sounds like "pip." Don't seem to have any hole in their nose to breathe through; seems to be stopped up, and little fine bubbles come out of their eyes in the corners. Kindly tell me what the disease is and what to do for them through COMFORT. I'm an old subscriber. Their tongues are black, and the inside of mouth is yellow, looks like canker.

A.—Read answer before to E. R.

S. C. G.—I will try and give instructions for several different kinds of houses next month.

H. S.—I want to tell you about my chickens. I knew that they were lousy, and have doctored them with lice powder, but still they will be sick. Some will get well again and others will die. They will get the bowel complaint, and it is thin and yellow. I would take the sick ones and feed them by hand with soft feed and red pepper, and put alum in their drinking water. There was one old hen who had been sick about three weeks and seemed no better, so I killed her, for I knew that she wouldn't live, and if she did, she would be no good anyway. I cut her open and found on her breast bone a sore full of corruption, and her liver was three times as large as natural size, and dark blue in color. Can you tell me what's the matter with her or them? I have a sprayer, and I have sprayed the chicken house with lime and carbolic acid. I have had lots of work this spring with my chickens, and I don't know what else to do. Will you tell me through COMFORT and oblige?

P. S.—Are they always lousy when they pick themselves?

A.—Many kinds of vermin attack chickens besides the ordinary hen louse. Some of these pests live in the walls of the house, and only come out at night, when the birds are on the roosts. That is probably why the powder seemed to do no good. Now you have attacked the house, conditions will surely improve. I should think the old hen was too fat. Old birds are apt to get liver complaints. Provide plenty of grit and cut down fattening ingredients in the rations, by which I mean, give no corn bread or potatoes. Put a teaspoonful of magnesia in each quart of drinking water every other day for a week. If they are in a yard, give them free range for a time, or if you can't do that, put a lot of cut straw on the floor of the house, and scatter small grain on it, so that they will have to scratch for every kernel. The sore on the old hen's breast was probably caused by a blow, or some accident in the past which caused the tumor to form.

An Old Subscriber.—I am thinking of going into the poultry business. Now I want to keep about two hundred hens. What size ought I to have the coop? Ought it to be long or square? I am going to make it of cement blocks. Had the partitions better be blocks or canvas between the feed and roosting place? What kind of roofing would be the best to put on? Please advise me.

I have promised to describe different kinds of poultry houses next month, for I cannot answer such questions satisfactorily in this column. I will say, however, that I think the concrete would be all right for the outside walls, but not for the partitions.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I will have to call on the dear old COMFORT for help for I am getting more letters than I can possibly answer at once, but in time will try and answer all who send letters.

I will say a few words here about Louisiana. Sikes where we live, is a little place, just starting to fill up, only a trading point now. It has sandy soil, poor but does well when fertilized, and sells from two dollars and fifty cents to twenty dollars per acre. It has plenty of heavy pine timber and is advancing fast in price. Cows sell from ten to fifty dollars each. The cattle buyers come through once a week and buy the stock. Hogs sell for one dollar each. The summers are long, hot and dry, the winters short and mild with scarcely any snow. The country is thinly settled. Mrs. ALICE CHASE, Sikes, Winn Parish, La.

DEAR SISTERS: Will you let a poor old woman write you? I have been a reader of COMFORT many years and it has been a great comfort to me, but I have never tried to write a letter for its pages before, as I have no education. I am a poor, aged widow, and my health has failed so much that I can do but very little work. Of five brothers and four sisters, I am alone left. I am so sad and lonely that I come to you hoping that in the kindness of your hearts there will be a corner for me. I have seen so many kind, cheering letters I thought perhaps some kind hearts would pity my lonely condition and write me a few cheering letters. It would brighten my sad lot and smooth the rough way that I am hardly able to get over. I would answer all letters if I had the means but sometimes I suffer for want of bread and have no way to help myself, for I have no one to call on but strangers, and that goes hard with one that once had plenty. I am begging for cheering words which I felt I would receive from COMFORT sisters.

God bless you all in your good work and may COMFORT live long to cheer the sad hearts that are getting so much good cheer out of its pages.

My hands are so badly crippled with rheumatism that I will close hoping to be remembered by all.

Mrs. MARGARET SHAW, Snow Camp, E. R. 1, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If there is room for me, I will tell you what to do for baby. Instead of giving senna tea, Castor oil, or patent medicines, feed baby two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and it will have the same effect. I was glad to learn this, and have tried it with my boy.

I wish the sisters could see our garden and truck patches. We have a fine prospect of a bounteous crop of corn, potatoes, cabbage, peas, beans, melons, pumpkins, Egyptian corn, brown corn, sugar beets, sweet corn and millet, also three kinds of cane, the black amber, the Louisiana seeded ribbon cane for syrup and the orange cane for hay. So you can see we have quite a mixed crop. Tobacco is also included and we are not through planting yet, the second day of June.

Mrs. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: This is a long, lonely day with my John gone and the little ones and I all alone. I will employ it in writing to you. As children are the chief subject, let me tell you of mine. Lean closer and let me whisper: I've only been married seven years and have four children, two boys and two girls, the oldest six and the youngest nine months old. I find myself very busy, sisters, and so make all short cuts possible.

My oldest boy wears overalls around home, and I make little aprons out of denim for my girls, which saves many a hard rub on wash day. They are always busy and happy, and ready to help papa or mamma. We moved out on a farm last fall and had a great deal of work to do, buying a claim with only a dug-out on it and about five acres of land broke out. But my husband has now thirty-five acres broke out and planted, besides building a two-roomed house of cement blocks which he made himself, digging a well and cistern, and a hundred and one things he finds to do. But I am chief gardener, and sisters I have planted about a quart of watermelon seeds, so when you get melon hungry come out and visit me.

Try living out of doors more and be healthier and happier and above all don't worry. Your troubles of today will tomorrow be a thing of the past. My little ones and I are out of doors nearly all of the time and a healthier, happier family you hardly ever see. Sisters when you are getting the little ones to sleep, pick up your paper or book, see how much more patience you have when they are cross or you are tired. I still have the old-fashioned cradle for mine and call it a blessing.

I am a great reader. I simply devour all the books and magazines I can get, that is, when I am alone. We live twenty-three miles from the nearest town, so it is a two days' ride to get there. And of course a person is alone quite a bit when they live on a farm and neighbors far apart. I planted house-plant seeds this spring, but luck was against me for I didn't get but one geranium plant.

I have a request to make. Will some sisters please furnish a hop yeast recipe to be published in COMFORT? Wishing sisters and editor good luck for 1910. I am, Mrs. J. ARNDT, Yellow Stone, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I would like to write a short letter to the Sisters' Corner as I have been a subscriber for a number of years.

I am a widow, have splendid health now, but a few years since was badly crippled with rheumatism and by using lemons freely was entirely cured. Sometimes I drank lemonade just before retiring, or ate lemon- with sugar; sometimes just the juice in clear water, no sugar. The best results are gotten by taking at bedtime.

I do sympathize with anyone that is afflicted or in trouble. I have lost many near and dear ones, but I find keeping busy is the best panacea for a bruised heart. So I make sofa pillows, dresser scarfs, em-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty for the Working Girl

DURING the hot summer months the girl who works in a store, an office, factory or at home is apt to grow fagged out, and as a consequence loses her good looks.

Not for her the pleasant hours spent on shaded verandas, the daily nap, the semi-weekly massage or the delightful drive in the cool of the summer afternoon.

Instead she must put in her hours cooped up in a hot, dusty office or store or bent over a hot stove, broiling and baking until her pretty face is as red as a beet. Sometimes, if she is a country girl, she helps take care of the garden, and blisters her face and hands under the hot sun!

The question is, what shall she do to preserve her clear complexion, her bright eyes, her pretty figure, her thick and lustrous hair and her smooth white hands?

There are many things she can do. First she must take extremely good care of her eyes. As she must use them steadily all day long, it is only common sense to rest them in the evenings and at the noon hour. A great many girls prop a book up and read while paring potatoes, or broiling meat and I have even seen girls with a duster in one hand and a book in the other.

The girl who reads or embroiders on the way to work is often seen. Such habits are all wrong, as they inevitably cause eye-strain and then the girl's eyes will become red and watery, inflame the lids thereby causing the lashes to fall out, and finally dim the brightness of those "windows of your soul."

When the noon hour comes, dedicate five minutes of it to resting your tired eyes and finish by giving them a boracic bath. They'll enjoy this treatment and so will you. Persevere with this noonday eye beautifying regardless of bustling employers and hungry husbands and your eyes will become strong, do their work well and incidentally look altogether too pretty for words. Give your eyes a playtime, maids and matrons. Don't forget!

The business girl who would keep young and beautiful must have plenty of sleep. She should sleep at least eight hours every night, and more if she is very tired. "Early to bed and early to rise" is a good motto for the girl who works. When you just must frolic late o' evenings, try and get a little sleep right after dinner so you will be fresh and sweet for your evening's fun. A fifteen minutes' nap will make you look as if you had been spending an idle day instead of working until your feet and back—and heart—maybe—ached and ached and ached!

On extremely hot days you will probably be so worn out by bedtime that you will not be able to sleep. This is when you need a tonic bath. Fill a large basin with tepid water, to which you have added twenty drops of toilet vinegar, and proceed to give your body a thorough sponging off. Such a bath is delightfully refreshing and gives to the girl who earns her own living a good night's rest.

The woman who works in the house and spends considerable time in the hot, moist air of the kitchen, is very apt to possess oily hair, and it is highly important that she rub an alcoholic tonic in to the scalp every night to keep the oil glands from expanding unduly. On the other hand the little maid who spends her days in a close, dusty office, or in the garden exposed to the rays of the sun, will possess dry, stringy hair unless she is wise and massages a pomade into her scalp, several times a week.

Pomade for Dry Hair

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three fourths drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

A good tonic for oily, sticky hair: Forty grains of resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of witch-hazel and alcohol.

The working girl's hands require care. They should never be washed in cold water. Instead of this, get a bowlful of hot water and give your hands a thorough scrubbing every night of their lives using a nail brush and lathering well with some pure soap. It makes no difference whether your work is down town or at home it is important that the hands be kept absolutely clean and that a good hand food be used daily.

Simple Hand Cream

Benzoinated mutton tallow, three ounces; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; glycerin, two drams; rosewater, two drams; oil of rose geranium, twenty drops.

Heat the tallow and oil of almonds in one vessel and the other three ingredients in another. Mix the two and stir until cold. On account of the mutton tallow, this cream should not be used on the face. The benzoinated mutton tallow can be made by taking one half pound of the tallow and one half ounce of the benzoin and keeping at a high temperature until the alcohol has completely evaporated. Strain through muslin.

We all admire white, perfect teeth but cannot have them unless they are brushed after each meal. Most girls who are employed overlook the noonday cleansing of the teeth and gradually their teeth become yellowed and unlovely to look upon. The moral of this is, don't forget to tuck a tooth brush and box of tooth powder into your hand satchel every morning when leaving for your place of employment. It won't take a second, and it will certainly pay you to take care of your teeth.

When you are suffering from a headache and cannot see to do your work take a few minutes' vacation. Go away to a quiet part of the house or office and blind a cloth around your head, one that has been dipped in ice-cold water. You will get almost immediate relief from your aches and pains, and will be able to do your work in a creditable manner.

Sunbonnets and loose cotton gloves should

be worn by the gardening girl, as otherwise she will have a complexion that just won't behave and hands that are black instead of white.

And what shall you do for an oily complexion, housewives, stenographers and seamstresses, during the hot, busy workday hours? Bathe it at the noon hour in warm water (in which you have put five drops of benzoin) and finish with dashes of ice-cold water. This will refresh the skin, and when you have dabbed on a little powder, pinched your cheeks, and smoothed your hair, you will feel and look ten per cent. better.

Just one more word before I close. Take your noon hours, girls all. You need a rest in the middle of the day, so stop for sixty minutes if it is at all possible. Lay down your sewing, stop putting over the cabbages in the garden, go on a strike for an hour's relaxation. This doesn't mean that your husband or little ones are to go lunchless. They need to eat and so do you, but just as soon as the dishes are washed and put away, rest! The world isn't going to stop because you are taking a whole sixty minutes in which to rest your aching back and tired hands and feet. Remember that a worn-out woman is bound to be ugly, so be selfish for a change and give yourself a chance to be the pretty woman you were intended to be.

Questions and Answers

Daisy Dingle, I. B. W., Miss Mand.—If you will massage your nose heavily with dry fingers for five minutes daily, you will eventually do away with that ugly knob at the end of your nose.

Massage Cream

Rose water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; tincture of benzoin one dram.

M. L. M., Middleboro, Little Pet, Princess.—If you will wipe your nose of several times a day with a cloth damp with alcohol, the "shine" will disappear. Moles should be removed by the electric needle. When meddled with ignorantly they are liable to leave a cancerous growth.

Little Pet Princess.—Always rinse the soap off the face, and always use toilet soap for face and hands.

C. B. Wis., Miss L. W. and others.—Try this:

Astringent for Open Pores

Tincture of benzoin, sixty drops; hamamelis water, sixty drops; orange flower water, four ounces. Apply several times a day.

Amanda, Mabel, Mrs. B., Kansas, B. L. C., K. X. T. X.—See reply to C. B. Wis. For blackheads, scrub face with rough cloth, hot water and soap every night, then rinse off later. After this rub on a little boracic powder. Do this every night. Once a week (after washing the face) steam it over a kettleful of hot water for ten minutes, rinse in warm water, spread on a layer of soap jelly, let stay on for twelve minutes, wash off and massage face with skin food for ten minutes.

Soap Jelly

Scrape one half cake of white soap into one quart of water, add one half teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture becomes a thick jelly.

The Girl from the Golden West, M. E., Gray Eyes.—Here is a doctor's prescription for a perspiration powder: Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram. Dust this frequently over affected parts.

Gray Eyes.—Massage too fat hands heavily with aromatic vinegar for twenty minutes daily. Eat lots of raw carrots and your cheeks will get red.

S. M.—I am glad you received so much benefit from your diet last year, and think it would be a good idea to start it again. You evidently have some kidney trouble, but milk will help, not hurt. All the physicians insist upon people with kidney trouble drinking quantities of milk and water, as it is important to keep the kidneys "flushed out." By all means consult a physician and don't delay about it. Why not, if possible, have the mole—and hair—removed by electricity? It doesn't hurt, doesn't cost much, and is sure. I know, because I had a mole removed from my chin several years ago by electricity.

N. M. S.—You misunderstand. You will lose, certainly, if you live on a quart or two of milk without eating anything. But one quart of milk and three good meals are a different thing. On this latter diet you will gradually gain a little. Why not gradually increase the quantity of milk? This is the quickest way of getting plump. Yes, deep breathing will fill out chest and neck. At the beginning practice twenty minutes night and morning, then thirty minutes, then try to breathe deeply all the time. Take two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after each meal, instead of one. You should take a toothbrush and brush your eyebrows into the desired shape. Sweet cream makes a good massage cream.

Pansy.—Thank you for your pleasant words. The prescription for thick lips can be rubbed into the lips just before going to bed. You must not get it in your mouth.

A. M. L., and others.—If you want a white creamy, transparent complexion you must begin by giving up candy, cake, pie, preserves, pickles, etc. Take a bath every day and wash the face before going to bed with soap, hot water and a rough cloth. Do not let yourself get constipated; but drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Sleep with your bedroom windows open. As regards thick lips they can sometimes be reduced by rubbing them with tannin. For this purpose melt one ounce of pure cream, add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkane chips; let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth.

Emmy.—If I were you, honey, I would let powders and creams alone. You are young enough not to need them. I am glad you reduced your double chin and got pretty eyelashes and eyebrows by following my suggestions. If you want scarlet lips and cheeks, eat raw carrots and drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. You will gently push the blunt end of a lead pencil into your cheek for fifteen minutes, three times each day, you will eventually get a pretty dimple.

Spokane, Wash., and others.—There is no charge for giving advice. As you have outstanding ears, you should tie them close to the head with a bandage every night. This keeps them in place for the night and after a while they will lie close to the head of their own accord. It will be many weeks, however, before you get any noticeable results.

Miss Mand, Irene, Bess and others.—Massage your hollow cheek twice daily with cow's cream, pressing the flesh gently upward. Also practice pursing your lips for five minutes. Act as if you were going to whistle, only purse the lips a tiny bit more. This exercises the cheek muscles and fills out thin cheeks.

Black Eyebrow Dye

Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rosewater, one pint.

Powder ink and gum and add gradually drops of rosewater, until a uniform black liquid results, absolutely free from granules. Now put the liquid in a bottle and add the rest of the rosewater.

A Subscriber.—Your question is easy. Fill a tub with hot water and add one small box of baking soda. Now get in and let every bit of your body be under water except your head. Stay in until you are very hot indeed (which will take about ten minutes) then jump out, dry yourself hastily and wrap up in a woolen blanket (which should be within reach) then lie down. You will perspire freely. Better take this bath at bedtime. Then after you are through perspiring, throw off the woolen blanket, crawl quickly under the bed-covers and go to sleep!

Charlotte and others.—I would really suggest your going to a doctor about that goiter. If you will massage eyebrows with yellow vaseline it will cause them to grow and also slightly darken the hair.

Anxious Blonde, Mrs. S., Inquirer and others.—Massage flabby, wrinkled neck for twenty minutes daily, with cow's cream, rubbing across lines. The "puckers" under the chin should be massaged across to chin point. Every night scrub neck with hot water, soap and a soft nail brush. Then rub in a little cow's cream and go to bed. After the daily twenty minute massage, dash cold water over neck. Twist the head around on shoulders (holding muscles

tense) will develop the throat. Massage laughing wrinkles from under the center of the lower lip out around corner of mouth and up to nostril. Also inflate cheeks. Start at the lower end of wrinkle and pinch your way up to the nostril. See reply to Miss Maud. Bending sideways and back and forward will help cure constipation. Also knead the abdomen with your hands for fifteen minutes daily.

Mrs. P.—You have evidently read some advertisements about reducing weight and made the mistake of writing to my department instead of to the address given in the advertisements. My name is Katherine Booth and the advertisement was signed by a Mrs. M.—Look up the advertisement again, get her address and write to her.

E. H., Optimistic, Minn.—See reply to Daisy Dingle. I do not like the formula you mention. No, peroxide isn't injurious for bleaching hair around the lips. The almond meal pack won't cause a growth of hair. I wouldn't use alum water on the face unless you are excessively wrinkled. If you cannot get ice water, get water fresh from the well and it will be cool enough, I fancy. I am glad you have benefited so from my department.

Orange City Girl and others.—See reply to Daisy Dingle. Your powder will not scale when put on, if your face is first moistened with skin food, which must then be thoroughly wiped off, after which dust on the powder. Sorry, but I didn't get your letter in time to answer in July number.

Daisy, Joy Hawker, Em and others.—So you want a depilatory. Well, here it is but bear in mind it only removes hair for a short time. The hair always grows in again. Do not put this on the face:

Depilatory Liquid

Sulphate of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn starch with the solution and apply. When dry the hair will come off.

Lucetta; Bertha and Jennie.—You could not remove the hair yourself, as it requires great skill. You will have to have this work done by a good operator.

California.—You should not burn off superfluous hair as it will cause it to grow in thicker and stronger. Yes, sage tea will coarsen the hair slightly.

Mrs. R.—As your little girl has a growth of hair on the wrist you might try rubbing spot once a day with Spirits of Camphor. One of my girls wrote me saying this would kill a growth of hair if kept up long enough. Of course, I cannot guarantee it and I would not use remedy if skin got irritated. The neck bleach would be more effective without the oil of bitter almonds, although, of course, you wouldn't get such quick results. No, do not use it on the face, but it would do for the hands. You should be able to buy the almond meal at any drug store.

Em and others.—The following will bring good results:

Moth Patches

Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces.

Mop on spots night and morning. Make these applications carefully.

Wild Indian, Jessica, True Blue and others.—I am sorry, but I do not answer letters personally. Regarding the camphor treatment, I only know that a Comfort girl wrote me that, rubbed on arms daily, it would remove a superfluous growth of hair.

Mrs. M.—During the time you mention you are very apt to have a spotted face. See that you don't get constipated, drink two quarts of cool water every day, and do not eat pie, cake, candy and preserves.

Brown Locks and others.—Do not try to remove moles by home remedies as if meddled with ignorantly they are liable to cause a cancerous growth. The electric needle will remove most moles safely, but certain kinds must be left alone. If you will rub off your face several times a day with a handful of powdered almond meal or oatmeal your face will not be greasy and wet.

Mrs. R. R.—A Comfort girl recently gave me the following formula which may be good. She said it was:

Simple Home Face, Arm and Neck Bleach

At night bathe face (or arms as it may be) in sweet milk. While face is wet, sprinkle powdered common starch over face thickly. Let dry on and go to bed. In the morning wash off and skin will be a lighter shade. Do this every night for a week or two and skin will become beautifully white.

Lorena, Mrs. R. E., Anxious.—Instead of soap, wash your sensitive face with oatmeal. Put a handful of rolled oats in a tiny square of cheesecloth, dip this in warm water, then rub over face as you would a washcloth. After every face bath dash on quantities of cold water as this toughens the skin. I think you have something that needs a doctor's attention. For a massage cream, why not use ordinary cow's cream? It is pure and wouldn't irritate the skin.

Anxious.—See replies to Lorena and Bessie.

Brown-eyed Ellen.—If you have pimples give up eating candy, cake, and pie. Take a daily bath, sleep with open windows and drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. If you are constipated take a vegetable cathartic right away as constipation causes pimples, blackheads and open pores.

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Apply to spots several times a day. See replies to Amanda, C. B. Wis., and Daisy Dingle.

Mrs. R. E., Anxious.—She shouldn't eat rich food, should take a cool bath every day and wear loose wristbands, neckbands, corsets, gloves and shoes.

A New Subscriber.—A girl of fourteen is too young to have a lover. "A girl should not kiss a young man unless she is engaged to him. See reply to Bessie. Yes, you can wear a rat in the back of your hair, but, girls, rats are not being worn now!

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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Froman Grant and Arrow Muckleshamingo

An Indian-Paleface Romance

of the
Five Tribes Country

By Oleta Littleheart

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"W"ERE you ever in the Indian country, the Five Tribes country of Oklahoma? Ever feel its charm and romance and scent its opportunities, no? Then you don't know what you have missed—what you are missing."

Thus read young Froman Grant in a big Sunday paper in his apartment in Washington on a Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1909, and he continued the story with unabated interest to its end. He was a clerk in the Interior Department under Mr. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Tall, athletic, intellectual and studiously courteous, he had attracted much attention during the two months he had served under his appointment which he had secured as a result of a chance meeting with a congressman during the summer while outing up in Maine. His blonde hair, long, straight and heavy, was worn combed straight back from a towering forehead giving him the appearance of a judge of the Revolutionary period, though he was only twenty-one. His natural pride, poise and dignity attracted the attention of Mr. Valentine, and of the Secretary of the Interior himself, and set both to wondering how long the young man so splendidly endowed in physique and talents would remain satisfied with a government clerkship.

He had been reared in central New York where his parents, prosperous and contented, still live on a beautiful farm typical of that country. His home was surrounded by lakes and towns bearing Indian names. As a child, he had eagerly inquired their meaning, and had listened with beating heart to every recital of Indian legend of romance and war. As a student he had delved deep into Indian history. Upon his graduation from the village school, a wonderlust took possession of him. Longing for contact with the Indian—to see him in his native state—he mounted his wheel and biked to the lakes in Washington county, Maine, where the Tarratine Indians, the few remaining descendants of the once numerous and powerful Passamaquoddy tribe, have their villages. Barabou viewed many mountains, lakes and rivers in New England which still bear names given them by the Indian before Columbus discovered this hemisphere and the disturbing Caucasian set foot upon our shore. And he found that in Maine, as in New York, the white man is giving his clubs, ships, fire engines, country estates, and even many of the towns and counties, Indian names, honoring the Red man and perpetuating his legends and traditions. While studying the habits and folklore of the Tarratines, Froman met a member of the Congressional Committee on Indian Affairs who had gone with his family up to the Maine woods and lakes for an outing. Becoming interested in young Grant, the congressman advised him to seek employment under the Indian Commissioner, and he secured the young man's appointment to a clerkship. Though his work put him in touch with Indian affairs throughout the United States, Froman was not satisfied. The more he learned of the Five Tribes country, the more he longed to become a settler and play a part in its magical development, perhaps in its romance also, for he had long been an admirer of the traditional Pocahontas, and the year before at a commencement of the United States Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, he had met pretty Indian maids whose fresh, native beauty, refined by the influence of paleface culture and education was as that of the wild rose. They were gathered there from almost every tribe—from the Eastern Cherokee of North Carolina, from the once powerful tribes of New England, from the wealthy tribes of Oklahoma and from those of the far West and Northwest.

He knew that similar schools are maintained by the federal government for the education of the bright aborigines at Lawrence, Kansas, Chillicothe, Oklahoma and at other points in the West and Northwest, and that the Five Civilized Tribes have long maintained neighborhood schools, orphanages, seminaries and academies from their own tribal monies; also that the Five Tribes Indians are still maintaining a number of their tribal schools, although since statehood it has been the privilege of every Indian child to attend the free schools for whites in Oklahoma, and that by treaties the Five Tribes had made the United States the administrator of their vast unsettled estates and, in a sense, a guardian over themselves until the final settlement of their estates which are more generally spoken of and written about as "tribal affairs." These consist of thousands of acres of surplus unallotted lands, half a million acres of segregated coal and asphalt lands, public buildings and millions of dollars of ready cash which is being held in trust for the Tribes by the U. S. government.

The Tribes, having selected their allotments and become citizens of the United States, were clamoring for the sale of their surplus and segregated lands and for an early final settlement of their entire tribal affairs. The settlers and the commercial interests were demanding that the segregated coal lands, at least their surface, be put on the market to actual settlers, and that Eastern Oklahoma, the garden spot of America, be turned loose for exploitation and development. Monied concerns, pooling their interests, had planned the purchase of the segregated coal and asphalt lands, belonging to the Chickasaws and Choctaws and worth many millions. They wished to purchase the lands outright, surface and mineral. The Indians, believing that the sale of the surface and the mineral together to a trust company or to the state or the United States would bring them more money than a separate sale of the surface and mineral, were fighting, through The Indian Rights Association, the movement to induce congress to sell the surface and mineral rights of their segregated lands separately. Politicians were agitating the question and statesmen were racking their brains over the problem trying to devise a plan for the disposal of the coal lands at a fair price to the Indian and in such a manner that a fuel monopoly should not result for a number of states and millions of people draw their fuel supply from the Chickasaw-Choctaw mines.

These persistent clamors and demands regarding the final settlement of the tribal affairs of the Five Civilized Tribes, many of them conflicting, coming from conflicting interests, and all seeking to influence the Secretary of the Interior in his report to congress soon to convene in long session, resulted in Secretary Ballinger calling the chiefs of his department together for a conference. At this meeting it was determined that Indian Commissioner Valentine, who knew conditions in the Five Tribes country only through the reports of his agents in the field, should go through Oklahoma on horseback and make a personal investigation of conditions, taking with him Bascomb Johnson, law officer of the Indian Bureau.

Learning of this proposed tour of inspection, young Grant immediately tendered his resignation. The Indian Commissioner was expecting such a step by the young man, but not so soon. "What's the matter?" he asked, feigning surprise.

"Going with you and Johnson to Oklahoma," Froman explained.

"Haven't you better get a leave of absence so you can come back to your job?" the Commissioner suggested.

"Don't think so," Froman answered decisively.

"I'm going to become a settler."

"Good!" exclaimed Valentine, clasping the young man's hand, "Oklahoma needs many such young men."

The clerks of the Department thought the young New Yorker had acted very unwisely in resigning a government clerkship in Washington to become a settler in the "wilds of Oklahoma". Lacking in the progressive qualities of original suggestion and initiative, they ridiculed his determination to become a settler in the Indian country and in jest pronounced many forecasts as to his future.



MISS OLETA LITTLEHEART,
the author, one of Comfort's Chickasaw Cousins, posed especially for COMFORT in the ancient costume of her tribe.

"Froman will become a grafter," joked one of the clerks, calling to mind a number of the department's agents who had fallen by the wayside while attempting to travel the slippery highway of graft. "In less than two years he will be appealing to the Department to keep him out of the penitentiary."

"Chief Crazy Snake will get his scalp," laughed another. "They tell me that Crazy Snake and his band of dissatisfied Creeks have a decided preference for scalps of long blonde hair, and that some of them will wear no other in their belts."

"He will become a 'heap big' old man and Rock—how will not be in it any more," ridiculed a third.

"You are all wrong," joked an old man who had been long in the Department. "He is going to become a squawman and a farmer like Big Murray and raise chiefs, hogs and alfalfa and play the game of politics. In a few years we will have him with us again in Washington, but he will not be wanting his clerkship back, he will return a congressman. Can't you see he is a natural born farmer and politician?"

Mr. Valentine made his first stop at Muskogee, the principal city of the Creek Nation, though not its capital. The Union Indian Agency through which the government transacts its business with the Oklahoma tribes is located there. The home of Robert Owen, Oklahoma's famous Cherokee United States senator, is there, and that of General Pleasant Porter, for many years before his death the Principal Chief of the Creeks, and

called by President Roosevelt "the greatest living Indian," was in Muskogee.

Though it had been widely heralded that Mr. Valentine would tour the entire country on horseback and confer with the tribes and settlers en route, many went to Muskogee to be first in their conferences with the Indian Commissioner. Mr. Valentine heard them with the dispatch of a military commander, conferred with the heads of the Union Agency, counseled with Senator Owen, and at a banquet listened to the views of the various commercial interests as to needed Indian legislation.

Meanwhile Froman was busy gathering information in a more general way. The Muskogeeans took him in hand and showed him their modern city with its first skyscraper under construction, automobile and introduced him to Muskogee society. He met many pretty and cultured Indian girls of the various tribes, whose families have their homes in Muskogee. But his thoughts were not of them. At Carlisle the year before he had met on the evening of her graduation, Arrow Muckleshamingo, who had told him that she was a daughter of the "proud Chickasaws". Further than this she did not speak to him of her history, and he told her nothing of himself except that he was a "New Yorker". But the splendor of her Indian beauty and talents pleased and fascinated him. His athletic and intellectual appearance and courteous and dignified manners were as pleasing to her, and they separated, each to think and dream much of the other and to wonder if they were ever to meet again. Arrow believed they would, for the young man had shown himself interested in her people and in sympathy with their progress. It was clearly evident to her that she had proven a pleasing and agreeable surprise to the handsome New Yorker, and she knew intuitively that he would go home to think much of her, and that eventually a longing to see her again would creep into his heart. And she reasoned that the lure of opportunities in the Indian country would attract him to Oklahoma and to her. Sure that she was right, she gleaned the daily papers confidently expecting to see, eventually, a news item announcing the arrival of "Froman Grant" in some town in Oklahoma.

Finally, while visiting the daughters of Chief Green McCurtain, she saw in flaming, red headlines in a Muskogee paper the announcement of the arrival of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the name of her lover—the young man whom she delighted to think and dream of as her lover—one of his party. Learning from Chief McCurtain that the Indian Commissioner would visit him at his home, her heart became filled with a great and consuming joy, such as only a maid in love, Indian or pale face, can feel. Her features glowed with the happiness which thrilled her being. But Indian-like she kept her secret, telling no one. Tall and graceful, her hair long and glossy black, her eyes dreamy and fathomless, her features perfect, her nose beautifully aquiline, her complexion of that rich glowing tint common to fullbloods of her tribe, she was a Chickasaw beauty. Descended from a long line of proud and haughty chiefs, there was added to her Indian gentleness and coyness of manner an inherited dignity and independence which she unconsciously displayed in her every movement, glance and look, and in her speech. So strong had been her faith that she was destined to be the bride of this young pale face, that she had constantly declined to accept attentions from any of the eligible young men who had sought to woo her, and had conducted herself as already betrothed. After a day and night in Muskogee, the Indian Commissioner and his party secured horses and set out upon their long ride, accompanied by the head of the Union Agency. In his imagination Froman had toured the Indian country many a time. But now that he had set out upon a real trip, and his adventures were to be real, he became filled with pleasures he had never felt before. Not even upon his trip to the Tarratines in Maine, nor upon his visit to the Indian school at Carlisle. From records of allotment certificates and patents, kept in the Department at Washington (also in the Union Agency at Muskogee), he had learned that the Muckleshamingos lived in the heart of the Chickasaw Nation near Sulphur, the principal city of the Chickasaws, and Platt National Park, a new government playground which the Indians had ceded to the United States to prevent its "medicine waters" from falling into the hands of individuals who would commercialize them. He was impatient to know if their route would take them through that region, but he would not ask, so secretive was he about his consuming love for the beautiful Chickasaw girl.

After a long ride through the Creek country and down into the Choctaw Nation, they reined in their horses late one afternoon at the pretty farm home of the great Choctaw Chief, Green McCurtain, the present ruling Chief of his tribe who will remain the chief executive of the Choctaws until the final settlement of the tribal affairs of his Nation.

As they stepped into the well painted, open-story home of the famous Indian, a feeling of awe came over young Grant, for in the files of

the Interior Department at Washington he had found and examined many tribal papers from the pen of Chief Green McCurtain. Some were proclamations to his tribe, others open letters to his people, each instructing, counseling and cautioning them with the wisdom and patriotism of a great statesman, and with the genius of a born leader of men. Standing upon a high hill, surrounded by prairie and wooded pastures, in the distance well cultivated farms, the Chief's wigwam overlooked the little town of Kinta, a station on the Ft. Smith & Western Railroad. To the north beyond a low range of timbered mountains lies the McCurtain Ranch where the Chief conducted successfully an extensive cattle business before he entered Choctaw politics and was elected to the Chieftaincy of his Nation.

On the walls of his home, hang many paintings of himself, some life-size, presented to him by great artists. His favorite is a painting picturing the Chief astride a spirited Indian cowpony and showing him as he appeared when he was a cowboy and a ranchman.

Mr. Kelsey, who knew the Chief and his family well, had only begun the introduction of the Washington party when young Grant, seeing Arrow standing coyly and half hidden behind the Misses McCurtain, instantly recognized her and sprang forward, greeting her joyously to the surprise of everyone, especially the Indian Commissioner and his law secretary.

"I have a 'heap big' grudge against your friend Grant," laughed Valentine, shaking hands with Miss Muckleshamingo. "I have been looking after him like a guardian, believing him a stranger in a strange land. But he has deceived me. I find that he has here warm personal friends while I have friends only in an official way."

"I am deeply grateful to you for your watchful and sympathetic care of him, Mr. Valentine, and I shall never forget you for bringing him to Oklahoma," Arrow replied as if in jest. But the Indian Commissioner knew she was not jesting and Froman, too, knew.

"Oh, I didn't bring him," Valentine explained. "He came on his own account. Burnt his ships behind him and is going to become a settler."

"That's better still," she laughed. "It gives us great pleasure to welcome you to Oklahoma as a settler, Mr. Grant. We supposed you were one of Mr. Valentine's official party."

As she welcomed the young New Yorker as a settler, she shook hands with him again and led him away to a remote corner of the veranda where they sat and talked until the supper hour.

Early the next morning, legged and spurred, they resumed their journey. As their rested ponies cantered away from the great Chief's home, Valentine called to Miss Muckleshamingo and said teasingly: "We will take good care of Froman."

"You had better," the Misses McCurtain answered. "Arrow will scalp you if you don't."

Going over to the Chief who stood apart from the others watching the Indian Commissioner and pondering the questions affecting his people over which they had counseled far into the night, Arrow asked: "What do you think of my sweetheart? Chief McCurtain. Don't you think I'm lucky?"

"Seems like it," answered the great Choctaw, aroused from his meditations and beaming a smile down upon the happy girl. "I like the boy. Seems like he has in him the making of a good man and a successful one." And he caressed Arrow's hair and flushed cheeks as if she were his own daughter.

After many days of hard riding through the segregated coal land districts and other sections of the Choctaw Nation, and many councils and conferences, the Indian Commissioner and his party headed their horses to the west. Crossing over into the rich and romantic agricultural country of the proud Chickasaws, they rode day after day by fields of fine corn, cotton and alfalfa, by grain fields being prepared for the fall sowing and through pastures of tall native grasses from which cowmen were gathering large herds of fat cattle for shipment to the fall markets.

These happy farm and ranch scenes—the picking of the cotton, the gathering of the corn, the harvesting of the alfalfa, the breaking of the stubble, the rounding up of the cattle, the whistling of the happy farm boys and the singing of the pretty farm girls—thrilled young Grant and set him to meditating upon the joys of farm and ranch life in the Indian country and to estimating the profits from the enormous yields being harvested from the rich lands through which they were passing.

His companions did not know he had promised to visit Arrow at her home. In their passage through her section of the Chickasaw Nation, but they knew well the tactics of the human heart in love and were sure Froman would soon see his pretty Chickasaw again, especially Kelsey who was more familiar than Valentine and Johnson with the conduct of the Indian heart under the stress of love. And they gazed him continually, calling him the squawman of the expedition. At Tishomingo, the capital of the Chickasaws, they inspected the two-story capital building of the Nation, built of tribal granite from the nearby quarries, and enjoyed the air distinctly Indian which pervades that quaint old Indian town. They were met there by Governor Douglass H. Johnston, the present chief executive of the Chickasaws, and by Chas. D. Carter, the Chickasaw Congressman, and by many other representatives of the tribe, the Governor and Mrs. Johnston and their beautiful daughter Juanita, driving in from their country home near Tishomingo. They were now only thirty miles from Sulphur and Platt National Park near which place Kelsey had told Valentine and Johnson the Muckleshamingos live. On account of Froman's romance all were eager to reach that town. Upon their arrival at the beautiful Indian resort, they were greeted by the entire population of the town and by many of the health and pleasure seekers, stopping at the hotels and camping in the park, accompanied by the city band.

When Arrow, riding astride, galloped her Indian pony into Sulphur late that afternoon to meet and greet her lover, she found that the Valentine party had already arrived and were speaking from the band stand in the National park. Hurrying down into the crowd, she did not stop until she was close to the speakers. The mayor of the city and the superintendent of the park had concluded their welcoming addresses and Valentine was speaking. At the conclusion of his address, the people called for Johnson but the Commissioner's law secretary would not respond. Kelsey, too, declined to speak. Seeing Arrow in the crowd, Valentine, hoping to confuse and tease Froman, commenced calling upon young Grant for a speech. Arrow, confident that her lover was endowed with ability as an orator, joined enthusiastically in the call.

"Now is your time, old boy," Valentine whispered to Froman. "The eyes of Miss Muckleshamingo are upon you."

"Where?" asked Froman who had not yet seen her and did not know she was in the crowd.

"There," said Valentine indicating where she stood, lithe, beautiful and strong, her mischievous eyes smiling upon them.

"Introduce me," whispered Grant. "I'll speak just to please her and to show you fellows that I can."

Bowing recognition to Arrow and returning the confident and happy smile she was beaming upon him, he commenced his address. For an hour he held and swayed the great mixed audience, half Indian and half paleface, by a humorous recital of the adventures of the Indian Commissioner on their trip through Oklahoma.

Having gratified his sweetheart and proven to Valentine that he could make an entertaining speech, he ran down the steps of the band stand, amid applause, to where Miss Muckleshamingo stood in the audience. Valentine, Kelsey and Johnson followed, so interested had they become in young Grant's romance with the beautiful Chickasaw, leaving the mayor, the park superintendent and other leading citizens in the band stand staring in blank amazement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Invisible Passenger

A Ghost Story Without a Ghost

By Ada E. Ferris

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"DON'T you envy me?" Rose Barker asked, gathering up her reins with a little grimace. "Here I've been waiting almost two mortal hours for that train to plow its way in through the snow-drifts, with absolutely nothing to do but read over and over the details of that horrible murder. I know I shan't get the picture of that poor girl lying stiff and bloody on the frozen ground out of my head for days, and all for nothing. Aunt Laura hasn't come, and Charlie hasn't come. And I must go back as I came,—alone!"

"You poor Rose!" said Nellie Eaton sympathetically. "It's almost eight miles isn't it, by the river road? And I suppose you couldn't get through the other, in these drifts. And it's almost sundown this minute and not a soul going your way. Aren't you afraid? You'd better stay with me tonight and start back early in the morning."

"Hardly. If I were not at home by nine at farthest mamma would be out with a lantern, poking over every snow-drift on the road in search of me."

"If Madge Greyson's cousin had come even! To be sure, you've never met him, but he's very nice, and most any company is better than none on that long, lonesome road. My, I wouldn't drive it alone for anything! And the Greysons are so near your place. But he didn't come either."

"Oh, well, alone, don't hurt anyone. I have hot bricks, and plenty of robes and the moon is almost full. It will be a beautiful night." She smothered a little sigh. How perfect the ride would have been if Charlie had only come! Well, perhaps he would, tomorrow.

She lingered just a moment to wave a last good-by to her friend, and look once more at the train (waiting impatiently till the next car could be cleared), then turned the restless bays to sweep around the hill and homeward. But even before losing sight of the train she overtook a young man, stepping briskly through the snow, valise in hand. He looked up as she approached, started, smiled, and spoke.

"I beg pardon, but isn't this Miss Rose Barker? Let me introduce myself as a cousin of your neighbor, Madge Greyson. I expected some of them down to meet me, but no doubt they gave me up, considering the weather. Could you kindly give me a lift? I know it is taking a great liberty to ask it, but from what Cousin Madge says of you I hope you will take pity on a poor fellow just up from a sick bed, and not make him trudge all that way through the snow just for want of an introduction. Shall I show you Madge's last letter to prove my identity?"

"Oh, you needn't mind that," Rose said quickly, as he began unbuttoning his overcoat. "It's too cold to look up letters. Jump in and Madge can identify you when we get there. If you had seen Nellie Eaton at the station—but it doesn't matter really."

"Was Miss Eaton there? What a pity I didn't see her! Is it worth while to go back and find her? I don't wish to ask a young lady to do anything improper, but really I don't care to walk so far tonight if I can help it, and they tell me there's not a team I can hire."

"Oh, we don't stick for ceremony out here, such weather as this. Besides, Nellie's gone home by this time. Get in, the horses don't like standing in the cold."

He was younger than she had supposed Madge's cousin to be, and quite good looking. Really, she could but be glad of his company. Still—"It's queer that Nellie didn't see you. She was looking for you, too."

"I suspect Miss Eaton was really looking for someone else and only used your humble servant's name as a blind," she laughed. "However, I have shaved off my mustache and had a spell of sickness since we last met, and that does alter a man's looks, somewhat. Are the drifts as bad as this all the way?"

But before she could answer, a woman in a big cloak and carrying a small hand-bag sprang into the road before them, calling out breathlessly: "Can you kindly give me a ride, young lady?"

She too, had evidently come from the train, running lightly over the heavily packed drifts and cutting across while the bays had been slowly plowing their way around the hill. She was breathing hard from her run, and her sudden appearance and excited voice set the horses to dancing wildly.

"Drive on, don't stop for her!" the young man exclaimed hastily. Then as Rose gave him a glance of surprise, he added under his breath: "Out of her head, poor thing!"

But she had grasped the cutter and was pleading anxiously: "For the love of Heaven, young lady, give me a ride. You have a vacant seat, and it's no night for an old woman to be tramping through the snow alone."

"Do you know her?" Madge's cousin asked anxiously. "I never saw her before," Rose answered. "How far are you going madam? Are you sure you go out this way?"

"Yes, they told me your road,"—nodding toward the station. "It won't take you a foot out of your way. In Heaven's name, my dear girl, don't say no!"

Rose longed to refuse, frightened, she knew not why, by the woman's excitement. And Mr. Greyson whispered sharply: "Don't let her in. She is out of her head, I am sure. Tell her to go back to the station till morning."

"I am neither drunk nor crazy," the woman protested earnestly. "Only desperately anxious. It may be a matter of life and death whether I get out there tonight—life or death to an innocent young girl. If you ever hurried to a dear one close to death's door, don't refuse me!"

"That was too much," Rose's tender heart. "Get in," she began, when to her dismay the horses plunged forward, throwing off the pleader. Had some move of hers or of the other passenger frightened them? But a rod or so on a heavy snow-drift enabled her to pull them up.

"Drive on! It is as much as our lives are worth to take in a mad-woman. Why, any minute she may frighten the horses into a runaway,—or even make a murderous attack upon us," urged Mr. Greyson.

Rose shook her head, though trembling nervously. "It is queer—but it's too cold to leave a woman out on the frozen road,—such a little woman, too. I give you a ride, why not her?"

And though secretly reluctant, she waited for the woman to run up and scramble in, breathing hard, and evidently more excited than ever. "You are not hurt, I hope?" Rose asked kindly. "Here, I can let you have one of my hot bricks as well as not. And tuck this robe around you."

But the woman did not wrap herself up tightly. Instead, she seemed to be keeping herself ready for a spring. Naturally, after the way the horses had acted Rose felt uneasy.

The young man had of course taken his place beside the fair driver. The second uninvited passenger sat behind him. She had pushed her veil back, and watched them both with bright anxious eyes, sparing not one glance to the beautiful winter landscape around, the stars twinkling frostily overhead, or even the white road before them. She was not old, rather young indeed, with a face that would have been very attractive had it not been so anxious and terribly alert as if all braced for a spring.

Mr. Greyson seemed even more nervous than Rose herself, talking in a jerky, disconnected way that momentarily increased her uneasiness. Were all the roads drifted as badly as this? Those to the northward, for instance? Was it lonely as this all the way? "How far might you be going, ma'am?" glancing back at the lady sitting so erect behind him.

But she did not seem to hear, and he spoke again of the road. How far where they from

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the state line? And how far from any town or telegraph in case anything should happen while the wires were down and the roads all blockaded with snow? Were there no small villages out this way? "How far out do your friends live, madam?"

"I'll show you the place when we get there," she said, briefly. And then he spoke of the handsome bays, how strong and swift they seemed, and how docile. They must be very valuable. What time did they make, as a rule? Had their endurance ever been tested? Did the road grow lonelier all the way, or were the houses thicker farther on? "How much farther did you say you wished to go, madam?" with another nervous glance behind him.

"What makes you so anxious to get rid of me? I'm not crowding you," she flashed sharply.

"Is there no place where we can put her out?" he whispered to Rose, biting his lip. "I am sure she means mischief,—and a man just up from a sick bed is no match for a mad-woman. You say that a little beyond here you are out of sight of a house for nearly two miles. Put her out and let her go to that house over there."

"I thought it was only women who were nervous and timid," Rose retorted. "I can't turn a little woman out in such bitter cold to freeze without better reason than she has given us yet."

He muttered something more vexation than apology. But when Rose glanced back again at the stranger, the moon glittered on something bright in her hand. It was a long, sharp hat-pin she held, playing with it nervously. Rose's eyes flew back to the young man's, and then—she hardly knew why, but she felt that if she had not been driving she would have taken out her own hat-pin. As it was, she touched up the horses, feverishly anxious to get home before anything could happen.

For a few minutes they sped on in silence. Rose tried to see nothing but the bays and the road. Mr. Greyson's eyes were searching the snowy wilderness around, the strange lady was watching the two before her. The bays were just entering the loneliest stretch of the road when her hand closed suddenly on Rose's arm.

"What is the matter with the young lady?" she asked hoarsely. "Why does she sit so still and look so white and deathly? And why does she stare at him so strangely? She frightens me!"

"I am no whiter than you!" Rose flashed, bravely fighting down her fears.

"Not you. This young girl," nodding toward the vacant seat besides her. "She could not look whiter if she were dead. And she will certainly freeze unless she wraps up better. As if that little zephyr cape could keep anybody warm this cold night."

She spoke to Rose, but her piercing eyes were fixed on Mr. Greyson, who glared at her as if he had seen a ghost. Then she turned impatiently to the vacant space beside her, pushing the robes toward it. "Do wrap up, child, or you will freeze," she pleaded, and tried to put a blanket around some form invisible to the others.

Rose could feel her hair rising. And the cold bright winter moon shone down on the lonely road, not a house was in sight. How the stranger's breast heaved how her eyes glittered, and even as she talked soothingly to vacancy her fingers gripped tightly on that long, cruel pin!

The girl looked appealingly at Mr. Greyson, but the savage terror on his face was even worse. "Why don't you do something for her?"—shouted the stranger, turning on him. "Look at her! Such a pretty young thing to be out this bitter night in that light blue dress and little zephyr cape, while you are in your thick overcoat. Here, dear child, put this over your curls at least."

Light blue dress! Zephyr cape! Curis! That was the description of the poor girl of whose brutal murder the whole country was reading this week. Rose stared with wide, horrified eyes, but could see nothing. The stranger was holding out her own veil to empty air. As no one took it, she turned again on the others. "Why don't you do something, madam? She looks like death. Do you mean to let her die?"

"She is mad! I told you she was mad!" Mr. Greyson snarled, recalling before her—but his face was white with savage fear. Rose touched the horses again, and they flew ahead as if they felt the danger in the air. Oh, to get home safely!

"I am no more mad than you are," she said sharply. "You see her, too. I read it in your eyes. What do you mean by denying it? Don't glare at him like that, child," she besought, turning again to that invisible form. "You make my blood run cold. What is that on your cheek? Is it a birth-mark, or a bruise?" She flashed around on him again. "What is the matter with her? Why does she hold her hand over her heart? What is that dark splotch on the bosom of her dress? Why does she smile so strangely and point at you? What does it all mean, I say?"

The bays were galloping wildly, the cutter rocking and rolling like a ship at sea, the cold wind cutting their faces. Yet she had risen and stood holding by the back of the front seat, looking him through and through with those piercing eyes. And he cowered away from her,—but it seemed to Rose that there was murder in his terror. And she,—poor girl,—was praying in agony to get home safely, and mentally vowing never to pick up a passenger on the road again, no matter how cold the night or how piteous the plea. If she only got through safely with these two—or were there three with her in the cutter? Who could say?

Then suddenly—the man sprang at the woman like a tiger. The sleigh lurched fearfully, there was one awful scream that made the horses more terrified than ever but the next moment he went flying out into a snow-drift. Rose gave one scared backward glance, but he was already far behind, and the strange woman had fallen back in her seat. "Drive on, dear," she said, breathlessly. "Get home just as quickly as you can. Don't stop for him now."

Indeed she could not have stopped the terrified horses then if she had wished. Everything was whirling around her, but she set her teeth bravely and tried to calm the frightened team. They cooled down presently, as if feeling that the worst of the danger had been left behind. Then her over-wrought nerves seemed to give way, and she would have fallen had not the strange lady caught her and seized the reins.

"There, there, my dear girl, don't give way now. It is all safe over," she said soothingly. "I'll drive now, if you like. Your bays know the road anyhow. There, rest your head on my shoulder. It is all right now."

Rose stole a frightened glance backward. The terrible alertness and anxiety had all faded from the pleasant kindly face. "But the girl in the zephyr cape?" she gasped. "And Madge Greyson's cousin?"

"He was no more your friend's cousin than I am. Only he happened to hear your friend there at the station lamenting that Madge Greyson's cousin hadn't come,—and that you had never seen him,—and assumed his name just to get in with you without exciting suspicion. Never mind him. We have left him miles behind,—and the officers will be along pretty soon to take him in charge."

"Well, I'm glad, for Madge's sake. His eyes were so horribly savage," Rose sighed, glancing back nervously. "But who was he? And why did he want to come with me?"

"There was an officer on that train keeping him in sight till he could get a warrant out for his arrest for the murder of that poor girl who was killed the other day. The officer happened to be a very old friend of mine, and told me about it. So when I saw him starting off to waylay you on that lonely road my blood ran cold in my veins. Of course he might not have hurt you,—what he really wanted was to escape by means of the team,—but he was so desperate that I was afraid he might think 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

Rose shuddered, remembering the lonely road and the savage glare in his eyes. "But you—you came and asked—"

"Why, what else could I do? Lawrence wasn't in sight, and I couldn't stop to look for him. I sent him a message,—he will be along presently,—and cut across lots to catch you. You see my dear, I had seen poor Mollie's body at the inquest,—and I lost a dear young sister last year. You look a little like her. I couldn't let you go to your death unwarned. And you might not have credited so wild a story against such a nice civil-spoken young man,—or he might have done something desperate if he knew he was cornered. So—I did the best I could think of on the spur of the moment. It was a pity to scarce you so, but I knew he was just ready to make some desperate move to seize the cutter,—and weak folks must defend themselves anyway they can. I'm pretty strong for my size, and used to handling unruly pupils,—but I never could have thrown him out if he had not been distracted and half paralyzed with terror."

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

with quite a number of verses, and instead of composing the poem and sending it to you, I am going to publish it for the benefit of all Comfort's readers, and that will save you twenty-five dollars. When I start to be a private poet for any individual, it's going to cost them some good money, but when I'm a public "pot," and write for the whole Comfort family, it costs nothing. In the following verses, Louis, I have set forth my military experiences, and from them you can gain a pretty accurate idea of what a hero I was when I was in the army. Here goes:

Just Behind the Battle Mother

By Charles Noel Douglas

Just behind the battle mother,
I am eating Irish stew,
I have eaten all the meat, mother,
And I've left the bones for you.
Do not fear my dearest mother,
That death will claim my only son,
For though I cannot fight, dear mother,
Yet your sweet life I can run.

Just behind the battle mother,
Foesmen charge the live-long day,
Glad they didn't charge me, mother,
For when I'm charged I never pay.
Shells they hit me, mother, darling,
Wished you'd heard my frantic yells,
Wasn't wounded much, dear mother,
For they were only peanut shells.

Just behind the battle mother,
Deep I am in gory scenes,
I have just assassinated,
Fourteen sets of pants and beans.
War and all its horrors, mother,
Ne'er upsets my eating plans,
And when I've eaten all the beans, mother,
I'll present you with the cans.

Just behind the battle mother,
Roar of cannon I can hear,
While the boys fight at the front, mother,
Pork chops I'm fighting in the rear.
Worry not, nor think you'll find me,
With those maimed and slaughtered men,
For if I should get killed, dear mother,
You'd have no son to work for then.

Just behind the battle mother,
A pension I am drawing now,
Laurel wreaths for bravery, mother,
Decorate my classic brow.
The reason I've been honored, mother,
You will very plainly see,
Thousands of the enemy, mother,
Dropped dead exhausted, chasing me.

Just behind the battle mother,
That's the safest place to be,
Getting killed and slaughtered, mother,
Never did look good to me.
When the enemy approaches,
I beat it, hike and fade away,
For I'd rather be a live bum, mother,
Than a dead hero any day.

There, Louis, I trust you are satisfied with the way I have complied with your request. I hope the poem I have doped out for your amusement, may not only entertain you, but many of our readers also.

SMITHTON, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twenty years old, five feet five inches tall, have brown hair and gray eyes. I can do all kinds of housework, milk a cow and ride horseback. I certainly do love to read Comfort. I always read the "cousins' page" first. I am trying to live up to the rules of our League. Our Sunday school lesson today was on love, hope and charity, and I think it is a grand lesson. I go to Sunday school most every Sunday. Uncle Charlie the boys are going to play ball here today, and I do not think it is right to play ball Sunday, do you? I live in a small village. It has two churches and a schoolhouse. W. Virginia is a grand little state. With love to Uncle Charlie and all of the cousins, I am your niece and cousin,
MISS ROSA L. DILLY.

Glad to hear from you, Rosa. I note my dear, that you can milk a cow and ride horseback. I hope you don't try to do both at the same time. I should think it would take a first-class acrobat to do a stunt of that kind successfully. I am very glad you are in the habit of going to Sunday school, Rosa. The Sunday school is the bulwark of the nation. The future of this country depends upon and rests with the boys and girls who are going to Sunday school. I quite agree with you, Rosa on the stand you take in regard to Sunday ball playing. I feel sorry for the boy who wants to play ball on Sunday, and I feel sorry for his parents too, for if a child is raised properly, he'll have too much respect and reverence for the Sabbath to want to do it. I know I never had the slightest inclination in my youth to play ball or any other game on Sunday, and I was simply mad about athletics and all kinds of sport. On Sunday we used to take a walk for an hour before church, in the afternoon we used to take another long walk—glorious walks they were too—then in the evening we went to church again. Now that's what I call a rational, sensible and proper way to keep the Sabbath. There is no better exercise than walking, nothing more inspiring than contemplating the beauties of Nature. When you see a crowd of boys and young men yelling, shouting, cursing, swearing at a Sunday base ball game, the first thing you should do is to pity them, pity them because through the negligence and indifference of their parents, and their own mental and moral lopsidedness, they have never been able to acquire a proper love, respect, reverence and regard for that grandest of all Christian institutions—the Sabbath. Boys who are brought up in good Christian homes will never be found playing base ball on Sunday, because they will never have any desire or inclination to make howling, shrieking derisives of themselves upon a day that should be a day of rest, peace and quiet. I know there are a lot of people who will say that Sunday is the only day the boys have to play ball. In some cases that is correct, but in the majority of cases it is not. The majority of boys who are playing ball on Sunday have been playing ball all the week. I am one of those who believe that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. There are many men who have but one day of rest and leisure in the week, and that is Sunday, and when such men take their families to some quiet shady spot in the country where they can breathe the fresh air and eat their lunch where the flowers bloom, and the green leaves rustle overhead, no one will blame them, but on the contrary, every sensible person will commend them. God is not confined to the four walls of a church. The tired mechanic who takes his pale-faced little ones, and weary wife to the country, and while resting his weary body under the spreading trees, fills his lungs with fresh, pure air and says: "Thank God for this blessed day of rest, in which I can enjoy a little of His beautiful world," is worshipping God just as reverentially and acceptably as though he were in a stuffy church, dozing over a long-winded, tiresome sermon. Thank Heaven we have progressed a great deal since the old Puritan Sabbath, when a cat was hung on Monday for killing a rat on Sunday. The Puritans regarded God as a sort of destroying angel, ever ready to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Late Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladden

What Women are Wearing

THE center of interest is in the simple summer frock which may be the semi-princess dress made by combining an attractive blouse and skirt, or the one-piece dress, which still holds its popularity. Wonderfully attractive designs are shown in the inexpensive materials such as cotton voiles and crepes, silk finished and mercerized cottons, ginghams and linens, besides the pretty figured and striped designs and those having borders.

The tunic skirts are exceedingly smart and are no longer reserved only for dressy styles. Also the tucked skirts which have slight fullness at the top, while the plain tailored ones and those having a single plait at each gore, are most seen in all the suitings and to wear with odd waists.

Band trimmings are used extensively and the shops are showing them in white, linen and in colors. Dresses are trimmed with bands of the same material, and the figured designs are effectively trimmed with a plain material in the color of the figures or of the background of the material.

A becoming and dainty touch is given to the plainest kind of a frock by finishing the collar, neck, and short sleeves with a plaited or gathered frill. You can make them yourself, for they are a perfectly straight strip, which may be of embroidery, of lawn or of material same as dress with a hem-stitched, embroidered or lace-trimmed edge. Dutch and round necks, and those slightly open and finished with a deep collar are essentially smart just now.

The Gibson tuck is much in evidence, both on the dressy blouse and the plain shirt-waist, and no style is as becoming or so easily managed by the home dress-maker. The waists made with body and sleeve cap all in one are very fashionable this season.

Little one-piece dresses, bloomers and rompers are now recognized as indispensable by mothers who aim for sensible, healthful and labor-saving clothes for their children. In the September issue special attention will be given to children's school clothes.

Four Special Designs for August

No. 6678 represents the exceedingly fashionable one-piece frock. They are altogether attractive in effect while they mean so little time and labor for the making that their popularity is on the increase. This one is made of white, soft finished pique with bands and belt of blue, but it will be found adapted to a variety of materials. For playtime wear dark blue; with bands of white would be pretty. Some mothers like a band of trimming down the center front, terminating in a point below the belt. Cut in three sizes, two, four and six years. Medium size requires two and one quarter yards of material 24 inches wide.

No. 6690 illustrates the indispensable romper in a cute, easily made design. It is cut in three sizes, two, four and six years. Nos. 6392-6646. These two models combined make an ideal one-piece dress for hot weather

wear; or separately, they harmonize with most any style of blouse or skirt. The blouse is tucked to form its own yoke, while

frills of embroidery or lace finish the neck and front. The simple tunic skirt has a gored upper portion to which a straight flounce is attached. For the trimming, applied banding can be used, or one of the pretty bordered materials could be made available, in which case the tunic would be seamed over the hips to preserve the straight lower edges. No. 6392 is cut in five sizes, 34 to 42 inches bust, or the skirt No. 6646 in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist. The blouse requires in medium size, two and three quarters yards of material 32 inches wide, with three and one half yards of embroidery; the skirt six yards 32 inches wide with seven yards of 6678—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.

No. 6692. Dotted Swiss muslin is the material used in making this exceptionally pretty little frock which is trimmed with lace insertion. There is a becoming bertha arranged over the blouse portion which can be made as illustrated, or cut from all-over lace and embroidery, and the sleeves are shirred to form cuffs. The skirt is a simple straight one gathered at the upper edge and again on indicated lines where it is held by th trimmings, or it may fall free from the belt. The lower edge is finished by tucks and hem. Dress in dainty cotton voile and marquisette are admirably well adapted to this model; also certain simple washable silks that are used for girls' dresses. Cut in three sizes, eight to 12 years. Medium size requires four and three eighths yards of material 32 inches wide, with 10 yards of banding and four of ruffling if made as illustrated.

Summer Blouses or Shirt-waists

No. 6661 is a plaited blouse or shirt-waist that is both striking and handsome. The fronts are a succession of plaits, and with the exception of the outermost, all are stitched full length, while either the elbow or long sleeve may be used. The middie collar is a pretty novelty, and the slightly open neck is a feature of the season. It is joined to the neck edge and fits closely. White linen makes this one with bands of rose color and tie to match. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inch bust measure, medium size requiring three yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 6664, Misses' Tucked Over Blouse. Blue linen combined with a darker shade made this pretty styled blouse, which has become such a favorite with the miss. The cluster of tucks over each shoulder give becoming fullness. The design is adaptable to all materials and may be worn with any guimpe. It is so easily made that a miss with any knowledge of sewing would have no difficulty in making it for herself. Cut in two sizes, 14 and 16 years, and requires two yards of material 24 inches wide.

No. 6652 shows a Sailor Blouse for Misses and small women. The blouse that is slightly open at the neck is always a satisfactory and pretty one for warm weather use; or it may be worn with a shield which is quite separate and attached beneath the sailor collar. These waists are greatly in vogue made from same material as skirt, and also well liked for the odd waist and

a style that serves many purposes. Hair-lined striped material trimmed with banding of plain color to match the stripe was used in this case, but linens, soft finished piques and the still thinner lawn and batistes are quite correct. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years; medium size requiring two and three eighths yards 32 inches wide.

Blouse and Skirt Designs

No. 6672 illustrates a Fancy Tucked Blouse and includes new and pretty sleeves. It is closed invisibly at the back. If a half low neck is liked, the yoke can be omitted and the sleeves can be made without the under portion or cuffs. Almost all summer materials are appropriate, for this model is one of the useful ones that become simple or elaborate according to materials and trimmings. Shown with this blouse is a Tucked Sectional Skirt, No. 6658, and when combined complete an exceptionally graceful gown that is simple and easily made. The blouse (No. 6672) is cut in six sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust; medium size requiring two and five eighths yards of material 32 inches wide. The skirt (No. 6658) is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist; medium size requiring seven and one half yards 32 inches wide.

Two New Skirt Designs

No. 6674 is a becoming negligee with fancy collar that can be simply made or elaborately trimmed. This one is made with the deep portion below the belt, which is new and stylish and it allows a choice of the short fancy sleeves or of long plain ones. The big collar is a novel and attractive feature. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust; medium size requiring four and one eighth yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 6635 illustrates a practical House Jacket with yoke and Peplum for morning wear. It may be made with rolled-over collar or with square neck. The inexpensive prints develop very prettily in the comfortable garments. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust; medium size requiring three and three quarters yards of material 27 inches wide.

No. 6218 is a new Five-gored Walking Skirt which follows the latest models by having less breadth at the bottom. The pattern will be found very satisfactory for wash materials. Cut in seven sizes, 22 to 34 inches waist; medium size requiring six and one half yards of material 27 inches wide.

No. 6596 is another new skirt cut in seven gores with a tuck at each seam. It is simple and takes becoming lines and will hold its shape in both wash and heavier fabrics. Cut in seven sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist; medium size requiring seven and one half yards 27 inches wide.

No. 6634 is an altogether charming and attractive model with its simple plaited skirt which is joined to the blouse by a belt and closes at the back. The blouse is laid in one tuck over

each shoulder while the prettily shaped yoke is put on flat and stitched to place. The knotted tie gives a smart touch and may be made of same material or from ribbon that is simply tacked to place and removed when dress requires laundering. The collarless neck is becoming and comfortable for warm weather but the neck can be made high by using the standing collar. Linen and poplin and also the thinner lawns and batistes are suited to the design, for such a dress can be made from heavier material and adapted to the cooler days or from thinner fabrics and suited to the warmer ones with equal

success. Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; the ten-year size requiring four and one half yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 6685 illustrates another equally attractive model, and whether it serve for every day or dressy occasions depends on the material and trimming used in its development. The blouse is laid in fine tucks at the shoulder and neck and the shallow yoke may be of the same, of lace or embroidery, while the pretty short sleeves are shaped at their lower edges and may have trimming extend to shoulders or simply finish only the edges. The straight skirt is gathered at the upper edge and laid in a tuck that gives a suggestion of the over skirt idea which whether it be trimmed or left plain depending on its use. Straight skirts are easy to launder and this model developed in any material will be dainty and smart. Cut in three sizes, eight to 12 years; the 10-year size requiring four yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 6520. Dresses that are made straight and simple below plain yokes are attractive for little girls. This one is made of batiste embroidered by hand, but the same model can be made available for simpler dresses by using white 1 with yoke of all-over embroidery. Cut in three sizes, one to four years; size two requiring two and one quarter yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 5791 illustrates a Child's Kimona Dress which may be worn with the round or square neck and short sleeves for warm weather, or with a guimpe for cool days. These simple childish little dresses are very popular with all mothers, and especially with those who have them to make and launder, for they are essentially dainty and easily made. Cut in four sizes, two to eight years; six years requiring one and three quarters yards of material 32 inches wide.

No. 6638 illustrates a One-Piece Work Apron in a genuinely protective model which is so simple that it can be made in a few hours. There are darts under the arms, but no seams and it requires but one button and buttonhole to hold it in place; can be slipped on and off with dispatch and takes such good lines that it is really becoming. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust; medium size requiring three and one eighth yards of material 24 inches wide.

No. 6395 illustrates a House Gown that is as neat and becoming as it is simple and easily made. It is perforated for walking length and the front may be made to open its entire length, or partly seamed together. Cut in six sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust; medium size requiring eight and seven eighths yards, 24 inches wide.

No. 6210 is an excellent Combination Corset Cover and Open Drawers model. It may be cut with round or square neck, with or without sleeves, with circular or gathered frills, dart fitted or with yoke. Once used, these combination garments are never laid aside for the separate ones, for they do away with the unnecessary fullness and pulling apart at the waist and give a neater and better appearance to the dresses. Cut in six sizes, 34 to 44 bust; medium sizes requiring two and one half yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 6160 is a Plain Fitted Guimpe, a pattern which may be utilized for many purposes. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 bust; medium size requiring one and three quarters yards of material 36 inches wide with two and three quarters 18 inches wide with yoke and sleeves.



6602—GIRL'S DRESS.



6690—CHILD'S ROMPER.



6678—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.



6392—TUCKED BLOUSE.

6646—POINTED TUNIC SKIRT.

6643

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An Unwilling Bride

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

The next morning, Ernest rode from Mount Pleasant to Beach Cottage.

When he reached the little arched gate, over which the morning-glories still bloomed, he alighted, and passed up the little flower-bordered walk to the door and rapped.

It was opened by Clemence, who, invited him to enter.

There never was such a home-like little place as that cottage parlor. Amy was sitting by the back window making a child's apron.

She arose and greeted her visitor, handed him a chair towards the fire, and resumed her seat and occupation.

Clemence took up a little crimson hood that she was quilting, and with a smiling reference to the lecture of the preceding evening, sat down and pursued her work.

The quiet, domestic air of the little place soon influenced him, and he speedily felt at home, and chatted freely and gaily with the two young women.

Clemence told him that his friend and admirer, Mrs. Mott, had taken little Isa and gone into the woods to gather nuts, but that she would be very much disappointed at having missed him.

After prolonging his call, Ernest arose and took a reluctant leave.

Clemence attended him to the gate. "Clemence," he said, lingering before he mounted his horse, "there does not bloom a flower at Mount Pleasant."

She smiled, and gathered a rich scented white china-rose and handed it to him. He touched it lightly with his lips, sprang into his saddle, bowed deeply, and rode off. And Clemence returned to her quilting, humming a song as she sewed.

The visit had been very pleasant, yet not altogether satisfactory to Ernest. It was very tantalizing to sit there and see and speak to Clemence only in the presence of Amy. In fact, so unsatisfying had been this call, that he had little desire frequently to repeat it even had such a course been prudent.

CHAPTER XXII.

Though the few days were helped onward by his preparation of the second lecture with which he secretly hoped to please her even more than he had done with the first one the time lagged heavily. He counted the days and the hours. He had no hope of seeing her before Sunday. What, then, was his surprise and joy, when riding through the wood on Friday morning, to meet Clemence returning from the village and on foot! To dismount and join her, and declare in broken exclamations his delight at seeing her, were the words and the work of an instant.

"And where to, this morning, Clemence?" he inquired, when, unrebuked, he had pressed her hand to his lips, and drawn it through his arm.

"I have been to the village, and am now going home," said the maiden.

"It is a long walk through the wood."

"Yes, but—my pony has cast a shoe and lamed himself slightly, and I fear I shall have to discontinue with his services for a few days! But it is beautiful weather, and I enjoy walking," said the young girl.

"Will you let me see you home? It may not be quite safe for a young lady to take it unattended."

"I have no fears of interruption," said Clemence.

"Yet you will not refuse to let me attend you? Do not, Clemence!" he pleaded, pouring the whole strength of his soul in the gaze that he fastened on her face.

"I thank you—but you were riding the other way."

"It was merely an idle saunter, to help to kill the time between this and Sunday! Now rest upon this mossy rock, while I ride forward and leave my horse. I will be with you again in fifteen minutes; in the mean time here is something for you to look at," he said, drawing from his pocket an elegant little volume bound in purple and gold, and laying it in her lap. It was a copy of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," superbly illustrated. On the fly-leaf, the name of Clemence was written, in the hand of Ernest.

Some minutes passed and Clemence was still turning the leaves with unmixed pleasure—pleasure in the gift, and pleasure in the giver—when Ernest, even before the appointed time, suddenly rejoined her.

"So absorbed in Spenser, that you did not even hear or see me!" said the young man half reproachfully.

"I was indeed far gone in Fairy Land! Oh! I thank you so much for your beautiful present. I shall prize it greatly," said Clemence, with unfeigned delight.

"Do you know that Fairy Land is not obsolete, dearest Clemence?" he said, fixing his eyes upon her charming face, with an ardor and earnestness that caused hers to sink.

"Come," she said, in a low voice—and rising from the rock—"let us leave this place and go forward."

They walked on, speaking of many things, of the lectures, of the autumnal weather, of Spenser, of anything except the one interest that now occupied both hearts.

He determined, during the walk, to plead his love, and ascertain its fate.

Ernest knew a beautiful glade, and he led her thither by a little moss-bordered, descending path.

It was a natural opening in the wood, from which could be seen the distant sea, and the open country near it, all hazy with the golden mist of autumn.

Clemence stood and gazed upon the wondrous beauty of the scene, in perfect silence and growing emotion.

"This pleases you," said Ernest.

She nodded, without removing her gaze.

"You find it charming?"

She nodded again, and smiled.

"You were never here before?"

"Never."

"Clemence, you are a lover of nature."

"I do not know," she said, softly, "whether it be love, or worship, or both; but some pictures spellbind me. Did you ever, in the midst of nature's liberal ministrations, feel that beauty is the food of soul?"

She turned her eloquent eyes full upon him. He forgot everything, and caught her hand, pressed it to his heart and to his lips, and the next instant he was kneeling at her feet, imploring her to forgive him—to hear him!

Clemence stood with her face bowed and hidden in her hands a few moments; but soon, turning away, she said, in a troubled tone:

"Rise, I beg you. I cannot bear to see a man on his knees, except in prayer to God," she said, walking away.

He sprang up and followed her, took her hand, and made her sit down upon a bank, and then he sank beside her, exclaiming, eagerly, vehemently, yet in a low, half-mothered tone:

"Clemence, I love you. I never spoke these words to woman before; for I never loved before. The first moment that I saw you I loved you, without knowing what new life it was that had kindled in my soul. I have loved you more and more every day! I love you more than words can tell or heart conceive! I only live in your presence—Clemence! not one word or glance for me?" he said, putting his hand gently around her head, "speak to me, Clemence, for I worship you."

"I do not deserve to be loved in that way, I do not wish it," she said, in a low, trembling voice.

"Oh, what do you mean! Is the love upon which my life seems to hang so offensive to you? Oh! how can you keep me in the torture of suspense?"

"I do not keep you so."

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"You will let me love you?" Clemence slipped her hand in his—that was her reply.

"You will love me?" For all answer she gently pressed his fingers.

He pressed her hand to his lips—covering it with kisses.

"Oh! speak to me; let me hear from your lips that you love me—but better than I deserve. Will you Clemence? Speak, dearest girl?"

"I cannot tell you now," she said, in a low, thrilling tone. "I am disturbed and must hasten home. Let us return."

One more passionate kiss of the hand he clasped, and then he led her up the moss-covered rocks that formed the natural steps of the ascent that led to the homeward path.

They were now near the verge of the wood, when they reached which, Clemence drew her arm from his, and extending her hand, said:

"This is the place where our roads part."

"But you will let me attend you home?"

"No—it would make the return walk too long."

"That can be no consideration. I beg you will let me go with you Clemence!"

"No—it would not be convenient to Amy today," said Clemence, quickly withdrawing her hand and walking swiftly away across the meadow.

Ernest gazed after her, admitting that it was best that she had declined his escort to the cottage; and thanking Heaven that the opportunity would again be afforded to take an "incidental stroll" with her, as she should walk to church on Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Clemence hastened to the cottage, and set herself to work as diligently as usual. She felt herself no longer as before, a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth. She was no longer alone—she was beloved; she felt it; she knew it! Not words alone had told her so—those thrilling arms that had clasped her form; those eyes that had gazed so fondly, passionately, prayerfully in hers, all these eloquent exponents had impressed and filled her soul with the blessed truth that she was beloved.

On Sunday morning the lovers "chanced" to meet again, as Clemence was on her way to the Sunday school.

She was beautiful as the morning itself as she approached. He turned with a radiant smile to greet her.

"Welcome! most welcome, my own dear Clemence! Are you my own, as I am yours?"

Her answer was so low-toned that he had to bend his head down close to her lips to hear her murmur:

"I love you dearly. But I love too well to ruin my prospects. You must not bind yourself to me just yet, dear Ernest," and she sought to slip from his embrace.

"What mean you, Clemence?"

"Dear Ernest," she answered, "I have known your grandfather long by report, and I am well aware of his character and disposition and habits. But only yesterday I chanced to learn that old Mr. Brent had sworn to make you his heir only upon condition of your finding a bride of equal or superior fortune! If, now, you were to engage yourself to me, your grandfather would disinheret you. I love you too well to ruin your fortunes. You must not bind yourself to me just now, Ernest."

A stab of compunction pierced his bosom; he felt that he loved her more than ever, but passion was stronger than affection, than conscience, than anything in nature, except pride and ambition. He tightened his clasp—as he bent and whispered:

"Beloved Clemence, is it to bind me only that you hesitate?"

"Only that," she answered, softly.

"Now hear me, Clemence. I swear before Heaven, and in your sight—that as I have never loved woman before you—that as I love you only of all women—I will be faithful to you, while I live upon this earth, as your husband, if you will accept me—as your exclusive lover whether you will or not! I hold myself pledged to you as long as we both shall live. There, Clemence, I am bound to you whether you accept my pledge or not. You cannot even release me, for I am pledged to Heaven as well. There, Clemence, you see I am bound, while you only are free. Come, be generous. You have said that you loved me—pledge yourself to me in like manner. We are both young, dear Clemence, and we can wait. Only let me have your promise to be my wife—only let me have that blessed assurance for the future, and I can endure the present. speak, dear Clemence."

"Your grandfather—"

"He has no grudge against you personally, he knows nothing, suspects nothing of my preferences—how should he? No, his notion that

I must have a moneyed bride is the merest whim of dotage; we must forgive the whims of ninety-five.

"Answer now, once for all since I am forever bound to you; will you pledge yourself to become my own dear wife?"

"Yes," whispered Clemence, very lowly.

"And will you," he asked, "will you redeem that pledge when I demand it?"

"Yes," she answered, "so that it is not to bring you into trouble or poverty; for that I would not consent to do."

"God bless you! Oh, Clemence I am so unworthy of you."

And this was spoken most sincerely.

"You think too well of me. I fear for the consequence."

"Why, dearest Clemence?"

"Oh, I fear that when you know me better you may love me less," she answered, in a trembling voice.

"Why should I?"

"Oh, because your love may have been attracted by ideal qualities, and when your eyes are opened you may love me less."

"May my soul forever perish the day that I cease to love you!" said Ernest, sealing his fearful oath upon her pure brow and guileless lips.

"And now beloved, this compact is sealed. Our fates are united forever. Henceforth nothing shall disserve us!"

Clemence suddenly stopped.

"Dear Ernest," she said, "if you are seen waiting upon me to church the people will say that Clemence has a new admirer in Mr. Brent, and that will reach your grandfather's ears, and give you trouble."

"I should be a coward, Clemence," he said, with a sense of bitter self-accusing; "I should be a wretch to weigh your claims in the scale with my interest with that old man."

"It is I who weigh them for you," said Clemence; "I am resolved that you shall not risk your interest for my sake."

"Nay, I will lay them at your feet or lose them altogether for you!"

"I myself then, if I must say it, prefer that there should be no ground for idle gossip about us. I confess that I am so 'tired that, had I known you would have been in the woods today, I should have taken some other road to church."

"You would?"

"Yes, indeed I would!"

"I must hasten onward, to be in time for my class in the Sunday school. You have time to follow on at your leisure, since you have no duties awaiting you. Good morning, Ernest."

"Stay! When shall we meet again?"

"When Heaven wills."

"And when will that be?"

"I do not know; but do not visit me at the cottage it would be indiscreet."

"Clemence! I must see you often. Will you meet me on the beach tomorrow afternoon?"

Clemence's eyes had been fixed upon the ground—she now raised them, and with an expression of surprise and trouble looked in his face.

"Have you so misapprehended me!" she said, sadly. "Listen to me, dear Ernest. I have consented to this secret engagement because it appears to me, under the exceptional circumstances, to be at least not wrong. I have neither parent nor guardian, patron nor benefactor, to whom I might be supposed to owe the duty of obedience. Your grandfather has the legal power of disinheritment, though he certainly has not the moral right of doing so. The landed estate especially, which he inherited from his forefathers, he should transmit to his children—it is their right—it is your right. So I have considered this matter, dear Ernest, and therefore I have consented to this secret engagement; that you may not lose your inheritance, and may rest assured of the love of your betrothed, who will wait for you as many years as necessary. Dear Ernest, do you now understand the motives of my conduct? And do you see that I would do no wrong?"

"Would it be wrong to give a little of your company, in a seaside stroll to me, to whom you have just pledged your faith?"

"Now," said Clemence, "were I to take these lonely strolls with you, pleasant and harmless in themselves though they might be, I should endanger the confidence of the community in me, and my own usefulness to them. Therefore, Ernest, though it would give me the sweetest pleasure to stroll with you on the seashore tomorrow evening, and frequently afterwards, yet I must not do so, neither tomorrow, or ever, until our engagement can be announced."

She raised her eyes to his as she spoke, and giving way to a sudden impulse, dropped her head upon his shoulder, put her arms around his neck, and embraced him. And then his better angel rose above the storm of passion that was surging through his veins, and calmed the tumult, and spoke through his lips. "You are right, Clemence, you are right. And I not only

to you best of all women, but honor you more than all men. It shall be as you have said. I will not seek you anywhere. As the mother, dying of plague, denies herself the parting embrace of her 'unstricken' child—so, for your sake, will I refrain from the heaven of your presence."

"And, dear Ernest," she said, raising her head, "it will not be so hard to bear as you now think. We shall see each other every Sunday in the church, and every Wednesday in the lecture-room. And now I must really hurry; oh! how late I am this morning. Good by, dearest Ernest!"

"Good by, my own Clemence."

Blushingly she received his parting kiss, and hurried along the little footpath leading to the village.

He had no farther opportunity of speaking with Clemence that day. And when the afternoon service was over, Miss Oake, the sister of the major, having discovered that Clemence had walked to church, offered her a seat in her carriage, and made a little detour on her way home, in order to set her down at Beach Cottage. The next Wednesday evening, at the lecture-room, Ernest saw Clemence again, and again drew strength and inspiration from her presence. But when the lecture was closed, she was among the first to depart; and he failed in his endeavor to get near and speak to her.

Ernest had been perfectly sincere in his resolution not to seek a private interview with Clemence.

But Sunday came again—and Ernest, with a little bit of human self-deception avoided the wood path, and took the beach road, refusing to confess even to himself that he acted upon the calculation that she also would take the same road in order to avoid meeting him in the wood.

His "calculus of probabilities" had not failed him. He had not gone far upon the beach when he saw Clemence walking before him. He hastened, and overtook her.

"I did not know you ever came this way," she said.

"Nor did I ever before, love; but I remembered my pledge not to follow or to seek you, and so I avoided the woodland path where we met last Sunday," said Ernest, persuading himself that he spoke the precise truth.

Blinded by passion and self-deception, Ernest often contrived to meet Clemence in places where his presence might be least expected, and most often in paths that she had taken for the express purpose of keeping out of his way.

Thus it fell, that many woodland walks and seashore strolls were taken, all through the lovely autumnal weather. And these seemed so much the result of pure accident, that Clemence never dreamed of complaining that his pledge had been tampered with.

But Ernest began to urge her consent to a private marriage.

From a secret engagement to a secret marriage the transition seemed to him very easy.

"And, dearest Clemence, we are both of age, both free—we should neither displease God nor wrong man, by such a step—while it would at the same time secure our union, and save us from injustice and oppression! do you not see?"

Such was the argument which he pleaded and enforced with all the powers of passion and eloquence. In vain. Though every interview increased his power over the maiden—though her affections and her will were both subjected, the domain of conscience was unconquered. And Clemence still answered:

"Though a secret marriage would break no law of God or man, nor positively wrong any human creature, yet it might be the occasion of misunderstanding and suspicion, causing much distress to those who love and respect me. Therefore it would be wrong. And I must do no wrong, even for your dear sake."

So, through all the glorious autumnal weather their waives were continued—through the deep woods, by the lonely seashore, over the sunny dunes, the trees, the streams, the fields, their only confidants.

At last the weather changed—the gloomy skies and heavy rains of early winter came on, and interrupted the perilous pleasure of those woodland and seashore ramblings.

Even the lectures failed to draw people through the wind, rain, and mud of December, and the rooms were thinly occupied.

Ernest was faithfully at his post each Wednesday evening, though there might be no one but the professor's school boys and a few townspeople for his audience. He was also a punctual attendant upon Divine service twice every Sunday, in the hope of seeing Clemence. But she did not appear either at church or lecture. Ernest inveighed against the continued bad weather and fell into gloom and despondency. As the New Year approached, the weather became still worse. The rain changed to snow, and the snow fell for twenty-four hours.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bubble's Mist

By Shirley Cookman Hayes

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BESIDE tables placed at opposite windows they sat waiting in the all but deserted hotel court, a man, presumably middle-aged, although a newspaper concealed his face, and a blonde slip of a girl in gray. From time to time the crackle of his paper rose above the muffled pounding of the rain on the roof, and brought out once upon the girl's absorbed face, inquiring in his direction, a fugitive reminiscent smile.

Her attitude otherwise betrayed expectancy tempered by a certain indefinable shy abstinence. The pensive face, drooping like a daffodil on its stalk, wore the weariness of a joyless submission, while her grave eyes continued to follow the black umbrella-procession outside as it stoically plodded its slippery way through a rain-bound November afternoon. But her thoughts, like frightened butterflies had long since fled from the umbrellas and the rain back to the Valley, where, that very morning she had left behind her floods of cheerful sunlight, she and Carlton. Her lips moved silently as she began to whisper the name, as though to accustom herself to its sound. The act brought no lightning of the trouble in her eyes, which were full of dread.

A sudden roar, and the heavy doors came open upon a furious blast of rain-soaked wind. The man of the newspaper observed the interruption with a pair of keen eyes, before he settled himself anew in the comfortable cushions of his armchair and carefully folded back another sheet. The wind choked in very impotence of wrath as the plate-glass shades came together and shut it out, where it shrieked hideously as it went sweeping round the corner of the building to die away into distant walls.

With the opening of the doors a man had entered and was coming forward with assured, alert step as his glance enclosed the girl's slender figure outlined against the light of the window. He was smiling.

There was no answering smile in the gray eyes that greeted him. The intensity of her look was like steel which seared as it cleft the lightness of his manner and probed his depths for a possible truth.

"Well," he began, rather awkwardly. Her gaze made him uncomfortable, and his somewhat battered worldly face showed a momentary tinge of indecision. "You're ready aren't you? I have it, and—"

The girl's distress broke out into a smothered cry.

"Oh, Carleton—if father were only here!"

"I know; very unfortunate, of course," he smiled again with a too facile tenderness—"but now that you have me to protect you?"

She was searching him again with deep, unsmiling eyes.

What was the something in his clever face that would feed the doubts she strove to smother, a something not quite sincere, not entirely honest?

Her look brought an edge of anger to his voice.

"You remember, Evelyn, you agreed with me in deciding it was best to wait until afterward to telegraph—"

"I was wrong!" the girl burst out, in a low, keener, passionate voice, twisting her hands together nervously. "I hadn't taken time to consider it. But sitting here, waiting for you to come back—"

"Oh, what made me ever consent to such a thing? With poor father up North and all the time thinking me safe in the convent—"

"Why, I stole away this morning like a thief! Carleton, it isn't right—can't you see it isn't? I mustn't go on with it! I'll take the five o'clock back and write to father. Surely we can wait until he comes back?" The appeal in her tone faltered, for he was looking at her fixedly with hard eyes.

"Suppose I refuse to agree to your reconsidered plans, which, if you will pardon my saying it, seem rather late in maturing?"

She flushed. The implication had struck out a spark of anger.

"You have no right!" she flashed, hotly.

He took up her words with deliberate slowness. "You say now, that I have no right. But—"

he gave her another steady glance in which his chilly eyes fought for domination—"you will hardly deny that I happen to be in possession of the means?"

"Carleton! What—" The girl's voice was sharp. She stared at him for a second's uncomprehending before she caught her breath in a little sobbing gasp of dismay.

He made a quick gesture of warning.

"My dear, you have doubtless forgotten that we are not alone."

She did not appear to have heard him. Her mind shook with the sudden realization of her own helplessness, alone and resourceless in a strange city.

"You don't mean, Carleton, you can't possibly mean—" she faltered, brokenly—"you'll refuse to take me home?"

He made no answer, but sat regarding her silently. A shiver blew over her as she felt the iron of his stronger will, and she trembled with a cold fear, as though the many colored bubbles of her happiness had burst and spattered her with a chilly mist.

After a pause he rose. "If you are ready now, Evelyn, perhaps we'd better go. We've kept the horses standing long enough in this pouring rain."

He was drawing out her will, the will that she had meant to fight with, but as yet she could not rise, and only continued to gaze up at him mutely, her flower-like face white with anguish.

from the corner of each eye gleams of humor struggled through the sober propriety of his expression.

"Well, Carleton Valentine!" They both started at the sound of the deep voice behind them, and



the girl's strained face glowed rosy with welcome and sudden relief.

"Father!" she breathed.

But the eyes of the older man were fixed upon her companion.

"So a child isn't very satisfactory to elope with, Mr. Valentine! Anyone with half an eye can see she's changed her mind. I've known her now for nearly seventeen years, and I assure you it's quite probable. We'll not detain you any longer, sir. Come, Evelyn."

With love to all, I am your true sister,

Mrs. MARY BORN, Marshall, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been reading your letters for a few months past and feel very much interested for a remedy for blind or bleeding piles. Get a couple of buckeyes if possible, grate and mix with mutton tallow and apply two or three times daily. I think you will find quick relief.

Mrs. Lena Howell asks for a colic remedy. I have two little girls, Hazel, four years old and little Mary, two, and all I ever found that would give quick relief in severe colic was to put hot fannels on the bowels and put their feet in water as hot as they could stand it, also give a couple drops of spirits of camphor on a little sugar and then in a little water. Be very careful not to have it strong enough to strangle.

I enjoy receiving letters and would like to hear from all the sisters, and I promise to answer.

Shelby is a beautiful place of about six thousand inhabitants, with splendid schools. With love and best wishes to the shut-ins and the Comfort sisters,

Mrs. CHATTIE HESS, 213 W. Maine street, Shelby, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For many years I have enjoyed reading your helpful letters. I value COMFORT above all papers and could not keep house without it.

Now for a few words about women voting. When you get down to the facts, women indirectly do about all the voting, they mold the character of the man, and if the woman molds it right, he will vote right; but if she neglects to rear her boy right he will vote wrong. The impressions that a mother makes on her child's mind remain for a guide and a teacher from the cradle to the grave. I do hope that this glorious nation of ours will never see the day when all women go to the polls to vote. Surely there are enough level-headed men to run the government.

I assure you sisters that I do not mean to wound anyone's feelings; I have merely expressed my ideas.

This is a rather lonesome country and letters from the sisters would be highly appreciated, but as my purse is slim, cannot promise to answer all.

With best wishes to you all,

BESSIE D. BOGGS, Onyx, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Would you make room for a poor shut-in from Pa.? I have taken COMFORT several years and each one grows better.

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Bless all little and big children,

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Mrs. Woodward. What you say about the feeding of milk to children is of especial interest. I know for a certainty of children who have shown a marked improvement in their physical condition when soft boiled rice, well baked potatoes, a moderate amount of soft boiled eggs and fruit juices were substituted for milk. Other children can only digest milk with the aid of lime water. In countries where milk is never used as a food, scurvy fever is unknown. Milk contains highly nutritive qualities, but among both children

and adults it is often found extremely indigestible, and the direct cause of bilious attacks. Many children have a positive aversion to milk and will refuse it, and in such cases it should never be urged or forced. Any sister having a child who is not healthy, might for a period try a change of food. It can do no harm, and it may do great good. I have no doubt there are many who would like to hear more on this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As an old friend to COMFORT I would like to have a chat with you.

Dear friends, in regard to myself, I am thirty-one years old, a mother of two children of my own and five stepchildren, seven in all looking to me for a mother's tender love and care. So you see dear friends, with so many children to watch over I have not much time for play. I want to say that I don't see how a mother can lay aside her home cares, leave her sweet little ones and go to the polls and vote. Sisters, what are we mothers thinking about? God never intended a woman to take the place of man.

I cannot see where the world would be benefited by us mothers having anything to do with voting. No sisters, let us stay at home and teach our children to follow our dear Saviour's footsteps. I think our husbands can look out for our welfare as our fathers did before his time. I want to add I am not meaning to be offensive, but I cannot believe it right for women to vote.

With love to all, I am your true sister,

Mrs. MARY BORN, Marshall, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been reading your letters for a few months past and feel very much interested for a remedy for blind or bleeding piles. Get a couple of buckeyes if possible, grate and mix with mutton tallow and apply two or three times daily. I think you will find quick relief.

Mrs. Lena Howell asks for a colic remedy. I have two little girls, Hazel, four years old and little Mary, two, and all I ever found that would give quick relief in severe colic was to put hot fannels on the bowels and put their feet in water as hot as they could stand it, also give a couple drops of spirits of camphor on a little sugar and then in a little water. Be very careful not to have it strong enough to strangle.

I enjoy receiving letters and would like to hear from all the sisters, and I promise to answer.

Shelby is a beautiful place of about six thousand inhabitants, with splendid schools. With love and best wishes to the shut-ins and the Comfort sisters,

Mrs. CHATTIE HESS, 213 W. Maine street, Shelby, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For many years I have enjoyed reading your helpful letters. I value COMFORT above all papers and could not keep house without it.

Now for a few words about women voting. When you get down to the facts, women indirectly do about all the voting, they mold the character of the man, and if the woman molds it right, he will vote right; but if she neglects to rear her boy right he will vote wrong. The impressions that a mother makes on her child's mind remain for a guide and a teacher from the cradle to the grave. I do hope that this glorious nation of ours will never see the day when all women go to the polls to vote. Surely there are enough level-headed men to run the government.

I assure you sisters that I do not mean to wound anyone's feelings; I have merely expressed my ideas.

This is a rather lonesome country and letters from the sisters would be highly appreciated, but as my purse is slim, cannot promise to answer all.

With best wishes to you all,

BESSIE D. BOGGS, Onyx, Ark.

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and where we have been almost four years. I can't say I am entirely satisfied with the place. We live in the Estancia Valley, within twelve miles of the mountains; a very healthy place. We have never called a physician, not even for the baby when she was teething, and before we came here some of us were sick all the time. This part has very dry, cool nights, but during the day it gets hot. Right now, vegetation looks as though it would die. We have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

FRECKLES

It Is Easy to Remove Them

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cared myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today.

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who are willing to accept \$200 a month—

ing our big samples and taking measurements for the finest made-to-order suits and overcoats at the lowest prices.

No experience needed. Our new plan gets the money. Big clear profit on every sale. Send today for big outfit and new money getting plan.

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WATCH RING & FREE

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We positively give FREE a fine watch, ring, set, beautifully engraved, plated watch, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful ring set with an fine diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade post cards at like a package.

Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us \$2, and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain.

Wells, Ring & Chain. WELLS RING CO., DEPT. 816, CHICAGO

FITS

cured to stay cured. Eminent judges, ministers, congressmen, and the medical press declare my results permanent, even after others fail. WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOK. Address

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\$10,000 FOR A SONG

Send me Your Song Poems for examination and offer.

H. MURKUS DUGDALE, Dept. 60, Washington, D.C.

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and MAY NEVER CURB more by express to you on Free Trial. It cures even 21. If not, don't. Give express office. Do it now.

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\$1.50 CASH FREE. Sell 30 pkgs. portums. We send it free. Keep \$1.50; send \$3

to G. O. A. B. WADE, Dept. 21, JENNING, LA.

BE A DETECTIVE;

Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig,

Earn Big Money

BE A DISTRICT MANAGER



We want one ambitious man in every town to take orders for our tailoring. No experience necessary. We offer you an opportunity to earn from \$25 to \$40 a week right from the start, and a chance to master salesmanship. Many traveling salesmen and sales managers are earning \$200 and \$250 a week.

We Make Your Work Easy

Ours is the oldest and largest mail order tailoring establishment in the country. Our plan is entirely different from all others. It enables you to IGNORE all competition—to UNDERSELL and to OUTSELL all others. We turn over to you all inquiries from your territory and give you full credit for sales.

Let us send our samples and complete instructions, absolutely free, and tell you how you can get your own clothes in the very latest styles at cost to advertise your line. You don't need to give up your present work, nor spend a cent to try out this big paying proposition. Remember, if you delay one day in writing, someone else may get your territory.

American Woolen Mills Co. Dept. #53, Chicago, Ill.

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A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular-inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Address, Mark H. Jackson, No. 533 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true—Pub.

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\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment. It is a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Feebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich., 70 Madison Street.

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Kamisan in its own mysterious way tells fortunes and prophecies all matters of business, love, marriage and health, and gives good advice to rich and poor alike. Send 3 stamps and learn the way Kamisan speaks to you. Patrons astonished and satisfied. KAMISAN, Dept. S, 53 Murray St., N. Y.

Pain Paint

Return this with 50 one-cent stamps and I will mail you a bottle of Pain Paint. Pain Paint stops pain instantly, removes headache, toothache, neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents, G. L. WOLCOTT, Wolcott Building, New York.

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 547, Watertown, N. Y.

MORPHINE

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone cures. Write to Dr. J. C. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832-44 Van Buren St. Chicago.

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Cleason's Horse Book

Cleason's Horse Book a large handsome book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored cover and richly and elegantly illustrated with 186 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, and contains the latest and best information of the United States. In this book Prof. Cleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful method of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, Care, complete instruction in proper Horse Shoeing and an invaluable Study of the Diseases and Treatment of the same. This one part alone is worth many times the value of the book, and will save horse owners thousands of dollars every year. To our new readers interested in Horses and Cattle, Club Offer: If you will get up immediately these five months trial copies at 10 cents each or five copies subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, we will send you the above described book free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

WEAK HORSE.—I have a horse ten years old that has kidney trouble, and not able to work. When he walks he seems all right, but when he runs there appears to be lameness in the back. H. S.

A.—This does not suggest kidney disorder. Have the scrotum examined as there may be tumors following castration and these would have to be removed. Or the horse may be weak or have had a strain of the psoas muscles of the loins. Give him a dram of fluid extract of nuxvomica twice a day for a week, then three times a day. Feed well on oats, bran and hay.

SPLINTS.—I have a three-year-old saddle horse that has a small bony enlargement on the inside of each front leg about half way between the pastern and the knee. Can it be removed or will it disappear as the horse grows older? N. H. W.

A.—The splints will not be likely to disappear wholly but they may reduce in size if you paint them with tincture of iodine each other day and keep the parts covered with cold, wet compresses. It is just possible that you are mistaking the little knob on the end of each splint (metacarpal) bone for a splint. These are natural and should be left alone.

CARPITIS.—I have a mare that has been foundered nine months. One front leg is swollen at the knee and is stiff. The skin is tight to the bones. E. D. A.

A.—Founder affects the feet; not the legs or joints. Poultice the swollen knee with antiphiogistine which may be bought at a drug store or with wet pipe clay if the other plastic dressing cannot be had. When swelling and inflammation subside, clip off the hair and blister with cerate of cantharides if lameness persists.

BRAIN DISEASE.—My mare was taken sick, and died in less than three hours. Body and neck were very stiff, but head and legs were not. She seemed insensible of everything around, paying no attention when I spoke to her, but kept head and legs moving all the time, as though she was running fast; she would stop for perhaps three minutes, then begin again and kept it up until she died. The mare was in good health and flesh. I had worked her the day before, and she seemed all right until noon of the day she died. She was in foal, about one month. Two years ago she was shocked by lightning. People here think it was spinal meningitis as several have been affected the same way. The others seem to get over the trouble all right. Mrs. E. L. H.

A.—It is evident that this was a brain disorder and while you do not say so we take it that the mare went down paralyzed and galloped in that position. That would be characteristic of cerebro spinal meningitis from forage poisoning. There is no specific cure for this disease and in advanced cases it proves fatal. In less severe attacks some benefit may follow instant bleeding from the jugular vein, internal use of iodine of potash, and ice packs or cold compresses to the head. The graduate veterinarian also would use alkaloidal medicines by means of a hypodermic syringe.

PYAEMIA.—I have a colt three weeks old. At birth it appeared weak and didn't suck until the next morning. The third day it came in the left hind leg, and a few days later the other hind leg swelled and later the right front leg swelled. It is not able to stand up. The swelling is from the stifle to the hock joint. I feed it cow's milk. Mrs. T. F.

A.—Pus abscesses have formed in the joints and the cause was infection with filth from the way of the navel at birth. The disease is easily prevented by having the mare foal in a clean, fresh bedded place and at once wetting the foal's navel with a strong solution of corrosive sublimate (not weaker than a 1-500 solution) and repeating the application twice a day until the navel is completely healed. The foal will die, or be left, useless animal for life. Treatment rarely avails. Prevention is all important. Paint the affected joints once daily with tincture of iodine and liberate pus when an abscess softens. Internally give a desiccated spoonful three times a day of a mixture of half an ounce of tincture of echinacea and distilled water to make half a pint.

HERNIA.—I have a colt, one month old, that had an enlargement of the scrotum, which was sealed, but it is larger now. Some days it ruptured. B.

A.—Rupture or hernia of the scrotum tends to disappear as the animal grows and no treatment should be given, other than to see that the colt does not strain itself and that it is not left for long periods of time to whinny for its dam. If the hernia does not disappear, the colt will have to be castrated by the "covered" method of operating.

STIFF LAMENESS.—I have a three-year-old horse; his stifle came out when he was a suckling colt and hasn't run out but the one time. This horse became lame last winter while we were keeping him on a barn floor; since we began to work him in the field he travels better. There is a callous on the stifle. G. V.

A.—Clip off the hair and either have the enlargement on the stifle punctured and blistered by a veterinarian or blister it once a month with cerate of cantharides until lameness disappears. If there is extensive disease of the joint it will prove incurable, but the blistering will be likely to help so that he can work.

CATARH.—I have a cow six years old. She gives six gallons of milk a day. She has a wheezing and discharge at the nose, sometimes it is streaked with blood. She is the same on grass or dry feed, has been this way for nearly one year. Mrs. A. L. G.

A.—It would be wise to have this cow treated with tuberculin as she may have tuberculosis affecting the glands of the throat; meanwhile do not use her milk. If she is free from tuberculosis we suspect she has tumors (polypi) in her nostrils and an operation would be necessary.

STIFF MULE.—I have a mule over twenty years old. She does good work but her hind legs are sprung, which makes her bow legged, and stiff in the knees and clumsy. C. B.

A.—The mule is much too old to reasonably expect the stiffness and bowed condition to respond to treatment. Some benefit may, however, come from putting the legs into hot packs of cotton saturated with hot water and kept in place with bandages and on removal rubbing the parts thoroughly with a mixture of equal parts of druggist's soap liniment, extract of witch hazel and alcohol. Do this every night; oftener if time can be spared.

NARAL GLEET.—My horse, five years old, caught a cold last fall and since then has had a yellowish discharge from right nostril. He is in good condition, and hearty and worked every day. Mrs. K. R.

A.—In all such cases the first step should be to make sure that glanders is not present. For this an examination should be made by an expert. If it is found to be through nostrils (nasal gleet) it may be cured in time by the following treatment: Once daily syringe out nose with a lotion composed of one dram of tannic acid dissolved in a pint of soft, lukewarm water introduced by a clean hose and nostril. In four or five days the discharge will stop. Then give each day a grain of one or other of the following drugs which are to be alternated in this way until the discharge ceases: Iodine of potash, dose, one dram; dried sublimate of iron, dose, one dram; powdered sulphate of copper, dose, one dram. Understand that one drug is to be given in a dram of water and morning and evening for ten days; then change to a similar dose of one of the other drugs night and morning for ten days and then change to the other drug in the same way.

GARGET.—I have a cow that gives lumpy milk every two or three weeks. She is in good condition. H. P. E.

A.—The slight attacks of garget are associated with the periods of coming in heat, or with attacks of indigestion, or from changes of food. At times when attacks are expected reduce the food and give a tablespoonful of saltpeter in drinking water once daily and increase to two doses a day if found necessary. Avoid sudden changes of food. See that the udder is not being bruised on the stall floor.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

17 Jewel Elgin—Our Great Special \$13.75 Sent Anywhere on FREE TRIAL

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THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
Dept. H 62, 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.
BROS. & CO. Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.



INJURED EYE.—I have a mare twelve years old, that got her eye kicked out about three years ago. She has been getting worse all the time; there is something like proud flesh growing in it. D. A.
A.—In such cases a fungus growth often forms and it may even involve the surrounding bones. If it does there is no permanent cure, but it should be cut out and the wound well cauterized. This should be done at once. If you cannot have the operation performed, cleanse the eye perfectly with a saturated solution of boric acid twice daily and then dust with finely powdered calomel and boric acid, equal parts.

BIG LEG.—I have a mare nine years old that has a big leg. When she had her first colt four years ago she had the milk leg. She has had three colts since. Her leg is hard and at times bloody water drips out of it. F. A. J.

A.—"Elephantiasis" is the term used to describe an enlarged leg following attacks of "milk leg" (lymphangitis) and the present condition is incurable. It may be helped by putting on a soft straw rope as a bandage from foot to body and keeping it saturated with cold water at times when there is a discharge. Make her exercise or work every day. She should have a roomy box stall when in the stable.

FIBROID TUMOR.—I have a work horse with sore shoulders, caused by collar. It has been sore for more than a year. I can't cure it, there is a lump under the skin; it is not a running sore. When we don't work him, the swelling goes down, but when the collar is on him it swells again. Mrs. M. K. J.

A.—A fibroid tumor has formed and the only cure will be to have it cut out cleanly and then treat as a common wound. It will heal fast. There is no danger in cutting it out if the person using the knife knows the anatomy of the parts involved. External applications will not permanently help the condition described.

CONGESTED UDDER.—I have a cow that was fresh in March. She milked all right for four days, then her two front udders got hard. There is a quantity of milk in them, but I can't get it. The calf has lived off them since. The back teats are all right. Is it best to use her milk? W. C. N.

A.—Foment the udder with hot water three times a day and then rub and massage thoroughly with the following lotion: Fluid extract of poke root and belladonna leaves, of each one part; sweet oil, one part. Mix. Internally give half an ounce of fluid extract of poke root and two teaspoonfuls of powdered saltpeter in water twice a day.

LYMPHANGITIS.—I have a mare about twenty-two years old; she cannot eat corn. At times her right hind leg swells. She is very sick when it swells and hair looks dead. The swelling extends from the hoof to the body and sometimes into her body. No sores on her. (2) I have a pointer three years old. She had papules when about a year old, eats a great deal of meat and is in good order. A year ago she had a rising in her head and discharges at her nose. She does not seem to suffer. Mrs. M. W. H.

A.—(1) The teeth are irregular and sharp and need attention from a veterinary dentist. It may be possible to adjust the teeth so she will be able to chew grain. She suffers attacks of lymphangitis. These will not come on if you never allow her to stand a single day idle in the stable. When there is no work to be done turn her out and cut the grain ration in half. (2) The dog has cancer of the ear, the common cause being neglect to dry the ears after bath or swim. Mix together: Sugar of lead, one dram; powdered alum, one dram; glycerine, thirty drops; carbolic acid, two drops; soft water, two ounces. Shake well. Cleanse the ear perfectly with cotton and wood alcohol. Then pour some of the medicine in the ear, holding the dog on its side until the sediment settles into the ear. Do this twice daily.

HAY-FEVER

Get Ready For It NOW.

It's what you do from now on which will make you suffer or escape this summer. The Hay Fever Method will enable you to work and live in comfort, get relief from the itching, sneezing, cough and Asthma and will cure you to stay cured. Does this sound too good to be true? Write for Bulletin G. 102 and leaflet, "How I Suffered from Hay Fever and How I was Cured," by Rev. C. H. Rowley. Address P. Harold Hayes, Edinboro, N.Y.

MEN WANTED

in every locality in the United States to make \$20 per week and \$3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont. Canada.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 116 Temple St., Springfield Mass.

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At Your Home Write today for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument: Piano, Organ, Violin, etc. Address American School of Music, 11 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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The finest souvenir tour card ever produced; 24 photographs, colored by the latest process, showing ex-Pres. Roosevelt in hunting costume; all the main places visited by the hunting party; lion, elephant, and jungle, and map. Description of place or scene on each card; copyrighted and sold only by us. Every postcard collector should have this wonderful set. Send 10c, today before our stock is exhausted. Address Capital Card Co., Dept. 620, Topeka, Kan.

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For Brother, Sister Pa or Ma!

Real Panama Hats cost almost a fortune but are very elegant and very comfortable. We have just received from Europe a new type Panama style hat that is a splendid substitute, serving the same purpose nearly as well. A wonderful inventive genius has perfected machinery so they are made entirely in one piece of a peculiar substance resembling in texture and color the split reed used in the making of a real Panama Hat. Our illustrations show the hat in two shapes; it can be pressed into other shapes or styles to conform to your features. It can be worn by men, women or children, in sun and shower proof, not being affected by slight rains, can be dried and again pressed into form into the pocket or traveling case. Each Hat is finished with colored band and colored border around the brim, well made and nearly indestructible. Fit well and feel good on the head, are light and cool, yet complete protection for the head from the weather. Ladies appreciate them indoors on sweeping days as well as out in the sun; they keep the scalp and hair clean; they are splendid for the Children, and for Men and Boys they are equally serviceable and useful.

We have a quantity, won't last long so you had better order early. Read club offer how to get two Hats free.

Club Offer. For a club of three five-months subscribers to COMFORT at 10 cents each we will send two Hats assorted colors and sizes.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

These FREE 4 RINGS Send your name and address and we will send you 12 beautiful Oriental Rings to suit at 10 cents each. All the rings in New York. When sold return \$1.21 and get these four Solid Gold Ring Free, also our 20-page premium catalog listing 200 premiums and how to get them. STAPFER & CO., 1111 Orient St., Palmyra, Pa.

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Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER Do away with hold-hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Faster instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 730 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

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Before You Pay I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office. Address D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Mary, Kansas

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Sell our Big \$1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug laws. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. CREENE, 39 Lake St., Chicago

Ginseng

easily grown; we cleared \$500.00 from a bed 4 ft. wide by 100 ft. long. Send 10c. coin for our beautiful hand colored post cards showing the plants, roots and seeds, natural color, also our booklet giving full particulars. Write today. Schwartz Bros., Spring Green, Wis.

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With our gold-finished teeth and four year lifetime Great Self-possessive temporary work. Ship over six toothbrushes adjusted, returned as with (free examination) and thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 35c or 13 for \$1.00. C. B. FARGO, Dept. 1, FRECHTOWN, N.J.

BEAT EVERY BODY CATCHING

FISH get a box of MARVEL Fish Lure and a PATENT Marvel automatic Hook. Write for Special Free Bait and Hook Offer Now and help introduce them. Japanese Novelty Co., Dept. 2 Clinton, Ia.

Have You Seen Sam Loyd's Puzzle Books?

25 cts. each or the complete set of eight for \$1.00 so long as the stock lasts. Also one dime for the new Tangram Book of 1,000 Chinese Puzzles; also 10 cts. for the wonderful Prize Puzzle, Teddy and the Lion. LOYD & CO., BOX 826, NEW YORK.

GIRL FROM THE GOLDEN WEST.

NEW SERIES OF TWELVE POST CARDS FROM LIFE, picturing COW BOYS and COW GIRLS in their dashing native costume of Plain and Prairie. Representing them mounted on their trained mustangs at play and at work. Costumes, horses, prairie sunsets, clouds and skies provide brilliant color settings for each card. They are unusual in their brightness. An interesting set of cards, twelve in the series, representing actual scenes or views. Among the best are "Roped," "Two in a Company," "Hurry Up," "Lively Work," "The Tenderfoot." Each card is done in many colors. Stewart, Athletic Girls are shown with noble, dashing steeds performing stunts requiring skill and quick wit. Environment is accurate in detail, the color perfect. The originals are paintings from life, not imaginative.

SPECIAL TEN CENT OFFER. Send 10c. for three to ten COMFORT and this set of twelve very attractive cards will be sent you post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WATCHES and other presents free, send 5c for 10 flower post cards and particulars. Box 29, Hursburg, Pa.

12 LOVELY POST CARDS Mrs. Samples of Hidden Name and Post Cards Co. Ray Card Co. North Haven, Conn.

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SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, Inks, etc. Catalog free. Lee & Co., Salina, Colo.

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Your Name or Greetings in Velvet raised letters on postals 10c. ALDEN KEYES, JR., WARREN, MASS.

DYSPEPTICS You will never get rid of indigestion until the germs causing it are destroyed. Pheno Pepto does it. Price, \$1.00. Pheno Pepto Co., Houston, Texas.

AGENTS \$96.00 per month selling this wonderful Lock Stitch Sewing Machine. One agent sold \$24.00 worth in 5 hrs. Cleared \$13.25. YOU can do as well. We show you how. Write for instructions and Agents' FREE OUTFIT. ANCHOR MFG. CO., Dept. 112, Dayton, O.

Two Wheel Chairs in July 54 is COMFORT'S Record to Date

Thanks and congratulations for responding to my last month's appeal and putting new life into COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

Through the special efforts of COMFORT Sisters, God Bless them, I was enabled to send that dear old lady, Mrs. Anna Mallory, her much desired wheel chair last June, as announced in July COMFORT.

Now I have the pleasure of announcing two wheel chairs given in July; one to Mrs. Henry K. Herring, Garland, N. Carolina; the other to Mrs. Mattie Tucker, Wilhelm, La.

Including Mrs. Mallory's chair, this makes 54 Wheel Chairs that COMFORT has bestowed for the relief of that most unfortunate and pitiable class of invalids, the poor shut-ins.

The churches find it easy to raise twenty million dollars a year to support foreign missions and maintain schools, colleges and hospitals for the heathen, many of whom, like the Chinese, murder the missionaries, doctors and nurses, and burn the churches, schools and hospitals; and then we have to send war ships to kill off some and intimidate the rest into accepting our unasked-for and unwelcome charity.

But it remains for COMFORT and its devoted band of charity workers to relieve the distress of destitute shut-ins and other unfortunates in every section of our Christian(?) land, even almost under the eaves of the churches.

Remember, there are 200 more shut-ins on COMFORT'S waiting list pathetically appealing to COMFORT for a wheel chair; for they know full well by bitter experience that in COMFORT and its Wheel-Chair Club is their only hope of having their prayers answered.

Take this to heart, I beg you, and do something for COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club, now. Get your name in COMFORT'S Roll of Honor by sending in five subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club; if you can't do that, do your best; send one sure; every one counts.

Below I print the Roll of Honor for the month; and touching letters of thanks from two recipients of our wheel chairs.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Names	No. of Subs.
MRS. ROSALIE LATHAM, Miss.	5
MRS. CHARLES H. COLE, Texas.	5
SPENCER M. HENDER, Tenn.	5
HALLIE and JOHNNIE OSCHIER, Missouri.	10
MRS. J. JESSIE DAVID, Mont.	10
MRS. J. F. LEWIS, Missouri.	5
CHARLES F. STOCKTON, W. Va.	5
MISS STELLA NORTH, Kans.	5
MRS. E. O. PERHAM, N. Y.	5
MISS LILLIAN TOLAR, Ark.	5
MRS. W. L. PARREN, Kans.	5
MRS. TISHIE TREADWAY, Ohio.	5
MRS. FRED MURPHY, N. Y.	5
C. C. BAILEY, W. Va.	5
BEATRICE WALKER, Tenn.	5
NO NAME, Hamilton, Ohio.	5
MARGARET ST. ANGE, Ill.	5

Doesn't this Gratitude from a Little Boy Shut-In Touch your Heart?

McFARLAND, Mo., May 24th, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and COMFORT'S readers for the beautiful wheel chair you sent me. My heart is full of gladness, for thanks to your kindness I shall be able to spend many happy hours in the sunshine, something I would not have been able to do if you had not sent me the chair.

I will remember your kindness as long as I live, and again thanking you, I am, Your helpless little friend,
RAYMOND BOWWELL.

Six-year-old Shut-In, though Dumb, makes known her Pleasure and Delight with COMFORT'S Wheel Chair.

PASCHAL, GA., June 13, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COMFORT'S READERS:
My little six-year-old daughter, Mary, has received the beautiful wheel chair, which opportunely arrived on her birthday. While the poor child has never been able to walk or speak a word in her life, she is able to make known her pleasure and delight in the most eloquent manner. We can never thank you and Mr. Gannett and COMFORT'S readers enough for this lovely gift, for it will afford our precious little darling two precious pleasures, joy and satisfaction. I feel that God must have directed you in sending this gift. May the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father rest upon you all.

With a grateful heart I thank everyone of you,
MRS. J. ALBOROOK.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

smite, slay, punish and burn. We have learned to regard the Deity as a God of love, and we all ought to be ready to do a great deal more when inspired by love than by fear. In the reaction from the narrow bigotry of the old Puritanical Sabbath there is a danger we may go too far in the other direction. It is a grand thing to be broad in one's views, to respect the feelings of everybody, but there is a limit to broadness, and there are bounds beyond which we should not go or allow others to go. We cannot compel people to go to church, though if we had the proper ministers in the churches, and the churches would reach out to the masses, and pay as much attention to the poor people as they do to the millionaires in the front pews, people would flock to the house of God as they do to the theaters, and we would hear no complaints about Sunday base ball and other godless desecrations of the Lord's Day. What we want in this country, and what we shall eventually get, is plenty of time every day of the week for pleasure and recreation, and then when the Sabbath comes we shall be only too glad to go to church and thank God for all the blessings we have enjoyed in the week that is past. But if you imprison boys in coal mines and factories and work them from dawn till dark, rob them of all the pleasures of childhood, deprive them of health, recreation and fun and all that makes a boy's life worth living, don't wonder if they play ball on Sunday. I would do it myself, for treated as tens of thousands of our boys are today, poor wretched little machine slaves, how can such children respect the Sabbath or even believe in the existence of a God. Industrial slavery not only destroys the body, it destroys the soul, and the millionaires who fatten on child slavery are sitting in the front pews of swell churches, listening to sleek ministers, doping out a line of specially prepared Gospel talk, carefully edited so as not to offend the rich hypocrites who think that fat pew rents and long faces, will atone to God for the slaying body and soul of those children which Christ, His Son, likened unto the Kingdom of Heaven itself. condemn Sunday ball playing when those who indulge in it have had plenty of opportunity to play during the week, but if wretched little machine slaves have no other day to romp and play and be children except the Sabbath, I will not condemn them, and neither will the Almighty. The ones who will be condemned are the before mentioned rich hypocrites. Abolish child slavery and give the little ones a chance to play ball six days in the week, and they won't want to play ball on Sunday. Before you can expect children to respect the Sabbath, you must first teach them to love the God of the Sabbath, and before children can be taught to love God you must make their lives happy and teach them that all the blessings they enjoy come from their Creator. Sunday baseball is merely a symptom of a bad national disease. It is like the pimple on a man's face who is suffering from blood poisoning. You must cleanse the blood before the pimple will go, and we must reconstruct our social system, on a basis of absolute justice, and give every man a square deal, and every child, no matter what his station in life a chance to make good. We must get at the root of things, not flounder with the branches. We must make men men, instead of heartless, perambulating cash registers. We must have a government run in the interests of all the people, instead of a government run by a class for a class. When we have done these things we shall hear no more of Sunday baseball, nor of empty churches. On the contrary we shall have a nation of men, women and children, who will be only too glad to worship God, because they will have convincing proof that God exists. The way things are at present, it's mighty hard for millions of the poor and oppressed, struggling from the cradle to the grave for mere animal subsistence, to believe there is a God at all.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered shut-ins of this country into closer contact with one another. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, but those of more mature years have been admitted so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the only motive which should govern.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your name and address, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber, but if you are an old subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents and send in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. One year's premium will be given those sending in members for the League.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League has over thirty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a year's subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be converted to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once, so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they both cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Letters unaccompanied by references will be destroyed.

Vernon Hunter, Dayton, R. B. 15, Ohio. Afflicted with heart disease. Little boy would like picture postals. Lena L. Harwell, Lawrenceburg, R. B. 3, Tenn. Has been unable to walk for many years and is also deaf; lives alone with mother who is eighty years of age. Would like cheery letters. Will reply to all who inclose a dime. Grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Mrs. Henry K. Herring, Garland, N. C. Shut-in. Grateful for any help. Writes beauti-

Grand View, Raleigh Co., W. Va. Nearly blind as the result of a dynamite explosion. Has seven children to support. Grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Ida L. Brown, Box 390, Hardwick, Vt. Invalid, paints beautifully. Does all kinds of fancy work. Will someone help her with a few dollars to start a mail-order business. She is in desperate need, and very despondent. Fred W. Blazel, Newton Grove, N. C. Rheumatism has crippled him for life. Only twenty-seven years of age, unable to work. Grateful for any help. Excellent and worthy young man. Highly recommended. J. Reid More, Slippery Rock, Pa. Afflicted with locomotor ataxia. Would like cards and cheery letters. Put something in them. Mrs. A. Mallory, Harding, Mo. Wants scraps for quilt, chair and sofa cushions. Burtney Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Helpless shut-in for nineteen years, grateful for any help. Alfred J. Thompson, Phoenix, R. B. 2, Ariz. Helpless invalid. Poor old mother is getting too sick to wait on him. Send them all the help you can, very needy and worthy. Oscar Locke, Dublin, Cal. Oscar is a helpless invalid, but with the assistance of a typewriter, makes a living by giving correspondence lessons in shorthand, Spanish, English, telegraphy, architecture, carpentry and other things. Write for his terms. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine. Helpless shut-in. Has a very delicate daughter. Depends on the charitable for her support. Grateful for any help. Do your best for them. Mrs. Geo. F. Rousseau, Fairfield, Mo. This poor soul is sixty-four years of age and badly afflicted with rheumatism. Though suffering torture has to toil at the wash-tub for the support of herself and a paralytic husband. They are highly recommended. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and help them all you can. George Kendrick, Spencer, R. B. 3, Va. Crippled and unable to work. Without means. Will be very grateful for any help. Writes admirably. Do your best for him. Mrs. Sarah E. Dobson, Browning, Mo. Tortured with rheumatism. Can't walk a step. Has a daughter of fifteen, who is a cripple. Grateful for clothing and any help. Libbie Rangler, Continental, Putnam Co., Ohio. Suffering from a complication of diseases. Husband was killed on the railroad. She is in need of money with which to buy food. Help her all you can. Very worthy. Mrs. Annie F. Glenn, Martin, Ky. A victim of spinal trouble. Unable to walk. Send her cheery letters, and anything you can spare. Well recommended. James Gilliam Klondike, Tenn. Helpless invalid for twenty years, unable to work, or use his hands. The son, who was his only support is dead. Help this poor soul with a greenback shower. Mrs. F. M. Moon, Arcadia, Neb. Send her some flower seeds, cheery letters and good reading. Annie Leaman, Conover, Ohio. Has passed from a life of great suffering to eternal peace. Her sister is very grateful to all who helped her during her years of anguish. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Bedridden invalid for many years. Almost blind. Unable to work. Is a great sufferer. Do what you can to brighten her sad life. Henry H. Miller, Canton, R. B. 6, Ohio. Helpless cripple living with a poor old widowed mother. Wholly without support except a small allowance from the township. Well recommended. Brighten their lives if you can. You know how to do it. Miss Willie Collier, Como, Miss. Helpless invalid from rheumatism. Send her cheery letters, and anything that will help her pass the weary hours away. She writes beautifully and has traveled considerably. Lester M. Mitcham, Des Moines, Wash. Lester is a helpless wheel-chair invalid, twenty-five years old. Send him some cheery letters. Laura Jones, Cambria, Va. Deformed, unable to walk or do any work. Poor and needy. Her mother is eighty years of age, and unable to help herself. They will be grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Charles N. Thomas, Attica, R. B. 1, Box 66, Ohio. Worthy shut-in. Send him substantial cheer. Mrs. Esther A. Stanley, Hastings, R. B. 2, Mich. Would like stamps for correspondence, and anything that would pass away the time. Mrs. Stanley is sixty-three years of age. Clyde Styke (10), Hopkins, N. C. Little crippled boy, never walked. Wants postal cards, pictures, books and anything that will amuse. M. Ry H. Earls, Critz, Va. Shut-in. Wants quilt pieces, clothing and financial help. Mrs. S. M. Sorenson, Ashgrove, Fort Pierre, S. Dak. Would give a home to a child or young person who think a dry country, would do them good. Must be able to wait on themselves. Highest references. Mrs. Betty Sigmon, Danville, Va. Is sick most of the time, has a family of little ones. Will be grateful for clothing, or any help. Well recommended. Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Shut-in. Great sufferer. Needs money for proper nourishment and medicine. Well recommended. Henry Stewart, Bingham, Ky. Leg must be amputated to save his life. Who will help pay for operation. Worthy Victoria Butler, Decaturville, Tenn. Victoria and her mother are both invalids, needy and very worthy. Do what you can for them. M. Lillian Perkins, Hemlock Creek, R. B. 1, Pa. Helpless invalid. Suffering from a complication of diseases. Poor, needy and very worthy. Grateful for any help. Mrs. Kate Young, Phoenix, N. Y. Helpless invalid. Send some sunshine into her dark life. Mrs. Satterlee, Berlin, N. Y. Send this poor, dear, helpless old soul some sunshine. Send the sympathy that buys bread. Forest Wood, Mansfield, R. B. 4, Pa. Poor little crippled boy eight years of age. Send him stand alone without help. Send him toys and picture books and other things that will amuse a child. He needs a wheel chair, but the Lord only knows when I'll be able to get him one. Annie K. Brim, Spencer, Va. This poor soul is too sick to work, and is badly in need of nourishment and treatment. Would be grateful for any help. Well recommended. Tom Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Poor ossified Tom is struggling hard to earn a living for himself and nurse by selling his books. Send twenty cents for his "Twenty Years on a Mattress Grave," and fifty cents for his "Cheerful Chats with Faraway Friends." Help Tom to help himself. No one is more worthy or more needy. Mrs. Annie Weaver, Shreve, Ohio. Shut-in. Is very anxious to secure a cow so she can have fresh milk. Do what you can for her. Mrs. Annie Wade, 335 Lancaster, Leominster, Mass. Wants all her sunshine friends to write and give her a remembrance. Mrs. James Morris, Towns, R. B. 1, Ga. Shut-in. Unable to walk. Craves milk and butter. Will anyone help her to get cow? James Price, Long Island, Ala. Has had both legs amputated. Wants money for artificial limbs. Who will help? Will be very grateful for any assistance. Well recommended. Mrs. Mary J. Billingsley, Polkton, R. B. 1, N. C. Afflicted with pouter, unable to work. Would like good reading and cheery letters. Put something in them, she is needy. Lee Mabry, Albermarle, R. B. 1, N. C. Dead from the breast down. Back broken four years ago, also leg and arm. Sad case. Wants cylinder phonograph records, and such help as you can spare. Mrs. P. Olson, Brigham City, Utah. Would like cheery letters. No financial aid needed. Please send cheery letters to Russell Boswell, Number 5538, Southern Illinois Penitentiary, Menard, Ill. Russell though a prisoner sends money to the shut-ins, and is doing all he can to set himself right with God and man. Give him your sympathy and encouragement, and remember nearly all of us would be in jail if we got our deserts.

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fully. In great need of a wheel chair. J. S. Gill. There are forty-one names in the above list, and you could make every one of them happy. Do your part everyone of you. God loves a cheerful giver, and despises a selfish tightwad. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, (Clothing Dealer) East Hampton, Conn., says if any suffer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

EVER GET BIT?

Did you ever go to make a purchase of a certain article because you had read about it or had used it before and liked it, to find when you got home and compared it with the genuine, that it was a rank imitation? Imitation is a sincere form of flattery, and it is always goods of real merit that are imitated.

This article is printed as a warning to our readers to be careful and see that they get the genuine when purchasing a well advertised article, like CASCARETS, for instance, which is said to be imitated more than any other cathartic on the market. Never accept a substitute, of anything unless you want inferior goods.

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May Cut-Up-Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in May COMFORT.

FIRST PRIZE \$3.00	Jeanette Norman, Miss.
SECOND PRIZE \$2.00	Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis.
THIRD PRIZE \$1.00	Mrs. A. Wagner, Wis.
FOURTH PRIZE \$1.00	Cora E. Cline, N. Y.
FIFTH PRIZE \$1.00	Annie Ward, Ill.

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each:

Mrs. Minnie Meador, Tenn. J. D. Innes, Wyo. Flora Massengill, Tenn. Miss Anna Otravacev, Wis. Miss Gerlie Harwood, Ill. Mr. Dewey Murrah, Kan. Daisy Perry, Neb. Ollie Jones, Tex. Mrs. W. S. Griffith, Iowa. Clarence Nelson, Cal.

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MRS. J. W. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

I AM sure, my dears, you do not have to have me tell you this is the lovely month of August, when the Dog Days are ripe and if a Summer Girl has any temper at all she is simply bound to lose it now. But, isn't it hot? Still the more we talk about it the less cool it becomes, so what is the good of talking? Are you having a good time as far as the summer is gone and how does it look for the rest of the season? I know I'm having a fine time, and the most of it is put in at work. But what difference is that? I'm busy and don't have time to be unhappy. That's the way we should all do, and go instead of talking, I'm going to work again.

Oh, my, the very first letter is from Violet of Harrisonburg, Va., and though she is only sixteen she is anxious to meet a young gentleman who she has been told by his friend, is also anxious to meet her, yet she asks me how to bring about the introduction. Now, did you ever? Two young people in the same community so anxious to meet each other, but don't know how. Well, well, if they can't find the way, I sure will not direct them.

True Blue, Fairfield, Ill.—I do not believe that it is right or fair for a dying person to exact a promise from the living in love matters, and I think the son would be quite justified in keeping his promise to you instead of to his mother. He should come to see you as often as you wish him to, and he should want to come that often, if you are not unreasonable in your demands upon his time. (2) Of course, girls should not go about long distances at night except with a man or two.

Princess, Louisville, Ky.—My dear, I don't think your hot Spanish blood is really as warm as you think it is. You are not in love with anybody else, and as the old gent and your mother are so anxious for you to marry him, and she'll die if you don't, perhaps you might better take him and his money and then proceed to make them both sorry they ever suggested it. Any woman knows how to do that and still preserve her reputation. Women don't have to be bad to be thoroughly intolerable. Try it and see. I'll wager there are plenty of perfect ladies in your town, who are just too cutty for anything.

A Kid, Norfolk, Va.—I think, Kid, that a girl of fifteen could do much better by confiding in her mother than in me. Suppose you talk to your mother about these cheap young men you tell me about. If you can't know young men who are the right kind, for goodness sake, don't flirt with moving-picture hangabouts or that kind.

Rosebud, Des Moines, Ia.—If you are twenty-four and "have never went with a fellow," I wouldn't begin now. See if there isn't something better in the world's work for you than having a fellow.

Marguerite, Danville, Va.—When a woman or a girl takes it into her mind that she was born to reform some man or other, hopeless though he be, I don't know anything else to do but let her go ahead with her reformation business. I haven't any suggestions to make, because on your own admission, nothing can be done with him, but you do have my best wishes for the impossible.

Sunbeam, Glenwood, Texas.—He is a silly fellow, that you may forgive, but don't accept his attentions any longer. He may become gentlemanly after a while, but he isn't now. Let him go with the girls he says he can get.

Anxious Lily, Lark, Wis.—As you were to blame, write him a letter of explanation and apology.

Sweetopia, Gonzales, Cal.—You can't love two at the same time. In my opinion you don't love either one of them—certainly not enough to make a choice.

Trouble-hearted, Sealy, Texas.—Don't bother about him. He isn't very large potatoes anyhow, and there ought to be other young men in your town who don't bother you about small things. Any man who is right about not letting them take you home from places, that they won't trouble themselves to take you to. Stick to that.

Chicago Kid, Waukegan, Ill.—See answer above to "Marguerite, Danville, Va."

Girl, Antelope, Colo.—If the rich man you think loves you does not speak because he thinks you are poor, he is no good. Better marry a man so poor you'd have to support him. Don't try to win him. If you love him, forget it.

Sad Heart, Grinnell, Ia.—Fred has one excellent trait, at least, and that is that he wants you to tell your folks about your love for him. That you should do by all means, and if they raise a row, meet it squarely. You'll have to do it sometime anyhow, and the quicker the better. Seems to me that you are doing right by not letting your family choose a husband for you, and if you and Fred will stick together for a year or so longer, and he goes on improving, all will come right by and by.

Patience, Tampa, Fla.—No wonder your head ached after writing that letter which sounded like an act from a melodrama. Suppose you don't bother about lovers and false friends for seven years—a girl is so much better able to judge of things when she is twenty-one.

Prairie Rose, Grandfield, S. Dak.—Don't let him put his arm around you if you don't want him to. You can prevent it easily enough. (2) Yes, thank him for his courtesy later, even if you do forget it at the time. (3) If the next one ought to know she's quit going with the other, it is proper to tell him. Don't, though just to be talking about the other one.

Hime and Brown, Lawrence, Neb.—The young man owes you an apology and until he makes it, have nothing to do with him. You had promised your father you would not dance and all understood it and respected it except this young ruffian. I never would speak to him again, apology or no apology. (2) A barn dance is all right, but the dancers mustn't get too hilarious and promiscuous.

The Kid, Jax, Fla.—My dear, I can't tell any more than you can what his means when he says nice things to you. You must take him at his word until he proves that he is not to be trusted. Like him, but don't let yourself love him too much until you are sure he is all right.

I. D., Binghamton, N. Y.—Of course, Irene, you should forget the one you love who is away and console yourself with the one you don't love who is in Binghamton. My dear, why do you ask questions like that? And you are not the only one who does.

Dutch Girl, Adamsville, Tenn.—You are too young to think of marrying, and especially to marry a drinker man who promises to quit. You may not be very happy at home, but you will be a whole lot worse to marry under the circumstances. You would do much better to go out and work for yourself. Can you do that?

A. L., Rutherford College, N. C.—Very evidently, dear, you do not know your own mind and I am not surprised to have you ask me to help you to know if you are really in love or not. You are not. This one is only one of many who have come into your emotion—last time during the past four or five years and he is only more intense to you than the others, because he didn't have to go away as the others have, or die, or something. Try not having any at all for two or three years. If you should marry this one, you'd be sorry to death right away. I am sure. If it ever does come to you, you won't need a diagram of it.

Hopeful, Mount, Okla.—Oh, yes, you can live without him. A year from now you will wonder how you could think you could love such a fellow. You hear have a way of jumping around like his has done, and you will jump next. Remain hopeful.

Vern, Corbin, Ky.—Everything seems to be perfectly lovely, all except you, who are stretched out. I think you ought to have the wrinkles stretched out of him. What right has he to want to live over everybody? He hasn't any. When your true love is ready to ask him for you you go along and simply rush him

off his feet. Some papers seem to think all marrying should have stopped when they got married. Piffle!

Broken Heart, Richmond, Va.—You may wear mourning for your sweetheart as long as you please, as it is a matter of sentiment, but, if I were you, I would not wear it at all. And don't try to keep your eyes full of tears. The Lord does not intend His chastening to last always. You are young and the world is before you. Accept your sweetheart's brother's attention to cheer you up and don't cast a gloom over everybody. Death was sad enough without repeating it day after day. Time heals all things and you will be healed. But you won't if you go about mourning and making all your friends wish they didn't have to see you.

Dixie Girl, Wichita Falls, Texas.—Sixteen years old and it has been six long weeks since you and your lover fell out! My, my, ain't it awful, Dixie? Suppose you wait six long years till you get old enough to have a real sweetheart?

P. Z., Hooser, Kans.—If he never does anything worse than smoke, you are quite justified in grabbing him up quick. Let him smoke, if he wants to. And let him do a lot of other harmless things some wives think their husbands shouldn't do. Let them have a little their own way and it will not be so hard to keep them up to the mark. You are too young to marry, or be, is, but still it is just as well, I suppose. Oh, yes, being engaged, you may kiss each other.

Brunette, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are not too exacting because you must first respect yourself before you can hope to be respected. I am surprised that there should be such a young man in Brooklyn, but as there is, I advise you to cut him off your list of friends. There are plenty who are different.

Blue Eyes, Rice Lake, Wis.—Girls of fifteen should be thinking about books not boys. Still, if the parents of Rice Lake girls of that age permit them to act as young women with society and dances and that sort, I suppose it is none of my business. Suppose you call a meeting of the mothers and see if social conditions may not be improved.

Esther, Decker, Ind.—Marriage between first cousins is illegal in Indiana and if you wished to marry your cousin you would have to go to another state. It is unfortunate that you should want to marry each other, and I can only extend my sympathy. At the same time I know cousins who have married in states where it is legal and the marriages have proved to be happy, and so far as I know none of the curses that are predicted for such marriages have appeared. Just the same, people of such close blood should not marry.

Troubled Lassie, E. Liberty, O.—Now, my dear, how can I tell whether he is going with you just to be going or really cares for you? You should know that better than I do. Judging from what you tell me of him, he likes you maybe a little better than anybody else. That is as near as I can guess.

California Cousin, Nevada City, Cal.—Your description of how he kissed you is so very naive, that really I don't think I should say it wasn't right for you to have let him. Still he hadn't any real right you know, and if anybody had seen it and you would have been dreadfully embarrassed, wouldn't you? Don't do so any more—but you will I am sure.

Too Old, Topeka, Kans.—You are living a lie, my dear, every day of your life and are in constant dread that you will be caught in it. It is such a foolish thing too, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Tell him your age and trust to his love. He will find it out when you are married, and then how will you feel for having deceived him into marrying you? That is, if he cares anything about your age, which he does not, probably. You know I don't believe you are worthy of him. I know you are not if you deceive him any longer.

Worried, Rogers, Ark.—Don't drop Mr. C. for Mr. E., and don't drop anyone for any other one, until you are engaged to somebody. The girl that is the most popular plays no favorites, but keeps them all on the string. An Arkansas girl should know how to do that just right, I think.

E. H. E., Willacooche, Ga.—He was just fooling with you to see if you would write to him I suppose. Still he may be sick or something may be the matter. Young men are so careless sometimes that nobody can tell anything about them. But don't you write to find out what the matter is.

Golden Curl, Knight, Texas.—It was just the way with the young man to tell you—all that gush, which you knew he didn't mean, because he had never seen you till he danced with you. They all do that way, when they have a chance, and you were very wise not to say anything in reply except small nothings. As a rule such talk does little harm because girls know what it means, and I suppose, the only way to treat it is to listen and laugh at it. Don't ever believe it except as the conventional flattery that men pay.

Anxious, Lake Charles, La.—Maybe he is thoughtful, maybe he is not. In any event the only way I see to know what he means is to write him a nice, friendly letter telling him that people have been talking so much about him coming to see you that perhaps he should not come any more, or at much longer intervals. If he says he doesn't care what people say, you tell him to do, and that you will be a widow. Some men have themselves talked about. Something like that will start the subject and then you can finish it between you as it may be. But isn't he stupid not to realize the situation?

Blue Eyes, Kansas City, Mo.—It is the little things that worry the married people more than the big ones, and if the young man has a lot of small mannerisms and carelessnesses that get on your nerves, you had better correct them before you marry him. Some men are quite amenable to treatment in that respect. If you can't correct them, you will run the risk of having a lot in your married life that isn't rosebuddy. Something to nag you every time you see your husband, that could be easily cured if he would, hasn't a tendency to sweeten married life.

Loving Heart, Kaw, Mo.—When a Catholic and Protestant marry they must determine between themselves to meet all obstacles and face the opposition wherever it comes from. Many have done this and have lived happily, others have not. It depends more on the people than on their religion.

Troubled Susan, Waterfall, Texas.—Don't be afraid to wait a while to gain the consent of your parents. If they still refuse when you are of age, then there will be time enough for you to think about eloping. (2) It would not only be proper to request a young man to quit drinking, but to demand it, if he used to excess, but let him use a little tobacco if he wants to.

Chick, Clarinda, Iowa.—He acts very queerly if he really intends to marry you. Still as you have money saved and are self supporting you can afford to let him have his way a while. I believe if I were you I would tell him I was willing to wait longer, but would not consider myself engaged to him. Give him a chance to get away if he wants to get away. He is right well to do, but isn't what he has, and what he is that makes a good husband and you don't need to marry for a support. Let him get away if he wants to.

There, dears, all your questions are answered as far as my part of it is concerned, and even if it is hot weather, I have kept my temper very nicely, haven't I? Now may everything be lovely with you till we meet again. By, by, and the Lord be with you,

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

had no rain since the 8th or 9th of April, and more winds this year than usual. Oh, how I do long for some fresh air! New Mexico has been giving us some of Kansas's beautiful sand storms. For the last three months our menus have consisted of baked dust, fresh dust, baked dust, scrubbed dust and any other way you like it. The soot at all hours. One good thing about this country is the fine water.

New Mexico, Spanish, is named from the country of Mexico, meaning the place of Aztec, God of War. The Aztecs were the early inhabitants of Mexico, who became highly civilized, and adopted a monarchical form of government in 1521. Their most celebrated king was Montezuma, Huicamilco, who erected several magnificent buildings, the remains of which are still to be seen. The Aztecs were conquered by the Spaniards under Cortez, in 1521, so my history says.

We are living within five miles of some of the old ruins. One building looks to be thirty or forty feet high and made of stone in the natural state, but not built with tools. There are two smaller buildings which look as though they were used as dwelling places; several rooms and basement. We also live within nine and one half miles of the old Mammoth apple orchard, the Mexicans here not knowing how old it really is; some say over two hundred years. The trees have grown much like forest trees, with large trunks and branches and bear fruit every year, though small and tasteless. Just above the orchard from under the rocks flows a spring, sending forth a rather large stream of the purest water, and several feet below this spring the water re-enters the ground, comes out again several feet below where it again re-enters. There are several farmers who have a right

Health and Beauty Helps

By Mrs. Mae Martyn

M. L. K.: It is not half so difficult a problem as you think to keep the complexion beautiful in summer. You haven't used the right thing—that is all. Of course, a cream that contains lard or oil will give you a "shiny face" and powders are bound to "smear" with perspiration. You want a cream that will remove dust and dirt from the pores and leave the skin smooth, moist and pliable. You can make such a cream at home—and it will be absolutely free from grease or oil. Just get from your druggist one ounce of almozoin, put it in a fruit jar, add a half-pint of cold water, stir until dissolved, then add two teaspoonful of glycerine, stir well again and let stand over night. In the morning it will be the consistency of ordinary face cream. Almozoin clears the skin of all pore-dirt and prevents blackheads because it makes large pores small. Massage with it to keep off wrinkles, roughness and redness. Follow the advice given "Georgia Girl" in the next paragraph.

Georgia Girl: Use this liquid face wash and you will find it more satisfactory than any powder or cosmetic. Dissolve four ounces of spumax in a half pint of hot water, add two teaspoonful of glycerine and let cool. Apply to the face, neck and forearms with the palm of the hand, and you need not bother again all day about your complexion. It affords protection against sunburn, tan and freckles, although it is so dainty and delicate that its use cannot be detected. It is especially fine for anyone with dark or oily skin, for it is a true complexion beautifier and keeps the skin smooth, soft and velvety.

R. F. D. No. 3: You can make your dull and expressionless eyes clearer and brighter if you use an eye tonic made by dissolving one ounce of crystals in a pint of water. Drop one or two drops in each eye whenever they are tired or feel weak. It strengthens weak eyesight, relieves inflammation and redness, and does not smart or burn. The regular use of this eye tonic has enabled many to discard their spectacles—a fact that will be appreciated by any woman who looks older than she really is when wearing eyeglasses.

Mrs. L. I.: Yes, eczema is frequently caused by housework. Exposing the hands to hot water, the heat of the oven, or other changes of temperature brings about this affliction. A good remedy for eczema, tetter and other skin diseases is made by mixing 4 ounces of luxur with 1-2 pint of water and 4 tablespoonful of alcohol. After shaking the bottle, pour a small quantity upon the rough and itching surface and allow it to dry, repeating the treatment several times each day until the irritation disappears and the skin is restored to a healthy condition.

To irrigate with this water, but since there have been so many homesteaders come in here and dug wells, the spring does not supply water enough to irrigate with. Up in the mountains some wild fruit grows, including strawberries, but they are small. Raspberries are very large and of a fine flavor, but a task to get them.

Several Sunday schools and churches have been organized, and there is plenty of work for the missionaries. The people seem to be more interested in sightseeing than in Christian work. "Worldly pleasures are like flowers, they wither when they are plucked."

If someone of the Comfort readers has a piece of poetry named "Kate Shelly" will you please send it direct to me and I will pay the postage.

Anyone wishing to come to New Mexico for their health will surely get it if they have a plenty of money to live on; but if you come expecting to make your living, I am afraid you will not live long.

I will close hoping all is well with you.

MRS. MAMIE (SKAGGS) JENSEN, Willard, N. M.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have never written to this department before, but Mrs. E. Calvin's letter on women's rights stirred me up. I'll write to tell her I feel just the same as she does on that subject. The women in Minnesota, as yet, haven't the privilege of voting, although they allow men to vote who, I have heard, cannot sign their names, but must get someone else to sign it for them. Men who have no education and never read a paper and can't understand really why they are voting. Now do you know anything of the person for whom they are voting? That kind mostly vote as someone else tells them to, and then too, I have noticed that the men who oppose women's suffrage are those who are upholding the saloons, either secretly or openly. Of course there are those who will maintain that a woman's place is in the home, but I think women can prove they are smart enough to keep up their homes and help keep up the country too.

I have four boys, ranging in age from thirteen years to nine months; also one little three-year-old girl. I am sick a great deal, but the children help me in a great many ways. My husband is a tiler, so is away most of the time, except on Sundays. I have lived in Minnesota for about fifteen years and if there is anything about this part of the country I can tell that will be of interest to any of you. I will gladly tell you what you wish to know. I was much interested in what Irene Baylor has to say about fighting the White Plague; also the editor's talk about the house fly. I think more could be done to abolish this pest if people would wake up to the danger.

Just one word more, Mrs. Ella J. Olson speaks my mind exactly about living with a drunken husband and her advice to Fanny Cole is just what I would have given. I know of one pitiful case here and the cause was a drunken husband.

MRS. E. FAIRBAIN, Windom, Box 302, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I want to tell the sisters who asked for information on growing rose cuttings how I grow mine. In November, make a bed two feet deep, planting fresh bare yard manure one foot deep and any good, rich soil one half to one foot deep on top. Break (do not cut) the old twigs (you can tell them from the young ones that have grown this year). So beat in mind that you want to get the old limbs from six inches to one foot in length, place in the bed not closer than two feet apart; water just enough to get the soil to adhere to the plants. Now take glass fruit jars and turn over the cuttings, press the soil around them so as to make them stay firmly over the cuttings. Next May remove the jars and you will see young tender sprouts and may be some buds getting ready to bloom. Be sure to use good, whole ones, sisters, not old, cracked ones, for it won't hurt your warts at all. I have three bushes in bloom now (June) that I set out last November. Do not try to transplant the first year.

Now let me give a few more tried and true hints and I will make room for some more useful sister. This is how we keep flies, bugs and skippers off the house. After smoking and drying in the spring, we take the meat down, wash it off and dry it, and sprinkle it with powdered borax, just enough to cover lightly on all sides and pack in a box which doesn't have to be air tight, and the flies won't bother it, neither will those little pests, black bugs, and what is still worse, skippers.

A grand good remedy for burns which our cooks are always receiving, is to take common poke-root wash and slice as you would potatoes, fry in lard until brown, pour the grease off and when cool apply to the burn and you will get immediate relief.

Such a good paper as COMFORT should receive good reviews. I have been a subscriber for eight or ten years, probably longer and this is my first attempt to write. Will any of the sisters having silk or satin

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Alcatis: You say you have tried dieting and exercising to rid yourself of superfluous fat and failed to reduce your weight. Many other women after the same experience have accomplished the desired result with parnotis—the harmless flesh reducer that is sold in most first-class drug stores. Dissolve four ounces of parnotis in 1 1-2 pints of warm water and take a teaspoonful before each meal. In a few weeks the overly-stout woman finds she has lost ten or fifteen pounds and that her flesh is firm and free from flabbiness.

X. X.: To cleanse your blood of the impurities that cause pimples and eruptions of the skin, I know of nothing better than an old-fashioned home remedy made as follows: Get from your druggist one ounce of karden, dissolve it in a half-pint of alcohol, add one-half cup of sugar, then pour in enough hot water to make a full quart of tonic. Take a tablespoonful of this inexpensive blood remedy five minutes before each meal and it will aid digestion, make the liver active, and cleanse your blood. It strengthens and builds up the entire system and when you are well that wretched "tired," discouraged feeling will leave you.

C. C. K.: If you are blessed with beautiful hair by all means take the very best care of it you can. Yes, dandruff will in time destroy any head of hair if permitted to remain. If necessary shampoo every week with canthrox. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, pour a little on the head rub as you would with any other shampoo; then rinse well. Canthrox makes plenty of rich lather and thoroughly cleans the scalp and hair. It relieves itching and irritation of the scalp and the hair dries quickly and evenly without streaking. It leaves the hair soft, bright and fluffy, so that it is easy to dress in any style you prefer.

Virginia: You can overcome the trouble with your scalp if you will use a hair tonic made as follows: Get one ounce of quinzoin from your druggist, dissolve in a half-pint of alcohol and add a half-pint of water. Rub into the scalp and hair roots once or twice a week. This is a soothing and refreshing treatment for a hot, hard and stiff scalp. It keeps the scalp soft, pliable and just moist enough to encourage hair-growth. Quinzoin gives strength and vitality, stops falling and splitting at the ends, destroys the germs that causes dandruff and baldness and you soon see a wonderful improvement in your hair as it becomes rich, fine and glossy. This tonic has given splendid results where ready-prepared tonics did no good. Use canthrox for shampooing, and avoid soaps which make the hair hard, brittle and coarse.

Read Mrs. Martyn's Book, "Beauty," \$5.—Adv.

VERMASO an excellent ointment to Kill all Vermin in the house. At Druggists or by mail from Jas. Raymond & Co., 6615 Perry Ave., Chicago.

LOTS of FUN DOUBLE THROAT. Fits road of mouth; favorable when in use. Atch and any other funny friends. White like a puppy, sing like a cat and imitate other birds and beasts of field or forest. Lots of fun. Thousands sold. Price 10 cents each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 1, WESBURY, N. Y.

GIRLS here is your chance to get a beautiful adjustable lionhead bracelet set with sparkling stones free, for selling 24 pkgs. Art Post Cards at 10c. ea. Write today. NATIONAL CARD COMPANY, DEPT. 7, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

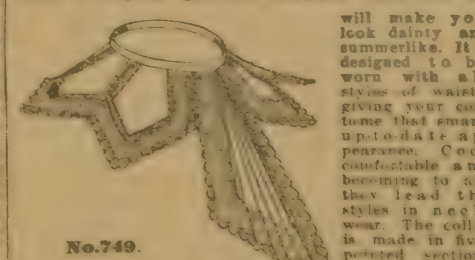
22 RINGS GIVEN Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the \$1 and we'll send 2 beautiful rings or choice from list of invaluable gifts. I have 1 year. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., DEPT. A, WOODSBORO, MD.

DREAMY EYES Allah Nhim, an oriental liquid preparation, positively grows long, silky, eyelashes, beautifully arched brows and gives to the eye that soft, limpid, dreamy effect men greatly admire. Guaranteed harmless. Special; 50c bottle 25 cents. Extra large size \$1.00. Mrs. Florence, 434 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y.

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Battle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKS, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

Develop Your Form 50c Package FREE For 10c. stamps or silver we will send you a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelley's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm, also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." She used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write today. Dr. Kelley Co., Dept. 300K, Buffalo, N. Y.

THIS STYLISH DUTCH COLLAR AND JABOT



will make you look dainty and summerlike. It is designed to be worn with all styles of waists, giving your costume that smart, up-to-date appearance. Cool, comfortable and becoming to all, they lead the styles in neckwear. The collar is made in five-pointed sections joined with insertion of a beautiful pattern, while the edge is finished with a deep lace to match. The jabot is eleven inches long, laid in side plait, bordered with lace to match collar. This set is a special bargain, giving you two pieces which may be worn together or separately, and may be yours if you will send us your own renewal subscription or one new subscription for 15 months at 25 cents with 15 cents additional 40 cents in all we will send you one complete Dutch Collar and Jabot No. 749. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be mailed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. A. F., Minnesota.—Upon your statements, we think you have very little chance of recovering the money invested in the way you mention.

A. M. B., Kentucky.—Unless you word the letter in some offensive way, we do not think you could be prosecuted for sending such a letter as you describe, but you should refrain from repeating your request or becoming in any way an annoyance. We think that, in case a letter is mailed and stamped but has not sufficient postage, the excess postage is collected from the person who receives the letter.

C. F. W., Montana.—We think it would be lawful for the woman to use her maiden name after being divorced, provided the decree of divorce grants her that privilege; it is, we think, customary, but not imperative to use the name of Mrs. instead of Miss in such cases.

H. B. R., South Dakota.—We are of the opinion that a minor can enter into an agreement with a person of full age, and that the other person can be held to such agreement, but that the agreement is not binding upon the infant.

S. A. R., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will, his real property would descend, subject to the dower of the widow, in equal shares to his children, and that the minor child would have no more interest in the property than any of the others and could not prevent a division of it. We do not think a woman can, in your state, execute a valid deed of conveyance of property until she arrives at twenty-one years of age.

Y. M. C. A., Illinois.—Unless you can get your property from the woman you mention without suit, we think your only remedy is to sue her for your property or the value of it.

M. H., Arkansas.—We do not think a man can cut off by will his wife's dower of one third of the real estate and one third of the personal property. (2) We do not think the mother would be entitled to share in a deceased child's estate if the father were living.

Mrs. E. N., Illinois.—If the divorce you mention was a valid one and regular in all respects, we think the marriage is valid.

Mrs. L. E. S., Ohio.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think A. can recover the money you mention.

M. A. L., Missouri.—We think that the court in the proper partition action has power to adjudge either a physical partition of the land or to order the property sold and the proceeds divided among the heirs in their proper proportion.

J. S., Virginia.—We think it is necessary for the executor of the estate you mention to reject the claim you mention; that will compel B. to prove his claim by proper proof.

Mrs. R. H. D., North Dakota.—We think that, if the land you mention stands in the name of the wife, his children by a former marriage would have no interest in the property at any time. The homestead, we think, would descend to the surviving husband until the homestead estate is fully satisfied and then be distributable as other property.

Mrs. A. B. W., South Carolina.—We are not familiar with any such requirements as you describe.

L. O. X., California.—Unless there is a separation agreement, we think that the wife has no interest in the property during lifetime, but that, if he still owns the property at the time of his death and leaves no will, she will come in for a share of the property. (2) We do not think it is necessary for the woman to be divorced, to get such help as you mention, but we do think it will be necessary for her to show a state of facts as would entitle her to assistance from the source you mention.

Tiger Lily, Wisconsin.—We are of the opinion, that the Canadian law does not provide for divorces, and that the only way to procure a divorce there is by special act of Parliament, and that more of our own states provide for divorces without first establishing a residence before the commencement of the action. We think there is no way for you to procure a divorce at an earlier date than in your own state. We sympathize with you, but we think that you overestimate the misfortune of your position.

Mrs. C. F. H., Iowa.—If the sale of the piano you mention was an absolute and not a conditional sale, we think you have a good defence to the payments you mention.

S. M. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of the state of New York and in the absence of any lease, testamentary provision or any other agreement of record, and upon your statements that your father and mother paid for the property you mention, we are of the opinion, that, if you can prove that the possession was uninterrupted, undisputed and continuous for the length of time you mention, the property belongs to your father or mother's heirs; we think, however, that before entering into a contract to sell same you should either provide in your contract of sale that this is the only kind of a title that can be delivered or proceed to establish title through an equity suit brought for that purpose, as the title as it at present stands, we think, is scarcely in a marketable condition, as it may be difficult to prove the facts, sufficient to establish a title by adverse possession, to the satisfaction of a lawyer.

M. F. C., Oklahoma.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you cannot recover any of the property you mention.

W. H. S., Oregon.—Upon your statements to us we think the property you mention as belonging to your husband can be sold to provide for your support in the proper action brought for that purpose.

Mrs. F. B. A., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of the above state and upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the following opinion: (1) Wife and father; (2) we do not think so; (3) one half, we think; (4) we think not.

W. H. E., North Carolina.—Address the Post Office department, Washington, D. C.

E. W., Oklahoma.—We do not think there is anything illegal in your use of the name you are at present known by, but if you so desire you can have your name legally changed in the proper court proceeding.

G. G. H., Ohio.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think you can, at this late day, recover any of the property you mention.

Mrs. L. M., Kansas.—(1) We think he can. (2) In the absence of a will, and in case he leaves no child or descendant, we think the whole property would go to the widow; we think she would get one half in any event, even though he leaves a will, or children, or both.

Mrs. C. C., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will and no child or descendant, the whole property would go to the widow. (2) We are of the opinion that the laws of descent of the state of the Union are alike in every particular. Miss C. E. H., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opin-

ion, that any properly executed and properly drawn will may be probated and acted upon as a valid will, unless the same is set aside by contest of the same; that the customary grounds for contest are lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, not drawn or executed in conformity to law, illegal disposition of property, and that it does not state the testator's true intent. We think it is quite customary for a lawyer, who has possession of a will, upon the death of the testator to either retain the will to the heirs or to inform them of the contents of it, although the responsibility of the person holding the will legally ends with his filing the will if he elect to do nothing more than that.

Mrs. W. L. D., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either you or your husband the whole of the property you describe would go to the survivor.

Mrs. J. C. W., Louisiana.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that your chances of ever recovering any portion of either of the tracts of land you mention are very remote. (2) We think you can obtain the books you mention or information as to them from some local law book dealer or publisher.

O. K. D., Georgia.—We are of the opinion that the child of the man you mention was disinherited by will, and that you cannot recover any portion of his estate.

F. P. G., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, if the property you mention was community property, upon the death of your wife one half went direct to you and the other half in equal shares to the children, and that the shares of the children who have since died, if they left no wills and no children, also went to you.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

scraps to spare send me a few, they will be greatly appreciated; also can someone send me a cure for nursing sore mouth?

Mrs. EFFIE BOOTEN, Eagle, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS, WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have faltered at the threshold, undecided whether to ask permission to trespass on your valued time or not. I am a mere girl of nineteen summers, and have not much to say. I have three sisters and four brothers; two brothers and a sister live near Carlton, Colo.

I have no doubt all the sisters believe in a girl being a help and comfort to "mother." I do. I find her my best and truest friend, one on whom I can always depend and trust. My mother was sixty-three years old June 19th. I live on a farm, and do not think I would like city life. Our family numbers "three sisters, a single brother and myself. My father died when I was only nine years old from that dreaded disease, consumption. And it seems to me only yesterday they lowered the dear form to the cold, dreary grave. I was his pet, and we had great times together.

I graduated March 5, 1909, at Walnut Grove School, and received a high school certificate. I was always enjoying going to school and always loved all my school companions and teachers. School always seemed to me like a large, merry family.

I long for a higher education, but cannot attend high school, as I am the only daughter left to help mother, and of course I could not leave all the work for her to do alone. I have taken lessons on the organ, and can play very well, but I want to take several more terms. But it seems I can't get a teacher. I wonder if any of the sisters have ever taken music lessons by mail. I am thinking of trying that method. My little twelve-year-old nephew, Luther Lawrence, got shot accidentally on Jan. 9th and lived only a night and day. He was such a dear little fellow, always wore a sunny face, and had a pleasant word and smile for everyone. His mother, Mrs. E. E. Lawrence, is a COMFORT reader. Your new and loyal friend, MISS ETHEL M. KNIFONG, Milan, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS: I am a Tennessee girl, but we moved to Oklahoma last spring and like the country very much. This particular section is sandy, and our only trees are cotton wood.

Can someone give me a recipe for canning pumpkin?

Also, a remedy for a stiffened hand caused by bad cut, followed by blood poison?

With best wishes to COMFORT.

ILES GRIFFITH, Chickasha, E. R. 4, Box 38, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS: I am seventy-six years old and have taken COMFORT almost from its first issue and I can say it has been a comfort to me.

I am an invalid and shut-in half the year, and my lot has been very hard, having lost my husband and four children. I feel sorry for the afflicted and if just to help him.

I think the March COMFORT just grand; as for contributing toward the next March number, I can't promise much as my mind is very poor. When I kept house, I had a place for everything and could go in the darkest night and find just what I wanted. Do any of the sisters know of a remedy for neuralgia in the face.

Wintergreen berries are a sure cure for rheumatism.

Mrs. BARBARA WEIBEL, Montgomery, Davies Co., E. R. 4, Box 87, Ind.

Mrs. Weibel. Possibly essence of peppermint rubbed freely onto your face will relieve the neuralgia; also one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water three times a day will help. I congratulate you on your good letter written at the age of seventy-six, and the sisters will be glad to hear from you again.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Like many of you, I could not keep house without COMFORT. I have been married thirteen years, and have four children, two boys and two girls.

I am greatly interested in Uncle Charlie's work, and think if he were our President that things would be different regarding the White Slave question of today. I wish every sister of COMFORT would send to their senator or congressman for the "Senate Document 190" the "Liberating women for immoral purposes," and I think you would all say "I would give it a chance to change such conditions." I fully agree with Mrs. Edna Nevinger when it comes to women voting, and I cannot see anything wrong in women helping to make the laws that they have to live under.

If profits were controlled by the government, then the working class would have their rights, instead of the comparatively few rich reaping great fortunes. If the profits in liquor were taken away, none would be sold, as it is the money the seller is after. Then drunkenness would be lessened.

Sisters, write more on this subject. We probably won't all agree, but shall profit from each other's opinion. I would be glad of a letter from you.

May God bless the shut-ins, Uncle Charlie and all the COMFORT band is my wish.

Mrs. TILLIE SIMPSON, Eakly, E. R. 1, Box 71, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS: I have just read Irene Baylor's letter from Longmont, Colorado. So many persons afflicted with tuberculosis come to our state every year and I agree with her that every precaution should be taken to prevent its spreading.

I would like to say a few words to those who are thinking of coming West for the benefit of the climate, hoping that they may be of some help to them. Owing to the growing fear of tubercular germs, it is getting harder and harder for those who do not go to a sanatorium to secure suitable boarding places, but persons providing their own drinking cup, are careful to dispose of any matter exhaled from the lungs, instead of just "spitting in any place" and who try to follow antiseptic methods generally, will be able to keep a boarding place longer, at a smaller cost, should a change become necessary, easier than those who are careless.

Those coming with the idea of providing a tent and their own bed can often get good board with plenty of milk, cream and eggs at farmhouses, where owing to small houses and reasons before mentioned it would otherwise be impossible.

Two or more health seekers renting a small house together and doing light housekeeping is a plan that has proved successful in many instances.

With best wishes for all,

Mrs. ESTHER MURRAY, Beulah, Colo.

Mrs. Murray. Your letter contains valuable information. There are many people afflicted with tuberculosis, who have not been in a position to learn the importance of burning, or otherwise destroying all expectation, and who do not realize they are daily exposing all those about them to this dreadful disease. Great headway will be made in checking tuberculosis, when this law of cleanliness is strictly observed. It is not only in the fresh expectation that the danger lies, but in "spitting" about, which soon dries and becomes a dust to be distributed broadcast.—Ed.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A21 Joliet, Illinois.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have long been a subscriber to dear old COMFORT, but this is my first letter to your corner.

I have one of the very best husbands and four children; Leroy, five; Chester, three; Vergil and Vivian three months and seven days.

Mothers, how do you who live in town keep your boys at home? When small, I had no trouble, but as they grow older they seem to want to be with other boys. Sisters, try rubbing your range with coal oil.

I was twenty-five years old on July 22nd. I would be pleased with a letter party.

Mrs. W. M. SOLACE, Wauneta, Nebr.

Mrs. Solace. Don't you think children generally at a very young age are naturally drawn to other children, and that they will admire and as far as possible copy the manners and acts of children a few years older? I think a certain amount of companionship, providing it is of a proper kind, is the very best thing for development of the child. They will grow up less selfish and with a better understanding of all things by this outside contact. Of course the very best way to accomplish this, is to provide children with a playroom in doors, and when possible a plot out of doors where they may romp at will, and have their little playfellows come to them. In this way you can observe the character of your children's companions, always basing your judgment on what the child's nature actually is, rather than on its parentage or prospects, for often a beautiful mind dwells beneath a shabby frock.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: This is my first letter to your paper and like all the other sisters, I could not get along without it. My sister and I were reared in the Soldiers' Orphan's Home at Normal, Ill., and as someone of you may have been there also and perhaps know me, I shall be very glad to receive a letter from you which I will surely answer.

I live four miles north of Cambridge and my five years here is my first on a farm, but I like it so well I should not be contented in town again.

My husband is kind and good and we are very happy together with our four children two boys and two girls.

This is a rolling country and very good for grazing purposes. Our corn crop is good though very little rain. Wheat which is the main crop is planted in the fall and the cattle pasture on it all winter. The soil is fine and the climate good.

I am another sister who certainly thinks we women should vote and help cause all intolerance.

Would like to hear from you on my birthday, August 23rd. I must mention Uncle Charlie and the shut-ins; may the Lord bless them all.

Mrs. VERA TINSMAN (nee CRAWFORD), Cambridge, Nebr.

Seasonable Recipes

WILD GRAPE JELLY.—This jelly is delicious to serve with game. The grapes should be gathered just before they turn or the frost touches them. They furnish a jelly of exceptional flavor, having a tang that no other jelly possesses. Wash the grapes and free them from stems and cook them till the juice is drawn out; then drain without pressure, measure the juice and allow for wild grapes a little more than a pound of sugar to each quart of juice; boil the juice twenty minutes, then add the hot sugar, cook five minutes longer and while hot turn it into the glasses and seal. E. H. O.

A method that greatly assists in making easy the labor of jelly making, is to place the fruit in the jelly bag, put into kettle and cook. When done, you simply have to lift bag from kettle and hang to drain over a good-sized porcelain dish.—Ed.

RIPSE GRAPE CATSUP.—Boil and strain five pounds of grapes and add two and one half pounds of granulated sugar, one half tablespoonful of salt, one pint of vinegar (clear vinegar preferable), one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and black pepper. Boil all together to about the consistency of syrup. Bottle and seal. —R. B.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Select sound and ripe tomatoes. Remove peel by covering with boiling water and letting stand about five minutes (do a few at a time). Boil until thoroughly cooked. Do not use any water but rub a few of the tomatoes just boiled the juice to start them cooking. Heat cans and fill with boiling tomatoes and seal. Always use new rubbers.

Mrs. MATTIE GARDNER, Hamburg, Ark.

QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare and core two gallons of quinces; weigh the fruit, and to every pound of fruit take three quarters of a pound of sugar. Make a syrup of one part water to two of the sugar, let come to a boil, put in the fruit and let boil slowly for about four hours, or till clear. Place in glass jars and seal. Those not having a large supply of quinces may make "just as good" preserves by using one part of any good preserving apples that have been prepared and placed in hot syrup the night previous.

EFFIE BOOTEN, Eagle, Ill.

CALIFORNIA BEER YEAST.—Take three gallons of water, putting half of it cold into a keg or pail; boil the other half and add to the cold. Then put in three pounds of sugar or molasses, three ounces best race ginger, beaten fine, and one and one half ounces of cream of tartar. Shake well and let stand until it is about milk warm; add one tablespoonful of common yeast; shake well again and let stand with bung open twenty-four hours in a very warm weather, or forty-eight in moderate weather, then bottle in strong bottles, cork tightly and tie the corks down. In two or three days you will have a popping, sparkling summer drink.

The beer will become mixed up near the bottom of the keg or pail with the settlings, which bottle up with the rest and when you open these bottles, the settlings are nothing more or less than the "Great California Yeast."

Into two quarts of water, put four or five tablespoonfuls of this yeast, sweeten with a half pound of sugar or molasses, and in a few hours you will have the "celebrated California beer."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. "Do not delay but write today."

LIFE READING by Planets. Birthdate, 10c. coin. Prof. L. Zanetti, R. 665, PORTLAND, ME.

FINEST COLLECTION OF PUZZLE POSTCARDS 1 Dozen—25c. PUZZLE CO., Norwalk, Conn.

54 GAMES 57 Tricks and 324 Jokes, 10c. REX CO., DEPT. E. A., HARRISON, MICH.

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPORE, IND.

FUTURE, past, present, revealed. Send silver dime and birthdate. MADAM IRENE, HIS SECOND ST., KEWANEE, ILL.

Sporting Goods Dice and Cards a Specialty. Catalog Free. Smythe Co., Newark, N. J.

12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10c or town greetings on Gold Embossed Post Cards. Gross Co., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York.

\$80 in U. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

"KNOX ALL" Corn Remedy. Agents Wanted. Cure Absolutely Guaranteed. Sample for 2c. stamp. The Beebe Co. Yonkers, N. Y.

LADIES make shields at home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 25, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FISH Catch bags full with GILLIS BAIT hooks & line. Complete outfit 10c. Union Mfg. Co., Dept. 8, PALATINE, ILL.

32 NICE POST CARDS DIFFERENT Good Magazine for one year. The Whole Thing for only cents postpaid. ROBERTS & CO., 3010 W. 51st ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Extra Fine Post Cards Free Send 5c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold Embossed Friendship, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 863 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

DON'T WHIP THE CHILD Bed Wetting is a disease. 60 days treatment FREE. Send no money, but send treated under GUARANTEE. RALPH KEMPT CO. Dept. 40, Kansas City, Mo.

Watch, Ring GIVEN and Chain Send CASH COMMISSION for selling 13 pairs BELL'S CATHARTIC JELLY at 25c each and give large 15c. picture free with each pair. Every one buys several pairs to get pictures. Jelly is a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Eczema, Sores, etc. Order 12 pairs with pictures. When sold send us \$3 and we will send watch, ring and chain, or you keep cash commission. Send no money, but send 12 pairs with pictures. Write at once and be the first in your town. Biel Medical Co. Dept. 802, Denver, Col.

25 Rich Summer Cards 10c Some GOLD, some SILVER EMBOSSED



Scenes of Sea Shore, Country, Farm; Basking Girls, Summer Girls and Lovers; Night-scenes; Greeting, Birthday, Flower and Fruit Cards; cards of Friendship, Anniversary, Basking, Haying, Hunting, Riding, etc.—25 ALL DIFFERENT. Write at once for full list of the full and outdoor cards of summer. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 592, 538 Laramie Ave., CHICAGO.

NEW HAIR ORNAMENTS Barrette and Fancy Pins



There is always a new way to dress the hair, always a new style in hair ornaments and fashion's latest order is Barrette and Fancy Pins like our illustration. The use of the Pins enables one to obtain many pretty hair effects, and nearly every woman does like to have her hair done attractively, especially in the summer-time, and so we offer you this privilege of obtaining from us just the fashionable hair ornaments that are being used in the cities this summer. A Barrette is always useful, almost indispensable in dressing the hair, and the style we illustrate is in popular favor just now. The combination is irresistible as each matches the other. We are prepared to supply the Barrettes and Pins in either Shell or Amber; Shell is the darker and Amber the lighter effect. When ordering state which color you prefer.

Club Offer. Send us only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for a set of three pieces, being the Barrette and two Pins or you may have your choice of a Barrette or two Pins if you will send 25 cents for a yearly subscription to COMFORT and 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

R. D. Riga, N. Dak.—The Methodist clergyman in your town ought to be able to supply the information you want. Have you asked him? If you have no clergyman write to Methodist Book Concern, New York City.

L. H. Lemont, Pa.—Don't know the town address. Write to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. (2) Probably manufactured in small quantities, your salve would not have to be inspected. Still it would be to its credit if it were.

Fansy, Richwoods, Mo.—Suppose you ask your postmaster and you won't forget so soon.

M. H. Churubusco, N. Y.—Sure we know that Elmer E. Brown of California is Commissioner of Education in the Interior Department, and we knew W. T. Harris, the former Commissioner, when he was a teacher in St. Louis, years ago, but if you will recall the inquiry that got our answer, it was in effect that the Commissioner was a Cabinet, not a Bureau, official, and we were inclined to be rather scornful of that sort of knowledge. We are glad that your love of education has stirred you up to read the riot act even to COMFORT's Bureau editor.

B. H. Goodson, Mo.—The following are the state flowers, adopted mostly by vote of the public schools: Alabama, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Golden Rod; Alaska, Forget-me-not; Arkansas and Michigan, Apple Blossom; California, California Poppy; Colorado, Columbine; Connecticut, Mountain Laurel; Delaware, Peach Blossom; Florida, Orange Blossom; Idaho, Syringa; Illinois, Violet; Indiana, Corn; Iowa, Rose; Kansas, Sunflower; Kentucky, Trumpet Flower; Louisiana, Magnolia; Maine, Pine Cone and Tassel; Minnesota, Moccasin; Mississippi, Magnolia; Montana, Bitter Root; New York, Rose; N. Dakota, Wild Rose; Ohio, Scarlet Carnation; Oklahoma, Mistletoe; Oregon, Oregon Grape; Rhode Island, Violet; S. Dakota, Anemone; Texas, Blue Bonnet; Vermont, Red Clover; Washington and West Virginia, Rhododendron. Illinois and Nebraska's state flowers are adopted by act of legislature.

R. U. New Braunfels, Texas.—Write to S. French, No. 108 West 28th St.; Wainer Herman, No. 210 East Houston street, New York City.

Frisco, Carrollton, Ga.—There are practically no restrictions on the mail order man, and none that we know of from the government, though we advise you making definite inquiry before starting. Don't know anything about the party and have no opinion as to the merit of the business for you. You have to work out your own problem.

Elephant, Cresswell, Ala.—Go to see a man in the business and let him tell you whether or not you are what he wants. It is all right if you can get the position.

O. P., Grove City, Ohio.—There is no recipe that we know of which will preserve the natural colors of flowers when dried. Might as well try to preserve the youthful bloom on the cheek of age. There is a method requiring vessels and gauze and sand and stearine and heat and drying which is said to preserve the colors, but its results will not justify the means. Besides, flowers are beautiful because they fade so quickly.

Y. E. M., Muddock, Kans.—Send your pearls to Tiffany & Co., New York City, and they will tell you all about them. Write to them first and get their permission to submit them. If they have been cooked, they will not be worth much unless they are of unusual size and fineness.

T. S., Ballington, Tenn.—The story is of no value now, as a story.

N. F. H., Banning, Pa.—Don't bother with the song. If you have good words sell them direct to a publisher. Get addresses from covers of songs.

Reader, Pierce, S. Dak.—The only way to get positive information of the death of a person is to consult the mortuary records of his last living place. A letter sent to a person's address will come back endorsed by the Postmaster "Dead". If it is known that he is dead, but the authorities don't always know. The police sometimes can give the information.

D. M., Rosalia, Kans.—Write to L. Sanborn, No. 260 Broadway, New York City; also Kibbourne K. M. Co., No. 349 Broadway.

B. Q., Gainesville, Ga.—Try Burrelle Clipping Bureau, Henry Romeke, Clipping Bureau, New York City; Lucie's Press Clippings, 66 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

F. J. J., Iron River, Mich.—Advertise in Detroit papers what you have to sell, if you want to get at the market.

P. S., Trenton, N. J.—Half way between New York and Philadelphia and coming to New York to find out about business firms in those two places? Well, you've got to get a different move on or you never will get there.

E. A. W., Jordan, N. Y.—If you are having so much trouble with home-made paste why not use library paste which you can buy at any stationer's and a dime's worth will last for months? You can't possibly make as good a paste. (2) Salt and soda make such a good remedy for stings and so simple that you may mix it any way you please and make no mistake. Use a little common sense with it.

Sunflower, Peabody, Kans.—Marriage is forbidden between first cousins in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

A. W. S., Chato, Texas.—Such a list can only be had from dealers, though if you would get copies of journals in the tobacco interest you would find many among advertisers.

S. D. M., Vinegar Bend, Ala.—There was such schools in every large town, and we suppose you could find them in Birmingham and Mobile. If you would write to the Superintendent of the City Hospitals in those places stating what you wish to do they would be glad to help you to get into the best place. Your kind of women are needed in remote localities and you should be aided to the full extent in preparing yourself for the work.

A. S., Burdette, Colo.—Weyman's books are easy to get. Try Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

L. M., Orofino, Idaho.—Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

H. A. P., Reading, Pa.—You can get them at any book store in a city of the size of Reading. Have you tried? Try John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, if you can't get them in Reading.

H. H., Yate, Va.—Write to Trow Directory Co., New York City.

L. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—How to make soap that is worth anything is a trade secret and we have not been let into it.

S. J. H., Cookeville, Conn.—Cook book publishing is a special line, and you will have to write to a good many publishers before you find one who will undertake it. We cannot direct you to any. If you undertake the publication yourself, the chances are you would lose money.

A. S., Houston, Texas.—COMFORT confesses to a large ignorance of the legal procedure in Texas to get married. We don't know what man at the courts house to go to, nor what a license will cost, nor whether you can write for one or apply in person for it. Isn't there anybody in Houston who can tell you? Somebody ought to know, because people get married in Houston, don't they?

A. J. M., Spartanburg, S. C.—Write to H. Malkan & Co., No. 42 Broadway, New York City, who will in-

form you of what magazines are published along that line, and will make a special rate.

G. L. C., Delato, Wash.—The copyright of 1871 has expired and there is no copyright unless it has been renewed. You can get information by writing to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

D. K., Freehold, N. J.—Try your own town druggists and if they cannot supply you, ask them to send over to New York for them. Freehold is not remote from civilization.

H. H., Floyd, Pa.—Put an advertisement in Philadelphia papers. Enterprising firms wanting enterprising help look for it in the advertising columns.

L. F., Beaufort, N. C.—Magazines no longer buy travel letters unless they are written by very well-known writers. Now and then a local magazine will want matter descriptive of the state, but only by special arrangement. The Sunday newspapers use more of it, but they, too, want to know about it in advance, so if you want to do any writing in that line, you should see the Sunday editors first. There is a great deal of valuable matter thus going to waste which should be saved.

O. P. S., Escondido, Cal.—The government is so particular about its wine product and the sale of it to Indians that we recommend you to get the best legal advice before doing anything. It may look all right to a man in Maine, but when the government agents begin to close in things won't seem the same. Don't ask advice from us, but from them that knows right on the spot.

Subscriber, Sedgwick, S. Dak.—Music schools, except the more important, do not advertise generally, and we do not know of any in the states near you. Many of them advertise though in local papers and you should find them there. Or the State Superintendent of Education might give you a list. Try him.

M. F. E., Rush Springs, Okla.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City asking if you may submit a pearl which you should describe, and where you found it.

M. E. H., Plattsburg, Mo.—Your violin is hardly a genuine Strad, but it may be a very good violin of the fraudulent make so frequent all over the country. Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, about it.

R. M. C., Reliance, Tenn.—Write to State Geologist at Nashville and at Raleigh. No such official may exist, but the letter will reach the proper official. Or you might write to the Geological Department, State University, at Knoxville, Tenn., and at Chapel Hill, N. C. As a rule no charge is made for analysis or examination of native material.

G. A. McQ., Conway, Ark.—Nothing doing, we fear, in getting a free cycle or auto to tour Europe with. Neither is there sale for matter written on such tours, too many doing it and supplying their own material.

T. E. H., Winder, Ga.—Try Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Brentano, New York; Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and we think you will get from one of them the book you want. Try H. Malkan & Co., 42 Broadway, New York, for the book at second hand.

W. J. D., Chapel Hill, Texas.—Marriage is legal between whites and negroes in all of the Eastern states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and most of the northwestern states.

Subscriber, Boise, Idaho.—There are hundreds of music schools in this country, most of them good. Look in the current magazines for their advertisements.

G. J. M., Wapanucka, Okla.—Names of postmasters are not necessary. Send your communication to the postmaster at each office. There is only one at each office.

H. H., Benloe, Ky.—Only a judge of rare prints can give you satisfactory information. Submit description to Thompson-Pitt Co., No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City.

J. A. F., Honaker, Va.—Write to Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va.

F. P., Bentonville, Ark.—King Alphonso XIII, of Spain was born May 17th, 1886, about six months after the death of his father. He married Princess Eugenie Victoria, daughter of Princess Beatrice Battemberg, youngest sister of the late King Edward. They had two children at last accounts, we believe.

A. F. S., Vesta, Neb.—Any of the publishers of books that you know anything about are reliable enough to handle your story. The question of more importance to you to find one who wants to handle it. The only way for you to place a story is to send it to publishers in succession until one is found who will buy. We do not give you a list because if you don't know a half or dozen or more to begin with, you are hardly sufficiently informed to be writing a story.

S. B., Newbern, Tenn.—See answer above to R. M. C., Reliance, Tenn.

X. Y. Z., Jonesville, Va.—Talk to a Catholic priest and he will tell you more about convents and Sisters' work than we could tell you in a year.

C. H., Sioux Rapids, Ia.—The drawing is about like the average of a boy in school, and looks as though it were a careful copy. At least it shows no originality of design. Just what a thorough teacher could do with him can only be known after trial. We think we would give him a year's training and see what improvement he makes. A boy of sixteen should show the signs of a real artist. Unless he shows originality in his work, don't keep him at it after a year. He can never be a good illustrator unless he has that.

D. S., Marquette, Mich.—You should have learned by this time that your poetry has received that it is not what editors want, and we may say that we are not surprised that they don't want it. We advise you to stop writing and for the next five years devote yourself to a study of the great poets. You may not learn how to write as they did, but you will know the difference between theirs and yours.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Tired Mothers

The poem "Tired Mothers" by May Elley Smith is sent in by Mrs. Sarah Green, 157 Bleeker St., Gloversville, N. Y.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight—
You do not prize this blessing overmuch:
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today;
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This living tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns,
Or that the footprints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My slanging bridle from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Requests

Clara E. Hess, New Florence, R. 4, Box 27, Pa., sends "The Musician and His Harp."

Mrs. Ida Bell, Center Jct., Iowa, letters on August 11th.

W. Russell, Peach Orchard, Box 43, Ark., song written regarding the incident of Bob Ford killing Jesse James.

Mrs. A. D. Settle, 615 Campson St., Houston, Texas, sends "Falling Leaves" and "The Moneyless Man," sent direct to her.

Mrs. Margaret L. Zeller, Bethel, Pa., letters, satin and silk scraps.

Mrs. J. E. Buell, Guttenberg, Iowa, correspond with sisters where wintergreen grows.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

Sent Prepaid on Free Trial

SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES THIS MONTH.

Let me send you this 17 - Jewel Elgin

G. M. Wheeler 12 or 16 size
Thin Model at our Bed-Rock
WHOLESALE PRICE ON APPROVAL

NO MONEY DOWN

P. S. HARRIS, Pres. Harris-Coar Co.
The House that sells more Elgin Watches than any other firm in the world.

It's the one watch without an equal—the kind you have always admired—adjusted to Three Positions, Temperature and Isochronism—finely finished and fitted in a Double Strata Gold case, Hand Engraved and GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

You Assume No Risk Whatever in dealing with us because before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking and if it suits, you may pay cash or take advantage of our Easy Payment Plan ranging from \$5.00 a month down to

We Ask No Security and No Interest—just plain honesty among men. Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages are, we will trust you, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a High-Grade Elgin watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH CATALOG. It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we sell Elgin 12-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Watches everywhere on Free Trial without security or one cent deposit. Positively GUARANTEED TO PASS ANY RAILROAD INSPECTION.

HARRIS-COAR COMPANY, 1314 Walnut Street, KANSAS CITY, MO.

\$2.00 a Month

Miss Lillian A. Edwards, Cheyenne Wells, Box 181, Colo., correspond with girls of own age, sixteen years.

Miss Lena Schultz, Forestville, E. E. 2, Box 87, Wis., samples of crochets lace.

Mrs. Annie Auten, Ramer, E. R. 1, Tenn., squares of calico, eight by eight, and letters for August.

Mrs. Amanda Abright, Orwigburg, Pa., letters.

Mrs. M. E. Matthews, Bristolville, E. R. 1, Box 27, Ohio, song, "Challenges between the Blue and the Gray," and poem "Whistling in Heaven"; also "The Mother's plea for her Son at the Bar of Justice."

Mrs. F. H. Little, Lisbon, N. H., how to make an inexpensive twenty-two gallon summer drink for harvesters in cask; also how to clean cider cask for corn. How to rid plouzas of ants and how to can corn, sent direct to her.

Jos. L. Cahoon, Opelousas, La., recipe for making penny butter.

Mrs. Lena Ingalls, 513 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill., seventy years old, reading matter.

Mrs. Laura Holloway, Holden, E. R. 20, Mo., cards on twentieth anniversary, Sept. 1st.

Mrs. W. B. Lancaster, Hardgrove, Mich., letter shover on birthday, Oct. 18.

Mrs. Melvin Surine, Akron, E. R. 2, Tuscola, Co., Mich., how to clean hat with white of egg.

Mrs. Lillie Smith, McWhorter, Ky., letters in August.

Mrs. Genie Bomar, Covington, Mo., reading matter.

Mrs. E. W. Norman, Rocky, Washita Co., Okla., letters from Western Washington sisters.

Mary Hicks, Covington, Ark., how to keep weevils from destroying seed beans.

Jessie Sherry, Eaton, Ind., postal shower.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I wish to thank the sisters for the many sweet letters of condolence I've received from them in answer to my letter published in the March COMFORT. I heartily appreciate each one of them and will answer as many as I can. I wish the sisters to know that their letters have been a great help to me, and I feel sure that God will bless each one of them for their kindness in writing such splendid letters to an unknown, sorrowing mother. I wish also to thank those who sent me literature and beautiful poetry, all of which I read and enjoyed. May God bless Uncle Charlie in his good work and may he live to write many more such good sermons and the one in April number on "Christ the Risen Lord." Best wishes to all. Mrs. FANNIE HENLEY, Whiteville, R. 4, Tenn.

Mrs. Birdie Welland, Perryville, R. 6, Box 77, Mo., thanks all who remembered her and regrets being unable to answer all.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your request in the Missing Relatives and Friends column, enclose a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 15-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Mrs. Elizabeth Meisner, Stroud, R. 1, Box 28, Okla., anxious for information of sister and brother-in-law, Martha and Herman Mayer. Last heard from were in Pueblo, Colo.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of my daughter, Mrs. Arlio Lupo, please write me at once and oblige, Mrs. Anna Martin, Henderson, W. Va.

Mrs. M. R. Robert E. Irwin, last heard of were in Los Angeles, Cal., June 28th, 1908. Any information will be appreciated by her mother; Mrs. W. C. Misner, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Mrs. Cora Doffmeyer, last heard of at Denver, Colo., please notify Mrs. O. J. Ruck, Turley, La., E. R. 1, N. Dak.

Address wanted of my brother Sydney Smith, Englishman, age twenty-three years. Last heard from in Texas. Mrs. Christy, Niagara, N. Dak.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to acquire cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent six-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Charles Ballou, Fort Caswell, 31st Co., C. A. C., Southport P. O., N. C. Mervin Vaughn, Dexter, R. R. 1, Mo. Miss Louisa Rippeil, Toledo, E. R. 8, Box 59, Ohio. N. L. Robertson, Boone, Box 85, Station A, Iowa. Mr. Christ Beingsesser, Fresno, R. R. 3, Ohio. Miss Cora Campbell, 1020 East Dela Guerra St., Santa Barbara, Cal. Gen. del. Miss Glenn Bates, Three Rivers, E. R. 2, Mich. Mrs. J. Schab, 880 Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill. Mrs. H. A. Winn, Sycamore, Ill. Colored buildings and scenes. Miss Edith Armstrong, Dexter City, E. R. 2, Box 11, Ohio. Miss Sally Howland, Dexter City, E. R. 2, Box 12, Ohio. Nettie Floppel, Cunningham, Wash. Capitols preferred. Grover P. Schmitt, Salem, E. R. 2, Box 86, Oregon. Arthur Godfrey, Hamilton, Iowa. Fred Bottemiller, Ridgefield, E. R. 2, Box 84, Wash. Vickie May Lewis, Red Oak, E. R. 1, Ga. Michael Salt, Summer Lake, Oregon. Miss Edith Sickles, 1610 South 6th St., Moonmouth, Ill. Buildings and scenery preferred. Miss Anna Tramm, R. 1, Box 31, Henryville, Pa. J. L. Wood, Ward, Fla. Miss Mabel Mariette, Spokane, E. R. 1, Wash. No comic or view cards. Dave Harding, Kenton town, Ky. Zona Hill, Welch Station, Tenn. Miss Frances Nelson, Mitchell, Box 45, Oregon. Jack Gallagher, 2627 Saint Paul Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Dora Adamson, Rosford, R. R. 2, Box 42, Ind. Mr. Otto Riegler, 1715 Natalie Ave., East Sweet Louis, Ill. Walter L. Cottrell, Gresh, Wyo. Care Haynes Ranch, Mr. Curtis Coffman, New Hope, Ark. Runice Fraser, Rushville, Mo. Miss Minnie Weber, Mount Calvary, Wis. Lottie Yule, Post Falls, Idaho. Esther Bean, 119 N. Davis St., Ottumwa, Iowa. No comics. Miss Ruby Whipple, Sidney, E. R. 2, Iowa. No comic cards. Margaret East, Wagon, E. R. 3, Box 24, Wis. Mrs. Archie Allen, 1008 Fulton Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Miss Lila M. Hams, Mueksburg, E. R. 1, Box 126, Iowa. Colored postals and scenery preferred. Miss May Roswell, Heron, Box 648, Ill. Miss Etta R. Hastings, No. 909 Middle St., Portsmouth, Va. Miss Signe Norback, Elk Park, Mont. Miss Vera Brown, Stevens, Pa. Miss Bessie Holman, 930 Ellison Ave., Louisville, Ky. Mr. Paul Purdie, Washington, Kans. Miss Katherine Kiehe, 1522 Grand St., Muscatine, Iowa. No comics. Miss Charleen Harvey, Volga, Box 118, Iowa. No comics. Cyrus Liles, Little York, Ill. No comics.

Beautiful Silk Remnants

Large Boxes of Lovely Silk Remnants for Crazy Patchwork. Not little stinky packages, but Big Boxes, containing the Grandest Assortment you ever saw. Taffeta, Poulards, Surahs, and other kinds of beautiful silks that originally cost \$1 to \$2 a yard. Every box guaranteed to please or money refunded. 100 New Stitches Free with each order.

PRICE, 25c. PER BOX.
3 Boxes 65c. All goods postpaid. 5 Boxes \$1.
JOSEPH DOYLE & CO., Dept. 87, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

KOSINE

The Marvelous New Discovery for the Cure of Epilepsy or Fits.

A large bottle of Kosine will be sent absolutely free by writing to The Kosine Company, 210 Kosine Building, Washington, D. C.

RUPTURE FREE CURE

No operation, pain, danger or trusses from work. No return of rupture or further use of trusses; a radical cure in every case, old or young. Trial treatment free to all. It will cost you nothing to try this famous method. Don't wait, write today.

Dr. W. S. RICE, 1039 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

DIABETES CURED.

For particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to C. COVEY, R. D. 5, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

AGENTS sell our Beautiful Floral Motives, and other Pictures. Easy sales, large profits. Express paid. Frank M. Shilling Co. Navarre, Ohio.

OXYPATHY \$21.500, by 1 mgr. in 3 yrs. \$7,000. by another in 1 y. A machine does the work. Nat. Oxygen the Agent, Free Book. W. Oxygester Co., Des Moines, Ia.

\$25 WEEKLY

and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. Emery, #412, CHICAGO, ILL.

TUBERCULOSIS.

How Cured. New Discovery. Write NORWEGIAN CURE Co., Block 3, Rochester, N. Y., for free sample and booklet.

Your Fortune Told

Post and future, love, marriage, business, etc. Send birthdate and 6c. Cha. D. Gony, Box 106, Longport, P. O.

12 Beautiful Colored Flower Post Cards

Your name or town greetings in gold on each. United States Art. 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

Free To Women

A CATALOGUE OF RUBBER AND TOILET NECESSITIES. Send 2c. stamp. FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE, 9. C. 60 Wabash, Chicago.

PILES

Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Actual Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the \$1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this fine 10c gold filled heavy band ring, the cheap kind. Address R. F. WINTER, 322 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

FREE A Stylish Skirt

Well cut and well made for summer wear is what you are looking for. Made from the new beautifully finished heavy cotton material which will be so fashionable this season. As illustrated, it is cut in even gars with inverted pleat at center back, closing at left side front and trimmed with twelve large white pearl buttons. A three-inch wide band of same material and a deep hem finishes a skirt that every woman finds practical and necessary to her comfort in warm weather. You will be pleased with the appearance of this ideal skirt—waist skirt, made up in either white, tan, light or dark blue. With a white one for dressy wear, and a colored one for home service, you will be equipped for a variety of occasions. Now is the time to begin, taking advantage of this very unusual offer, because you cannot afford to let this warm weather and you without one or more of these skirts. Neither can you afford the time and cost material, when for six years each, one of these skirts will be sent you free. With your order send us your correct waist measure plainly stated.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies Don't Submit! TO AN OPERATION UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED Magnolia Blossom



Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box C, South Bend, Indiana



GOLD SIGNET RING FREE

Send your name and address for 12 packages of finest silk and gold Post Cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the \$1.50 when collected and we send you this beautiful Signet Ring, warranted heavy gold finish, very stylish, not the cheap kind. SIGNET RING CO., Dept. 18 TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue. by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price \$2.00. **DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY** 1105 Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tennessee Boy, Manchester, Tenn.—What is good for a girl who is just like a dead person when you kiss her is not to kiss her. Find a live one. (2) Some girls have very proper notions about kissing and this one who says she loves you well enough to kiss you, but won't, seems to be that kind. Look here, now, Boy, don't you have more respect for a girl who will not be kissed than for one who will? If you don't, it is time you were learning something.

Two School Girls, Fostoria, Minn.—Two girls of sixteen and seventeen might receive their young men callers in their room very properly, but gossips will have less to say if they do not. And gossip you know is awful. (2) You may decline the escort of one young man and accept another but you must have a good reason for it.

Eastern Girl, New Wilmington, Pa.—Don't let him put his arm on the back of the sleigh or buggy unless you are willing to take the risk of it getting somewhere else. (2) If the return from the drive is not late, you might invite him into the house.

H. J., Goshen, Ind.—Possibly her interest in the young man is only friendly and when he needs her assistance no longer she will let him go. You will have to wait and see. If she continues to have him around, it is not a fair guess to say that she is more than friendly. In that case, you will simply have to ask her to choose which of you she prefers, and if you lose, take your loss like a good sport and wish her joy. That's the sensible thing to do. You should wait till you are at least twenty-five before marrying anyhow. Just now you are not old enough to know the first principles of marriage and if the girl is wise she will marry no kid of twenty, no matter how much he thinks he loves her.

E. J., Pingree, N. Dak.—A girl is of legal age to marry in North Dakota when she is eighteen.

Gold Curl, Knight, Texas.—Thank the young man after the dance if you want to, but it is more pleasing to him to say that you enjoyed it. (2) We think it would be proper to remind the young man that he had the next dance with you if he showed signs of forgetting, and you hadn't another partner in sight. If you had though, and the other was forgetful, then to dance with him would be real fun, and let the other sit it out with his own thoughts.

M. K., Rochester, N. Y.—Cards are not usually left when making friendly calls, that is neighborhood calls. (2) An engaged young man may escort ladies home from anywhere he may meet them if they need escorts, and his own girl is not there to claim his service. He should not go to places though just to take ladies home. (3) If you wanted him to call you should have asked him when you asked the ladies on whom he was calling. Still you need not have done so.

M. D. M., Savannah, Ga.—"R. S. V. P." in the corner of an invitation are the initials of the French "Repondez a l'invitation," and mean answer if you please. It is used on nearly all cards of invitation. You see therefore that you are rather mistaken when you say: "I know it is some silly foolishness, but I

don't know just what it means." Savannah society should get after you.

Bluebell, Eaton, Okla.—It isn't necessary to say anything to your escort who thanks you for the dance, but you might tell him you enjoyed it. The girl doesn't say anything when he offers to lead her to a seat—she goes, but she can say anything she pleases on the way. If she doesn't want to take him, she may decline to go, or she may walk off in another direction.

Snowbound, Scranton, N. Dak.—If the young man has sent his card to the girl and has had no acknowledgment, he may ask her when he sees her if she received it. It would be safer for him to tell her he had sent it to her. Cards sometimes are loaded. If she makes no satisfactory reply, it is up to him to say no more.

Honey Girl, Carthage, S. Dak.—Accept his company in the simplest and most natural way you know how. There are no rules for steady company. (2) Usually you want to know the young man who offers to act as your escort, though if you know who he is, it doesn't make any difference. (2) Our opinion is that an eighteen-year-old girl, had better wait twenty years before marrying a widower with six children. By that time they will be out of the way.

Dorothy, Rosedale, Kans.—When anyone says he is pleased to meet you on introductory you may say "Thank you," or "I am also very glad to meet you." But don't say it as if you had read it out of a book. The thing to say on occasions of this kind is whatever you think will be most pleasing. Think up something yourself.

M. H. Q., Lebanon, Kans.—Having made your engagement to call for the lady at a fixed hour, it is the place of either of you to go to it as soon as you arrive and she is ready. Etiquette does not expect each of you to sit there looking at each other waiting the proper turn of the one to say it was time to go. There are times when etiquette trusts a little to the plain, practical sense of its victims.

F. G. Q. V., Plainview, Minn.—It is not improper for a young man to sit in a girl's lap when the carriage is over-crowded, but it is more comfortable for her to sit in his lap unless she is twice as big as he is. (2) You find out how you can get rid of an undesirable young man without provoking his resentment and let us know. There's a million people would like for us to tell them how it can be done.

Margaret, Parmot, Ind.—To desert your half way home because he found out you had come with another escort, is something no gentleman would have done, even if you had been perfectly frank with him before you started. Possibly each of you owes the other an explanation if not an apology.

Mabel, Beardstown, Ill.—He should call and take you to the club entertainment if you invite him as your guest, unless it is understood that you extend several invitations merely to attend the entertainment and have your own means of reaching it. Such invitations are quite frequent and are proper.

Camille, Palmyra, Ill.—Having invited all in the house to visit you, it would be as little as you could do to invite the young man with the other. Gossip need not make you impolite. (2) If the girl cares very much for him she may let him direct her along his ways. If not, she should be independent enough to have a mind of her own. Many times though a young man's merely friendly advice is valuable to a girl.

Polly, Weadock, Mich.—Etiquette is not so much in the count as common sense in dictating that the lady walk to the man's left, leaving his right free. Common sense rules don't vary much. Places at table are usually arranged by the hostess, and she tries not to have two of the same sex together.

Reader, Chicago, Ill.—If you only go to the drug store where he works in business it is all right, but you mustn't go there too often. To go there simply to see him is unduly like and you may cause him to lose his job. Love making should not be carried on during business hours.

Rosy Cheeks, Fountain City, Wis.—Etiquette recognizes no action as proper for a girl of fifteen without her parents' consent. Put that down where you will see it every time you want to know what is good manners and good morals.

M. R., Marengo, Ill.—Go ahead and marry him if you want to have a drunkard for a husband. He has broken his promise to you more than once about letting liquor alone, and if he does that as your sweetheart, do you think he will keep his promise as your husband? Try it and find out for yourself.

O. C. A., Dickson, Tenn.—Strikes a girl must be mighty hard up to get a husband who will marry her second cousin who is two years younger than she is, and he is now only eighteen. If you want to marry that kind of a girl, it is up to you. (2) Whether it is right or not, for a young fellow to kiss his girl when he tells her good night he is mighty sure to do it. What is the use of telling you not to?

Turkey, Beaulieu, N. C.—Take him back, of course. You loved him first and why not love him some more. The fact that you love another doesn't count. Girls of your age love the whole wide world, so they do.

Pansy, Knoxville, Tenn.—It was quite right of you to call the clerk's attention to the shortage in his charge of fifteen cents. But as the proprietor of the store laughed at you for being so particular, we would never again correct an error in his place, even if it were for a hundred dollars. As for your question you had a sneaking notion for that clerk, and that was why you handed back the fifteen cents. He is a mean old thing and ought to lose next time.

Green Grass, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Thank the man for asking to go home with you, and go along with him. Or you may just tell him yes, you will go. Etiquette isn't very particular. Thank him also for the ice cream, but not formally. Let him see you enjoy it, that is enough.

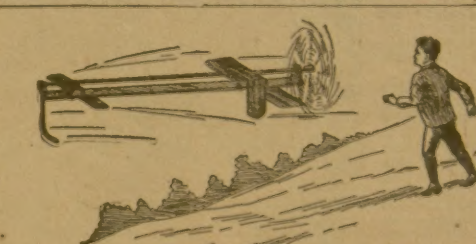
Anxious, Big Sandy, Tenn.—You ought to have learned by two years of effort that the girl doesn't want to marry. If you don't want to marry, tell another man, then you will take up to the fact that you have foolishly wasted a lot of valuable time. Why the dickens do you want the girl if she doesn't want you?

R. R. Boy, Carrollton, Ga.—Marry her for love's sake and let the business go glimmering. If she has no constitutional trouble how do you know that her health will not come to her and she will live to nurse you through your last illness? We don't think you have the good, strong stuff in you that a real husband should have, but maybe she will make a man of you. Try her.

Little Jane, Franklin, Va.—We rather think it would not look well for girls to go into a soft drinks bar and drink with the men. The drinks may not be as hurtful as hard drinks, but the appearance is the same, and we are taught to avoid the appearance of evil. Besides a bar is a rank, coarse sort of a place not fit for a woman to be in.

Nobody, Austin, Texas.—That she is twenty-four and you are twenty is not a very strong argument against marriage if you love each other right. The very fact that you stop to ask us if we think you should marry her indicates your doubt. What difference should it make to you what we think if you love her and want to marry her? One thing to be considered, though, is what will become of her old parents if you take her away from them? Have you thought of that?

Black Eyes, Salinas, Okla.—Usually he should give her an engagement ring pretty soon after they become engaged, unless there is some good reason why they don't want it made known. (2) The engagement ring comes off when they marry and the wedding ring takes its place. There isn't any engagement ring.



Something absolutely new. FLYING MONOPLANE. Latest and most fascinating sport.—Everybody interested. Elmer B. Crofton, the inventor of the first Bleriot flew across the English Channel next Curtis flew from Albany to New York for a \$10,000 prize. Hamilton followed him by flying to Philadelphia and back from New York for a \$5,000 prize.—The Wright Bros., Harmon, Boynton, Wilcox, are all very rapidly improving upon previous achievements. All the boys in the New York City and Brooklyn Schools are organizing Aero Clubs. The expert who is furnishing these schools with planes and materials has made up a Special Model which will fly 150 feet that will give you no end of fun and recreation this vacation. We will send you this Flying Machine, all charges prepaid, if you will answer this advertisement at once and dispose of 24 of our Famous Novelty at 10 cts. each on our New Easy Plan. Return the \$2.40 you receive and this remarkable Flying Machine, the only one like it in this country, will be sent to you absolutely free.

M. E. CROFTON, Mgr., 672 West 43d St., New York

How to Get Fat Free

Home Treatment Which Works Wonders in Making Scrawny, Undeveloped Men and Women Plump and Attractive.

50c. Box Free to Any Reader

Thin persons, particularly those from ten to thirty pounds under weight, will be interested to learn of a marvelous discovery which puts on flesh at the rate of a pound a day in many instances rounds out the figure and makes thin folks fat up even if they have been scrawny for years.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible!" Put this new treatment to the test. The test is free (see coupon below), and surely the test will tell. It is no sign that



"I was just as thin as you are before I tried Sargol."

you must remain skinny and under weight the rest of your life even if you have vainly tried every "fattener" you ever heard of.

This new discovery calls for no diet "stunts," no detention from business. You go about as usual, eat what you like. It is harmless to the most delicate system and contains no oils, emulsions, nor alcohol. Just a concentrated tablet which can be taken privately. Your nearest friends need not know that you are doing until you astonish them with a visible and pleasing increase in weight.

Excessive thinness is very mortifying. Thin men never look like "real money." They are pushed aside in the race for success. Bony women are seldom very popular. Dress will not hide skin and bones. All men admire fine figures. Take Sargol and get out of the featherweight class. Mail the coupon to-day. Send your name and full address to The Sargol Co., 12-W Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. They will send at once the 50-cent package of Sargol and will write and show you why you have remained thin, and how Sargol puts on firm flesh in a natural way. There is no longer any necessity for you to remain skinny and ill developed.

FREE COUPON.

This certificate entitles the holder to one fifty-cent package of Sargol. The home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Please inclose 10 cents to help pay distribution expenses.

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except by name, after the wedding, and it may be worn as an ordinary ring.

Emma J. Aldrich, Fitzgerald, Ga., would like to hear from "Worried, Little Falls, Wis.," appearing in this department in May issue.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind your pen, a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

GALL STONES or any LIVER DISEASE Write me ALL about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address ED. C. COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerino Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurotic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. F. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

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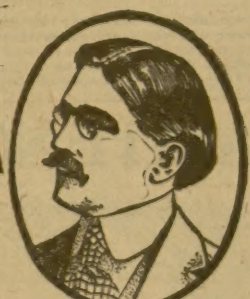
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I Guarantee to Cure



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It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.



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I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc. SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

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I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It could not be sold this way.

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I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

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Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

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Yours truly,
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Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.



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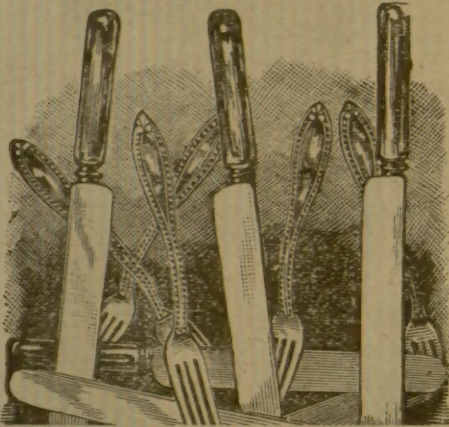
Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Five New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what one needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$5.00 to \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 5 trial yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each to COMFORT, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 5 trial yearly subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 12 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each. COMFORT goes to the subscriber each month and the Curtains to you.

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Tableware in Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of six Knives and six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

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EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. On this set, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

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as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH

For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps near perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

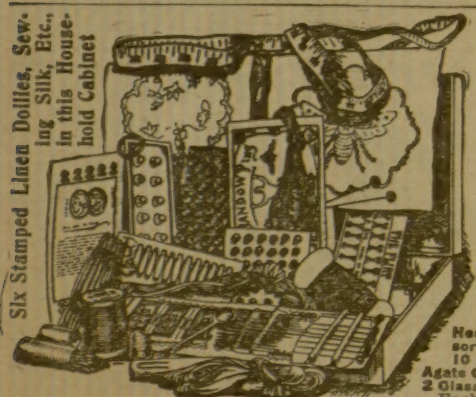


Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuckles. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 8 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer. THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

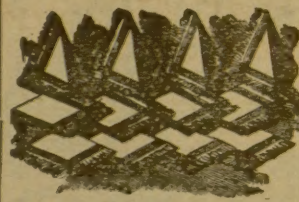
Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

MORE STILL. we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herwig-bone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a **SPECIAL OFFER**? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TABLE NAPKINS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these superior quality napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby's First Ring

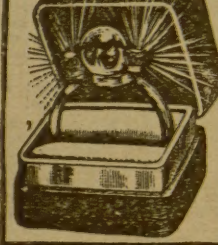
The Little Darling Surely Wants One Now

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the patronage. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cushioned plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS

YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR

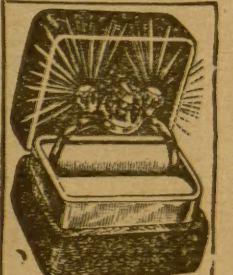


Opal.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.



Emerald.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

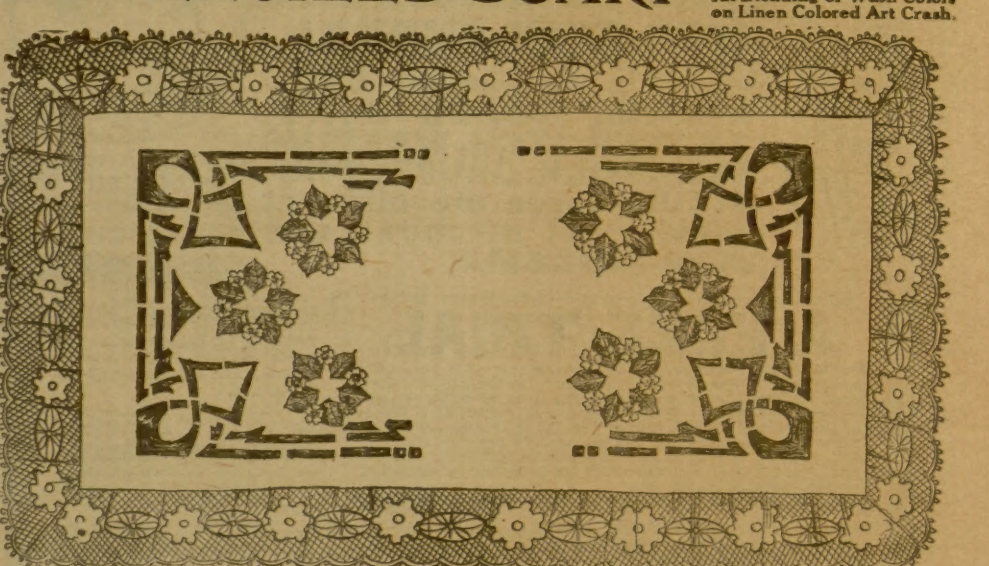
Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. **Club Offer.** Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, amounting to 30 cents, for one of these beautiful Bracelets free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A STENCILED SCARF

Thirty-nine Inches Long by Seventeen Wide in a Beautiful Blending of Wash Colors on Linen Colored Art Crash.



Designed for use on a table, bureau or sideboard, and by cutting through the center you have two handsome tidies for the easy chair. It may be finished with a neat hem, a coarse lace edge or beading, and wherever you place this exquisite piece of stenciling you are sure to be pleased with the effect. **Do not miss having one of these handsome, useful Scarfs,** and for two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will mail you one free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DOUBLE-DECK COOKER AND BAKER

For Gasoline, Kerosene, Coal, Oil or Gas

Cuts fuel expense in half, keeps right on saving fuel as long as you use it and you would not part with it once you give it a trial.

SAVES TIME AND LABOR

One half your time is also saved and you can begin cooking meal one hour before mealtime, instead of two hours, as each flame cooks two dishes at one time.

CONSERVES ALL THE HEAT

KEEPS KITCHEN COOL

Your kitchen, instead of being heated to suffocation, remains cool, as the Kooker-baker conserves all the heat for cooking or iron heating where it is needed, instead of letting gas escape and become wasted in the room and increase your fuel bills. For boarding houses or restaurants the Kooker-baker is ideal.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPERS

having one burner gas, gasoline or oil stoves can do all their cooking, baking and ironing with the Kooker-baker. Many women think they can't afford to iron all day with gas. Try the Kooker-baker and you will never resort to a coal or wood stove for ironing. While your irons are heating the old-fashioned way, more heat is being wasted than is being used. With the Kooker-baker your irons heat in half the time because they are covered up (see picture) and the heat goes under, around and over them, forcing its way upward through the holes in the top of Kooker-baker and is again used to cook a vegetable or pot roast at the same time it heats the irons.

IRONING DAY MADE EASY WITH GAS BILLS CUT IN TWO

Cook Your Luncheon with the Same Burner that Heats Your Irons

The smooth plate that holds the irons keeps them from direct contact with the blaze and becoming gummy and dirty. Use three irons at a time, as two are heating while you iron with the third. Many ladies say they would have our Kooker-baker even if it did nothing but keep the irons clean. They don't even need wax nor wiping off. All the cooking utensils you use will be bright and clean, as none of them ever come in direct contact with the blaze. Kooker-bakers are substantially made of heavy sheet steel with a bright finish. With each we include complete instructions how to use successfully as well as two extra Asbestos Heat Saving Pads and a steel wire mat or stand, all free.

For a club of only Eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a Kooker-baker by express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE



ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS for club subs. to COMFORT at these liberal terms

Club Offer. Send 2 trial 10c 5 months subscriptions to COMFORT amounting to 20c or one new 6 months trial subscription to COMFORT with 25c, and secure one of these 50 card albums. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold foil, birthday and sentiment greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will find a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastily arranged manner for exhibition.



Stamped Material for a Pair of Pillow-Cases

Each Pillow-case 22 inches wide and 36 inches long, full size. You have only to sew up the sides, embroider the Eyelet design on one side, and the scallop edge all around. Very neat, easy pattern to do. This is a new 1910 idea and will appeal to all who like the dainty new ideas for their homes. This is a very attractive offer because we actually give more material in this set than any other, over two yards of material a yard and a quarter wide.

Send us four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for a set of designed, stamped Pillow-cases, cut out and all ready for you to embroider and sew up.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Extra Heavy Silver Plated Spoons

Engraved Handles

Polished Bowls

This new design and pattern in spoons has been called the new COMFORT assortment. Each Spoon is EXTRA HEAVY, full standard length, the bowl is EXTRA DEEP, the embossed and engraved handles are finished with the effective frosted finish now so much preferred, also it greatly enhances the appearance of the embossing. The heavy embossed design, in relief, extends entire length of handle on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions these Spoons embody every requirement; they will withstand constant use, yet they are so delightfully attractive they will materially dress up any DINING-ROOM TABLE. Each Spoon is made up of a GOOD GRADE METAL and SILVER PLATE is quadruple, the bowl is bright polished and the handle finished in the rich frosted effect, a combination at once in accord with the very highest priced STERLING SILVER.

You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more Tea Spoons, especially such very Beautiful Spoons as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly people's mail subscriber, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

Have you heard about COMFORT's beautiful 1910 ART CALENDAR? Probably not; it is new and we are just distributing them.

The ten color lithographic calendar design is a reproduction of an artistic painting exclusively designed for COMFORT and portrays a subject from life and a cute question is asked. A grand array of \$125.00 in GOLD COIN prizes are offered for the best answers. You may be a prize winner through this happy opportunity to secure a Calendar Free in connection with this special Spoon club offer.

Club Offer. As a special inducement to have you send now for a set of SIX OF THESE SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS we will send them FREE and post-paid for only SIX TRIAL FIVE-MONTHS TEN-CENT subscribers to COMFORT, or a DOZEN TEA SPOONS for only FOUR YEARLY 25-cent subscribers and a Calendar will be mailed to you and to each subscriber, becoming so through this announcement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE BEST BOOKS FREE

Cloth Bound

THE WORKS OF THE POPULAR AUTHORS ABOVE MENTIONED, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and durable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and varies in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

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Thelma
Vendetta
Wormwood

Augusta J. Evans
Beniah
Inas
Macaria

Charlotte M. Braeme
Belle of Lynn
Broken Wedding Ring, The
Dora Thorne

T. S. Arthur
Ten Nights in a Bar Room
Mrs. Henry Wood
East Lynne
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Uncle Tom's Cabin
Emma E. D. E. N. Southworth
Changed Brides
Bride's Fate, Sequel to Changed Brides
Inhamed
Mystery of Dark Hollow
Self Raised, Sequel to Inhamed
Tried for Her Life
Allworth Abbey
Charles Wagner
Simple Life
Horatio Alger, Jr.
Adrift in New York
Andy Gordon

Andy Grant's Plick
Bob Burton
Bound to Rise
Brave and Bold
Do and Dare
Driven from Home
Erie Train Boy
Facing the World
Hobart Carter's Legacy
Helping Himself
In a New World
Jack's Ward
Jed, the Poor House Boy
Joe's Luck
Luke Walton
Making His Way
Mark Mason's Victory
Paul, the Peddler
Paul, the Fiddler
Risen from the Banks
Sink or Swim
Slow and Sure
Store Boy, The
Strive and Succeed
Struggling Upward
Toss, the Bootblack
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Evangeline
First Violin
Flower Fables
Grimm's Fairy Tales
Hardy Horseman
Ivanhoe
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John Halifax
Lady of the Lake
Lampbrush
Last of the Mohicans
Last Days of Pompeii
Little Minister
Longfellow's Poems
Marble Faun, The
Mischance
Moss Side

Thorns and Orange Blossoms
Thrown on the World
Which Loved Him Best
Wife in Name Only

Mary J. Holmes
Aikenade
Bad Hugh
Cousin Maude

Ninety-three
Not Like Other Girls
Oliver Twist
Our Beasts
Phantom Rickshaw
Pilgrim's Progress
Robert Hardy's Seven Days
Robinson Crusoe
The Scarlet Letter
Spy, The
Stepping Heavenward
Swiss Family Robinson
Tale of Two Cities
Tom Brown's School Days
Vanity Fair
Wide, Wide World
Wen by Walling
With Lee in Virginia

The Laurel Series
Alty Fairy Litan
Arandel Motte, The
Awakening of Mary Fenwick
Donovan
For Lillian
Gold Elsie
Herriot's Choice
In the Golden Days
Lady of the Rabies

Darkness and Daylight
Dora Deane
Edith Lynn's Secret
English Orphans
Ethelyn's Mistake
Family Pride
Homecoming on the Hillside
Hugh Worthington
Leighton Homestead, The

Mary St. John
Minister's Wooling, The
Mohawks, The
My Guardian
Old Man's Secret
Old Middleton's Money
Only the Governor
Queen's Whim
Second Wife, The
Under Two Flags
We Two

The Oxford Series
Arabian Nights Entertainments
Cast Up by the Sea
Christmas Stories
Daniel Boone, Life of
David Crockett, Life of
Deerslayer, The
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Grandfather's Chair
Green Mountain Boys
Gulliver's Travels
House of the Seven Gables
Kidnapped
Kit Carson, Life of
Patriarch, The
Samantha at Saratoga
Sketch Book, The

Embroidered Linen Belt.

A Handsome, Stylish, Ladies' Embroidered Wash Belt with Buckle.

The illustration represents the embroidered pattern, also conveys an idea of the width and style of the Belt. To wear with this Summer dresses or indoors, a Linen Belt is correct. They are light, cool and very stylish, are extremely serviceable, can be laundered time and time again, are made in all sizes and each size is adjustable to one inch longer or shorter than its measurement. You could not purchase the material, procure the stamped pattern, and time again, add the Buckle at much less than one dollar, yet we are enabled to present you free of cost for a small subscription club because we purchase all our premiums in the New York Import Market at the very lowest prices.

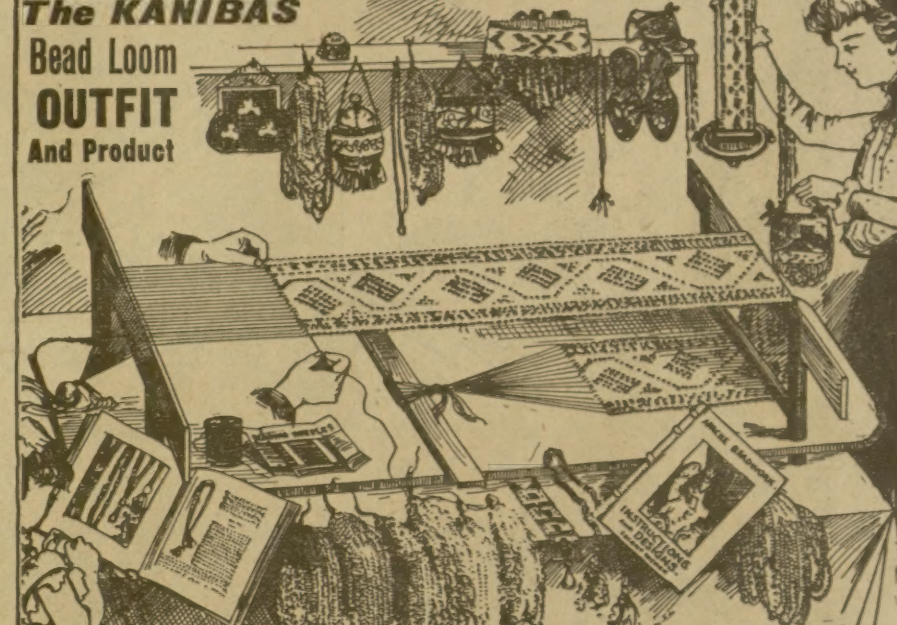
Club Offer. Send us only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one Embroidered Belt. State waist measure when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOR WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS Bead Loom OUTFIT And Product



Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needle. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The Outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 3 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 2 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Sewing Snap for chain, 1 Spoon Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadworker of Instruction and Design. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles, in fact the entire outfit above described absolutely Free. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead Instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braem, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and durable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and varies in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

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Swiss Family Robinson
Tale of Two Cities
Tom Brown's School Days
Vanity Fair
Wide, Wide World
Wen by Walling
With Lee in Virginia

The Laurel Series
Alty Fairy Litan
Arandel Motte, The
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Donovan
For Lillian
Gold Elsie
Herriot's Choice
In the Golden Days
Lady of the Rabies

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Dora Deane
Edith Lynn's Secret
English Orphans
Ethelyn's Mistake
Family Pride
Homecoming on the Hillside
Hugh Worthington
Leighton Homestead, The

Mary St. John
Minister's Wooling, The
Mohawks, The
My Guardian
Old Man's Secret
Old Middleton's Money
Only the Governor
Queen's Whim
Second Wife, The
Under Two Flags
We Two

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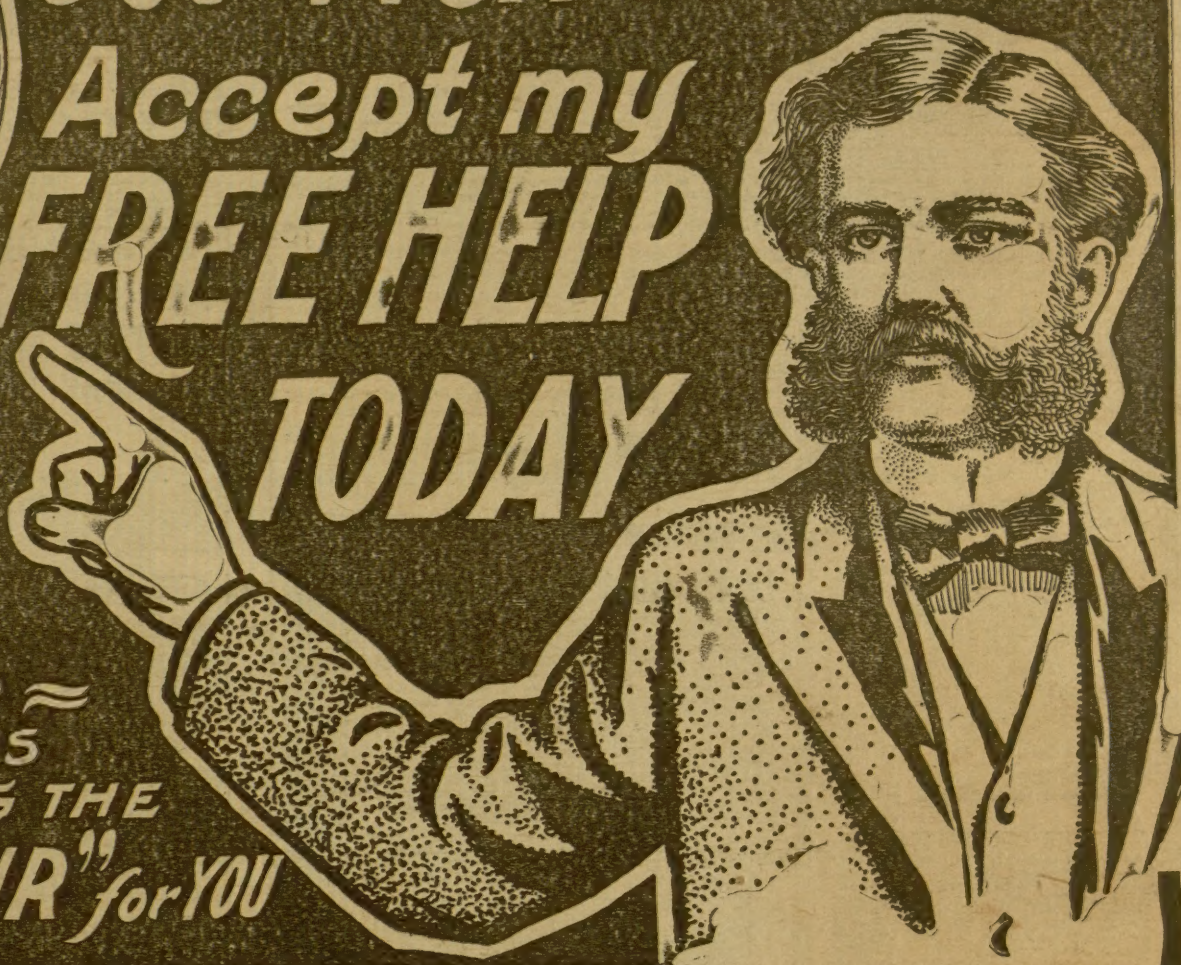
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My Name is _____

Address is _____

Age _____ How long afflicted? _____

If your disease is not on the list opposite write the name here _____

My Principal Trouble Has Been:
(Make a cross X in front of your trouble. Two crosses XX in front of the one from which you suffer most.)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rheumatism | <input type="checkbox"/> Kidney Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lumbago | <input type="checkbox"/> Bladder Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Eczema | <input type="checkbox"/> Heart Disease |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scrofula | <input type="checkbox"/> Impure Blood |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Catarrh | <input type="checkbox"/> Female Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dropsy | <input type="checkbox"/> Torpid Liver |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piles | <input type="checkbox"/> Partial Paralysis |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Neuralgia | <input type="checkbox"/> Chronic Cough |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diarrhoea | <input type="checkbox"/> Nervousness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Constipation | <input type="checkbox"/> Prostatitis |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indigestion | <input type="checkbox"/> Malaria |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Headache | <input type="checkbox"/> Pimples |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dizziness | <input type="checkbox"/> Lung Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Epilepsy | <input type="checkbox"/> Asthma |